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The Bodley Books

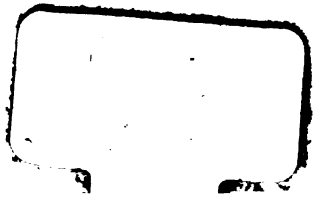
MR. BODLEY ABROAD

AND

THE BODLEY GRANDCHILDREN

KF 18167





Perry.

THE BODLEY BOOKS.

As originally published, this series of books consisted of eight volumes which appeared year by year between 1875 and 1884. Each was independent of the other and could be read by itself, but the same characters were introduced, and there was a gradual growth of the children who make up the younger members of the Bodley Family. After the fifth volume appeared there was a break in the time of the story: the young Bodleys were supposed to be men and women and to have children of their own, and to travel with them in Europe. It is now found convenient to reissue the eight books in four double volumes. The series in this shape is as follows: —

I.

DOINGS OF THE BODLEY FAMILY IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. — This contains some of the doings of Nathan, Philippa, and Lucy Bodley, their father and mother, the hired man Martin, and Nathan's Cousin Ned, upon their removal from Boston to Roxbury. It introduces, also, Nathan's pig, the dog Neptune, Lucy's kitten, Lucy's doll, Mr. Bottom the horse, chickens, mice; it has stories told to the children by their parents, by Martin, and by each other. Martin's brother Hen is referred to occasionally.

THE BODLEYS TELLING STORIES. — In this book Nathan's cousin, Ned Adams, a young collegian, is shown as much of the time living with his cousins, and Nurse Young becomes a part of the family. The children are entertained with a good many stories, especially from American history; they have a Mother Goose party, and go on a journey to Cape Cod. Hen remains in the background.

II.

THE BODLEYS ON WHEELS. — The family enter a carryall and drive, accompanied by Ned on horseback, along the coast of Massachusetts Bay from Boston to Gloucester, and thence, through Ipswich and Rowley, to Newburyport, and so home again. Their drive leads them through historic places and by spots made famous in poetry and legend. On their arrival home they find Martin's brother Hen in the barn, just back from a long voyage.

THE BODLEYS AFOOT. — Hen entertains the children with yarns, and, Ned Adams suddenly appearing, it is proposed that he and Nathan should take a walk to New York. They set out by Dedham and the old road to Hartford, through Pomfret; but at Hartford, where they stay a few days with some old relatives, they are joined by Mrs. Bodley, Phippy, and Lucy, who go down the Connecticut River with them to Saybrook, and then go back to Boston, leaving the boys to continue their walk to New York. They are stopped, however, at New Haven, by a dispatch from Mr. Bodley, which brings them back at once by rail.

III.

MR. BODLEY ABROAD. — The reason of the dispatch is that Mr. Bodley is unexpectedly called to Europe, and in this final volume of the first series he goes abroad, while the rest of the family go for a fortnight to Cape Cod, and then return to Roxbury. Mr. Bodley does

not return till Thanksgiving time, but he writes letters home, and, after he returns, tells stories of Europe. The children, besides, have their own journeys and adventures, so that Europe and America appear in equal proportions. Mrs. Bodley, who stays at home, has been to Europe before, and thus is able to enlarge on what Mr. Bodley writes home ; and Hen, who has gone off on a voyage, stumbles upon Mr. Bodley abroad, and comes back before him with fresh yarns.

The time of the preceding stories is about 1848–1852. About thirty years is now supposed to elapse. Nathan and Phippy Bodley, having married a sister and brother, are the heads of families themselves, and a new career opens in

THE BODLEY GRANDCHILDREN AND THEIR JOURNEY IN HOLLAND. — In this volume the two families, with the grandchildren, start from New York, after first making themselves acquainted with the doings of their Dutch ancestors there in the days of New Amsterdam, and spend several weeks in Holland, seeing sights, taking an object lesson in history, and especially *making the connection between American history and Dutch history*. They are Americans visiting Europe not merely for the pleasure of travel, but for the purpose of tracing back the footprints of their ancestors.

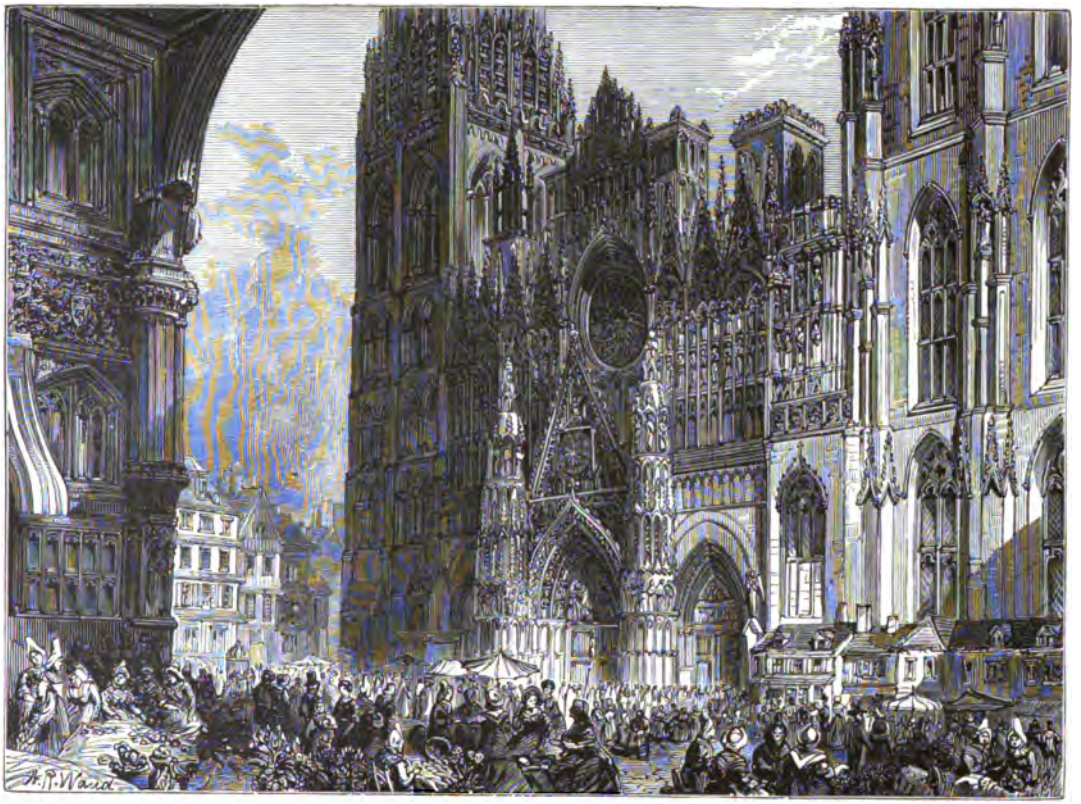
IV.

THE ENGLISH BODLEY FAMILY. — After a summer spent in Holland, the grandchildren and their parents go to England with their appetite whetted for new feasts in historic fields. By a singular chance they fall in with an English family bearing the name of Bodley. Their long-lost ancestors have been found, and the descendants of these ancestors, though very distant cousins, prove to be hospitable and friendly. The autumn is spent in historic pilgrimages, and the connection between English and American life, as discovered by youngsters of both nations, gives an international character to the story.

The time is the summer and autumn of 1881.

THE VIKING BODLEYS. — The family party, with the exception of their Cousin Ned, after a winter spent in Italy, return to England and cross the North Sea to Christiania. They go as far north in Norway as anybody can go, and then return after having done their best to discover their Viking ancestors among the fjords of Norway. From Christiania they go to Copenhagen, visit the haunts of Andersen and enjoy Denmark. They have now, after seeing Scandinavia, got at the earliest European life which was connected with America, and they return home, never again to set forth on their rambling journeys. This is the last of the Bodleys.

The time is the summer of 1882.



ROUEN CATHEDRAL.

ROUEN

The Bodley Books

III.

MR. BODLEY ABROAD
AND THE BODLEY GRANDCHILDREN AND THEIR JOURNEY IN HOLLAND

BY

HORACE E. SCUDDER

ABUNDANTLY ILLUSTRATED



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MR. BODLEY ABROAD.





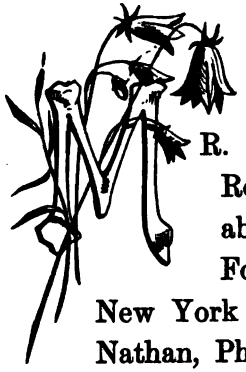
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MR. BODLEY ABROAD.

CHAPTER I.

GRAND-UNCLE ELISHA.



MR. CHARLES BODLEY left his family at home at Roseland when he sailed for Europe, early in July, about thirty years ago; but on the very day, the Fourth of July, when he was steaming out of New York harbor, the family itself, that is, Mrs. Bodley, Nathan, Philippa, and Lucy, with their cousin Ned Adams, set out on a land voyage to their uncle Elisha's at Scupper's Point, Hyannis Port, Cape Cod. That was the old homestead, where Great Gran'ther Scupper had lived and died, after bringing up twelve sons and eight daughters, and there still lived Grand-Uncle Elisha Scupper, in the house which his father had built, and which had taken on a room here and a room there until it was rather difficult to find the original house. It stood with its back to the ocean, looking out upon a little garden, which was always bright with portulacca, petunias, and hollyhocks. Across the country road which strayed over from Hyannis was a square built store, with a faded sign of D. SCUPPER upon its face. The Port was once a busy place for fishermen and their families, and Squire Scupper had been the head and centre of the little community; but for

many years now there had been no business done here, and Squire Scupper's son kept the key of the store hung in the entry of the old house, taking it down to open the door when some neighbor wanted a spool of thread, a few raisins, or some split pease out of the little stock that was kept for the convenience of the neighborhood. Once in a while, on a bright afternoon, Uncle Elisha would open the doors wider and sit in a great arm-chair made for Squire Scupper, and big enough now to hold two people with ease, especially since one of the arms was gone, and there he would read the newspaper and entertain any chance passer.

The Bodleys always counted on this yearly visit to the Cape, and now that their father had gone they were particularly glad to make the journey with their mother, for it seemed lonely at home. They set out, as I said, on the Fourth of July, and the crackers were popping briskly as they took the early stage-coach. They usually went in their own carryall, but this year they were to go by the public conveyance. Martin, their hired man, had driven them into town to take the stage, and the morning air was still cool, but as the day wore on it became excessively hot.

"I suppose your father is just starting," said Mrs. Bodley about eleven o'clock.

"I wish his steamer went by Uncle Elisha's," said Nathan. "I 'd wave my pocket handkerchief at him."

"So would I mine," said Cousin Ned, mopping his forehead, "if it would wave; but there is n't a particle of air stirring, and my handkerchief is as stringy as a fishing-line. Would n't I like to be off the breakwater at this moment, or diving off one of the rocks!"

"We 'll play this stage-coach is a steamer," said Phippy, "and

we 're 'alone, alone, all, all alone, alone on a wide, wide sea.' Mother, I suppose the Fourth of July is the very middlest middle of midsummer, is n't it? Yesterday was near the top, and to-morrow will begin to fall off, but to-day is the very most middle point, and exactly at twelve o'clock we shall be at the point of a pin. Yes, it will begin to be Fall at one minute after twelve o'clock, at one second after twelve."

"Poh," said Nathan. "The very middle must be at twelve o'clock at night between the thirtieth of June and the first of July."

"Well, it 's hotter now than it was last Saturday," rejoined Phippy.

"You 're both wrong," said Ned, pulling up a limp dickey. "Children, midsummer is the twenty-fourth day of June."

"Just hear him; how wise he is. Where did you find that out, Mr. Adams?"

"Oh, I learned it when I was in Ireland."

"Was ye iver in Ireland?" The voice came from a corner of the coach where sat a passenger, the only other one beside the family, a woman decently dressed, who had hitherto kept silence. Ned laughed.

"Ye 're foolin' me," said the woman good-naturedly. "But manny a time I 've watched a midsummer ave, and that 's the same as the ave of St. John the Baptist. It 's all the same thing." The children looked at their mother.

"Yes," said Mrs. Bodley; "in Europe St. John's Eve and Midsummer Eve are one and the same. Did you ever gather St. John's wort, then?" she asked, with a smile, of their neighbor.

"Indade, no, but I 've sat up manny a time to see that my sowl did n't wander."

"What does she mean?" whispered Lucy. The woman had quick ears.

"Did ye never hear that on that night ivery body's sowl laves his body and flies off to the place where the man or woman 'll die some day?"

"Never," said Ned.

"Wil, it does."

"But what 's the St. John's wort for, mother?" asked Lucy, who wished to get away from such an uncanny subject.

"That is one of the superstitions of the day. I don't know how general it is now, but I suppose in some places young men and women still go out in search of this plant and others, which they think have magical powers. Girls used to think that if they put one of these flowers in their room that night, they could tell in the morning, by the way it bent, whether they should be married within a year or not."

"Then there 's no use in our hunting yet," said Phippy, with becoming philosophy. "We 're too young."

The stage-route did not pass through Plymouth and the Manomet Woods, but by Middleborough, and so to Sandwich. The woods in many places had been burned over, and the stage toiled through roads that were often heavy with sand. It was rather a tedious journey, and the children were glad enough on the second day to be set down at Hyannis. They found their Uncle Elisha waiting for them with his carryall; they had caught sight of it out of the windows of the coach.

"The steps are down, Nathan," Phippy cried. "I 'm going to step on every one."

The old carryall was indeed a wonderful vehicle. Its chief glory



SEEKING ST. JOHN'S WORT, MIDSUMMER EVE.

was a flight of narrow steps which let down from the door, one after the other, making a somewhat dangerous staircase to climb, for, as soon as one stepped on the lowest, he seemed in danger of tipping the whole carryall over toward him, and most people preferred to make as little use as possible of the steps. But it was a fine thing, when one was fairly inside, to have the steps folded over with a clatter and left shut up against the inside of the door. It was hard for the children to decide whether it was more fun to climb the staircase and sit inside, or to fold it up, bang the door, and take a front seat.

"I 'll fold up the steps, Uncle Elisha," said Nathan, as his mother, Phippy, and Lucy were crowded into the back seat, and he slapped them over and slammed the door with the air of a veteran stage-driver. He sat with his broad uncle on the front seat, while Ned got into a wagon with the trunks, which a small boy in a wide-brimmed straw hat was to drive. The two loads started briskly over the road.

"So Charles has gone, has he, Sarah?" asked Uncle Elisha, when they were fairly off.

"Yes, he was to sail yesterday noon."

"I suppose he would like to have gone in one of your ships, Uncle Elisha," said Nathan, who wished to make conversation with his grand-uncle. Uncle Elisha laughed.

"It would be rather slow business waiting for a sailing vessel, now, Nathan. My sailing days are over. Since they 've begun to run vessels by tea-kettles I 've been of no account."

"I guess the Swiftsure would have beaten some steamers," said Nathan, politely, and then he changed the subject. "Do you have pandowdies now, uncle, at your house?"

"Blackberry pandoddies? Well, I rather think your Aunt Polly has n't forgotten how to make them. It 's a little early yet for blackberries, but if you stay long enough you shall have some," and the old gentleman looked good-naturedly down on his little nephew. "So you 've been taking a walk, Nathan? Got 'most to New York, eh? Went to New Haven, and saw all the professors walking about with their hands inside out?"

"Hands inside out?" queried Nathan. "It was vacation, and I don't think I saw any professors. Hands inside out?"

"Yes, that 's the way professors used to walk."



Alexander.

"Oh, there 's Alexander," exclaimed Lucy, who had been looking hard out of the window, and not listening to the random talk. "He 's driving his cow home. Good evening, Alexander."

"I hope he 'll take us out in his boat," said Phippy. "I 'm going to be polite to him, too. Good evening, Alexander," she said, leaning forward; "we 've come back again. You know we were here last year;" but Uncle Elisha cracked his whip, the carryall rattled on, and Phippy bounced back against the seat before Alexander could do anything more than stand by the roadside and stare at the Bodleys. As they drew near the Point the children looked out eagerly for all the old landmarks, and when they drove up to the door they jumped out in excellent spirits. Aunt Polly was there to receive them, and a capital supper was waiting on the table. A thunder-storm came up while they were at tea, but it was nearly over when they got up from the table, and they went out on the back porch to watch the ocean and see the full moon come up through the clouds that lay near the horizon. It was a bewitching scene, and the children were allowed to linger over it.

"I should n't like to be out on the water in a thunder-storm," said Ned Adams.

"You 'd have to take all sorts of weather," said Uncle Elisha. "There 's a large assortment to be had."

"Were you ever struck by lightning, uncle?" asked Phippy.

"Well, no, not particularly, but I 've had something better than that, Phippy. I 've seen the St. Elmo fire."

"Is it anything like St. Vitus's dance?" asked Lucy, in a whisper.

"Did you ever touch it, uncle?" asked Ned.

"What is it?" asked Nathan. "Is it animal, vegetable, or mineral?"

"Oh, it 's an electric light," said Uncle Elisha, that plays round the topmast sometimes. "I 've seen it spirting out at the end of the yards and off the bowsprit. Yes, I put out my hand once to

touch it, and the current went right through my body and the fire came out at the ends of my fingers. I looked very much like a juggler, I can tell you."

"Did n't it hurt?"

"No, there was n't any heat, nor any shock, but it seemed to draw away the flame from the spars. I suppose I was a sort of conductor."



The Fire of St. Elmo.

"I wish the sun had n't gone down," said Lucy; "we might have had a rainbow."

"And gone to hunt for the pot of gold," said Ned. "I can remember when I really thought there was a pot of gold which a fairy had hidden at the other end."

"Well, there is," said Uncle Elisha. "You young folks don't believe it now, I suppose, but I do. Don't you, Sarah?"

"What do you mean, uncle?" she asked, looking up at him. The old gentleman smiled.

"I 'll tell you what I mean. When the rainbow's in the sky we

know the storm's over, and we can go about our work, and nobody ever found a pot of gold who did n't hunt for it just a little ahead of him. It's always a leetle farther off, where it looks brightest, at the end of the bow of promise. I've hunted all my life, but I have n't found it yet. Don't you ever give up looking for the pot of gold."

"Do you want us all to be rich, uncle?"

"Yes, rich with what you get by hunting. You'll never find the pot of gold lying tipped up at your feet. People get whatever is of real use to them by hunting for it."

"I think Lucy knows something about that," said Mrs. Bodley. "Lucy, you know how the wise fairy turned things into gold, don't you?" So Lucy in the moonlight said these little verses, to which Uncle Elisha listened.

THE WISE FAIRY.

BY ALICE CARY.

Once, in a rough, wild country,
On the other side of the sea,
There lived a dear little fairy,
And her home was in a tree, —
A dear little, queer little fairy,
And as rich as she could be.

To northward and to southward
She could overlook the land,
And that was why she had her house
In a tree, you understand, —
For she was the friend of the friendless,
And her heart was in her hand.

And when she saw poor women
Patiently, day by day,

Spinning, spinning, and spinning
Their lonesome lives away,
She would hide in the flax of their distaffs
A lump of gold, they say.



And when she saw poor ditchers,
Knee-deep in some wet dike,
Digging, digging, and digging
To their very graves, belike,
She would hide a shining lump of gold
Where their spades would be sure to strike.



And when she saw poor children,
 Their goats from the pastures take,
Or saw them milking, and milking,
 Till their arms were ready to break,
What a plashing in their milk-pails
 Her gifts of gold would make!

Sometimes, in the night, a fisher
 Would hear her sweet, low call,



And all at once a salmon of gold
 Right out of his net would fall ;
But what I have to tell you
 Is the strangest thing of all.

If any ditcher, or fisher,
 Or child, or spinner old,
Bought shoes for his feet, or bread to eat,
 Or a coat to keep from the cold,
The gift of the good old fairy
 Was always trusty gold.

But if a ditcher, or fisher,
 Or spinner, or child so gay,

Bought jewels, or wine, or silks so fine,
Or staked his treasure at play, —
The fairy's gold, in his very hold,
Would turn to a lump of clay.



So, by and by the people
Got open their stupid eyes:
"We must learn to spend to some good end,"
They said, "if we are wise;
'T is not in the gold we waste, or hold,
That a golden blessing lies."

"That's good doctrine," said Uncle Elisha, "though the poor fishers about here don't get so very many golden salmon."

"We 'll have some scup, anyway, before breakfast," said Ned. "I should be disappointed if the first scup I caught to-morrow morning was a mere chunk of gold."

"But there used to be a good many fishing vessels leaving the Port, Uncle Elisha," said Mrs. Bodley. "I have heard father tell of them."

"Yes, indeed, it was busy enough here once: your grandfather, your great-gran'ther Scupper, Nathan, was a famous man for making up voyages. Nobody thought he 'd settled matters till Squire Scupper had made up his voyage. He used to spend his time over at the store in that big chair you 've seen; he was a powerful large man, and though he was only justice of the peace, everybody went to him for the law. If the people got into a quarrel, they carried the matter to Squire Scupper, and whatever he said was final. They tell a story of Josiah Gage, — you remember him, Sarah?"

"That little dried up man, that died a few years ago?"

"Yes, that 's the one. He was off in his smack, when the British privateers were about, in the War of 1812, and his smack was overhauled. The British captain was treating him rather roughly, when Josiah bristled up, and says he, 'See here. You let me 'lone. If you don't behave yourself, I 'll have you up before Squire Scupper!'"

"And did he?" asked Nathan.

"Well," said Uncle Elisha, with a twinkle, "they do say that Josiah frightened him a little. *He* did n't know any bigger man than Squire Scupper."

"They did n't seem to mind him much, when they caught you," said Ned.

"Oh, when you were in Dartmoor?" exclaimed Phippy, who had heard her grand-uncle tell his mishaps before.

"Yes, you know all about that," said Uncle Elisha.

"Oh, but please, uncle, tell us again," said the little girl.

"Do you want to know how I got in, or how I tried to get out?"

"Tell us how you tried to get out."

"You want to know how your poor old uncle failed, do you? Well, I am safely out now, and I have a good bed and table, so I don't so much mind having been kept in a few months longer, but I was a pretty severely disappointed man at the time. I was at Dartmoor prison, a lonely place on the side of some high hills, surrounded by black moors, and about seventeen miles from Plymouth, on the southwestern coast of England. It was a dismal place, and we were shut up with some wretched French prisoners in a damp, unwholesome prison. I believe prisons are a more agreeable sort of place nowadays, but I 'd just as lieve not stay in one long, though it 's better to be put in for serving your country faithfully than for committing some crime. However, we were in prison, and meant to get out if we could. There were two great walls inclosing the prison. The outer one, which was about sixteen feet in height, was a mile in circumference; the inner wall was about thirty feet from the outer and a guard was placed on top of it, every twenty feet. Between the two walls were also guards and many small buildings. Our plan was to dig passages from under three of the prisons to a depth of about twenty feet, and then horizontally about two hundred and fifty feet, which would bring us out into the road that passed beyond the prison inclosure. There were a good many of us, and we were all sworn to the most solemn secrecy. The three prisons from which we were trying to escape were numbered four, five, and six.

We made a hole in each just large enough for a single fellow to squeeze through, but, after a little progress had been made, we enlarged the opening below so that four men could work abreast. We worked at night, and closed the opening so carefully that no one could discover it except he was in the secret."

"How did you get rid of the dirt?" asked Ned.

"We tried various ways. There was a stream which ran under one of the prisons, at about the rate of four miles an hour; we threw a good deal of it into that, and it was carried off by the current. Then we found hollow places in which we stowed it, and we got permission to whitewash the walls, but before we whitewashed we daubed the walls with a mortar made of the dirt, and whitewashed over that. You see there were three or four thousand prisoners, and it was not possible to keep a very sharp lookout. We began our work near the end of August, and before September had got about forty feet along. Then the air began to be bad, and we contrived a lamp which we kept burning in the hole, to expel the dead air. But on the second of September we had a great fright. The captain came along with his guards, — I was in prison number six, — and told us he had found us out. He went straight toward the hole, but could n't find it. Then they began sounding with a crow-bar, and at last hit the spot. You may believe we were pretty well cast down, for we thought that was the end of it. But it turned out that they did not know of the holes in numbers four and five, and all they did was to plug up the hole in our prison. They could n't think what we had done with the earth, and when they asked us, we all said we ate it up to make up for our short fare. They laughed at the idea of our getting out, and when the affair was blown over we went to work again. We waited in number six until

the other holes had been carried farther, for ours was the longest, and then we began again, dug round the stones they had put in to fill up our hole, and went at it like beavers or musk-rats. We worked away with new hope until we were within about forty feet of the place we were to come out. Then we began to form our plans farther. We meant to take a dark, stormy night about ten o'clock, and strike for Torbay, which was about ten miles distant, where we knew there were a lot of small craft, fishing boats, and unarmed vessels, and with these to make our way to France. It was a perfectly feasible plan, and everything was going on well, when, about the middle of September, in broad daylight, a wretch who was in the secret marched up to the turnkeys, went with them to the keeper's house, and told the whole story. He got his reward; they gave him his liberty and some money, I believe, but I would rather have stayed in Dartmoor the rest of my days than have had a minute of that man's freedom. We should have got out if we had not been betrayed. You can guard yourself against everything but a traitor."

"What became of the man?"

"I never knew. If he has died he has gone to judgment," said Uncle Elisha solemnly. "If he is alive, he is waiting for the last judgment, but I guess he 's been in a worse prison than Dartmoor a good many years. There 's no prison so bad as a guilty conscience."

"How did you get out, finally?" asked Ned.

"Well, it turned out I was a neutral. I did n't know it, but I had no objection when I found it out. You see I had shipped on board a Nantucket vessel, and when we were caught we were all put down as from Nantucket. So one day the word came for all Nan-

tucket men to come out into the square. I thought I 'd go to see what the fun was, and there was Sir Isaac Coffin, who was a British admiral. He was a Boston boy, but came of the Nantucket Coffins. He was a hearty old fellow, and wanted to do a good turn to his countrymen, so he made out that Nantucket was a sort of neutral country and he got us all off."



A Small Chance.

"Now that Uncle Elisha is safe at home again, children, I think you may all go to bed. You will have a great deal to do to-morrow. You know you must catch some scup for breakfast."

"Just one thing more, mother," said Nathan. "Uncle Elisha, I wish you 'd tell me what you meant by professors walking with their hands turned inside out." Uncle Elisha laughed.

"Why, this way, Nathan," and the old gentleman got up and walked along the porch, with his hands held stiffly by his side, the palms turned outward.

"Oh," said Nathan. "Is that it?" Then they all trooped off

to bed, and Uncle Elisha, Aunt Polly, and Mrs. Bodley followed shortly. There was nothing left awake in the house but a mouse which was stealing toward the old clock in the moonlight, while a cat sat fast asleep. Perhaps the mouse had heard Uncle Elisha's story, and expected to escape the guard.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE WAY HOME.

THE fortnight at Hyannis Port was soon over. It was no new thing for the children to be there, and so they knew exactly what to do, and used all their time with the strictest economy. They went in bathing just as often as they were allowed, and never lost an opportunity to go out in the boat. They went off with their Uncle Elisha after wood, and on stormy days they played in the store, which they kept to their own satisfaction, and it was vastly better fun selling real goods over a real counter to each other than playing at the same game at home. They found an odd assortment of abandoned hats, shoes, and some coats and dresses, with which the store had been stocked years before, but were now wholly out of fashion, even for the plain people of the neighborhood, and they had fine fun dressing themselves in this faded finery and parading about in it. They marched around the neighborhood, and gave great amusement to the very people who had once seen themselves and friends in the same costumes without a smile. On Sunday, after driving over to the village to church, they went at dusk to the

little school-house at the Port to an evening meeting, and were less interested in the meeting itself than in the great variety of lamps contributed by the people who came to the meeting, and in seeing and hearing some of their familiar acquaintances whom they had never suspected of having gifts for exhortation.

When the fortnight was over Uncle Elisha proposed to drive the family home as far as Plymouth, where they could take the stage. He had some business in Plymouth, and was very glad of the chance of company there, he said. He packed the family into his wagon, though it was a close fit, and they started off early in the morning, intending to dine at Sandwich and get supper at Plymouth. Just as they were leaving the house they heard Aunt Polly calling for Bose, the dog. They looked around but could see nothing of him, but as they drove on Aunt Polly called louder and louder, and seemed to be calling after them. Suddenly she shouted "Stop!" and Uncle Elisha reined in his horse. Aunt Polly came hurrying toward them.

"Bose, come here!" she cried, and then it turned out that Bose had been trotting along beneath the wagon, just like an emigrant dog, as Nathan said, and was very reluctant to come out and give up his trip to Plymouth.

"Bose has friends at Plymouth," said Uncle Elisha. "I 'spect he knew we were going there. Fact is, he used to visit there, and perhaps he 'd be living there now if Captain Ezra Gage had n't got married."

"Why, what did that have to do with it?"

"Well, you see, Bose belonged to Captain Gage, who lived over east, and he was an old bachelor; but he married Desire Crowell, who lived in Plymouth; and before he married he used

to go there to see Desire, and took Bose along with him. Desire had a cat that she set great store by, and whenever Bose saw that cat he made for her. They kept 'em apart pretty well for a time, but at length it would n't answer, and Desire said to Ezra, 'Now, Ezra Gage, you 've got to choose between me and Bose. You can't have us both. Bose is getting old and I think I shall live the longest, so I 'd advise you to take me; but do just as you please about it.'"

"And he gave up Bose?"

"Yes, he gave him up to me; but I think he kind of hesitated about it at first. He 'd got used to Bose, but then he 's got used to Desire now. They came back from Plymouth afterward. Does n't seem as though Desire ever thought of giving up the cat."

"Well," said Mrs. Bodley, "I once heard of two people marrying to please a dog."

"Let 's hear about it," said Uncle Elisha. "Perhaps I can remember about it to tell Ezra some day, — some day when he 's out fishing and Desire 's — well, say three miles off to windward," and Uncle Elisha looked round slyly at Ned, who was sitting by him.

"It 's a French story," said Mrs. Bodley, "which Saintine, who wrote 'Picciola,' tells. He had a friend named Cabassol who was a crusty, growling bachelor, and lived by himself in the country, where he smoked his pipe, read his books, took care of his garden, or walked in the fields with his dog. His dog was his best friend, he used to say, and that turned out to mean more than he at first intended. Medor, for that was the name of the dog, had belonged to a widow who lived near the park of St. Germain.

But the park was so very near that it was a constant temptation to Medor to hunt there; and that was very much against the laws. The keepers declared that they would shoot Medor if they caught him there again; so the widow, who could not bear to have Medor in danger, looked about for some one to whom she could give the dog. Cabassol was named as one who would be sure to take good care of the dog, and so, though she had never seen him, she sent the dog to him. The two became fast friends, and Cabassol never went anywhere without Medor.

"But one day, when Medor's nose was in his plate, and he seemed to be thinking of nothing but his dinner, he suddenly raised his head, and, trembling from head to foot, began to howl and whine in the most piteous and unaccountable manner. The door-bell rang; Medor sprang forward, and when Cabassol joined him, he found him rolling in an ecstasy of joy at the feet of a stranger, and leaping up and down as if beside himself. It was his old mistress who had left St. Germain for Paris, and had come out into the country to see her old friend Medor; for now, she said, she could keep him without any danger. She cried at the welcome her dog gave her. Would not Monsieur Cabassol permit her to have Medor again? She would gladly pay whatever he chose to ask for Medor's board during the last three years, and a good round sum besides.

"Cabassol was furious. Give up the dog! No money could buy him, and he was almost uncivil to the widow.

"'But he will die of grief,' said she. 'See how fond he is of me. I am sure he could never bear to give me up.'

"'I don't believe it,' shouted Cabassol. 'Come, I 'll try it with you. We will go together to yonder hill which lies between

my house and Paris. There we will separate. You shall go down the southern path, and I will take the northern, that comes back to my house. Medor shall belong to whichever one of us he chooses to follow.'

"'Very well,' said she, 'I am agreed,' for she was confident that the dog would follow her. Medor did not quite understand the agreement; but he saw that the two people whom he loved best had shaken hands and stopped quarreling and were now talking politely together. He was full of delight, gamboling about them, and petted by both. Cabassol, though a crusty bachelor, was, after all, a pleasant companion when he chose, and now, feeling some pity for the lady who was to be disappointed, he began to talk and to make himself very agreeable; and the widow, sorry for the loss which she was to cause him, and feeling happy at recovering Medor, was in high spirits and made herself quite entertaining.

"When the time came for her to go, the three walked slowly together to the top of the hill, — the two, I mean — for Medor was frisking about them in great glee. At the top they separated, and Cabassol went at once down the northern slop, while the lady went down the southern, and Medor bounded after her. But in a moment he saw that his master was not with them; he ran back to him; then he saw his mistress was not following, but was keeping on in her path; he ran back to her; then to Cabassol, who was still keeping on in his path; then to his mistress; then to Cabassol, then to his mistress; then, — and so up and down, backward and forward, the road becoming longer and steeper each time. He could not make up his mind which to leave; he could not understand it at all; he went first to one, then to the other, ten times, and then ten

times more, while they, without turning about, or saying a word, kept straight on in their separate paths. At last, poor Medor, out of breath, the sweat pouring from him, his tongue hanging out of his mouth, fell down completely exhausted, on the very top of the hill where they had separated; and there, turning his head first to the right and then to the left, he tried to follow, with his eyes at least, the two beings to each of whom he had given half his heart.



Poor Medor!

"Cabassol, meanwhile, saw how the poor dog fared, for each time he returned to him he was panting harder. He was seized with pity for him; he resolved to give back Medor to the lady, else he saw that Medor would surely die. He turned up the hill and came to the top. At the same moment the widow came up the hill from the other side, she, too, out of pity for Medor, resolving to sacrifice her own feelings and suffer Cabassol to keep the beloved dog. They met at the top over the poor fellow, who was now wagging his tail in a feeble

manner, to express his delight. But how could they make the poor animal submit to a new separation? If he were to go with either alone, it would break his heart, Cabassol reflected. He saw only one way of getting out of the difficulty, and that was to marry the lady. Would she have him? Yes, for Medor's sake. And so they married to please the dog."

"What a pity Bose could n't have managed his affairs better," said Ned.

"But then Uncle Elisha would n't have had him," objected Phippy. It was late in the afternoon when they came into Plymouth, and they saw one vessel only in the harbor.

"There is the Mayflower," said Lucy. "How fortunate we are in getting here now! We shall be in time to see them land."

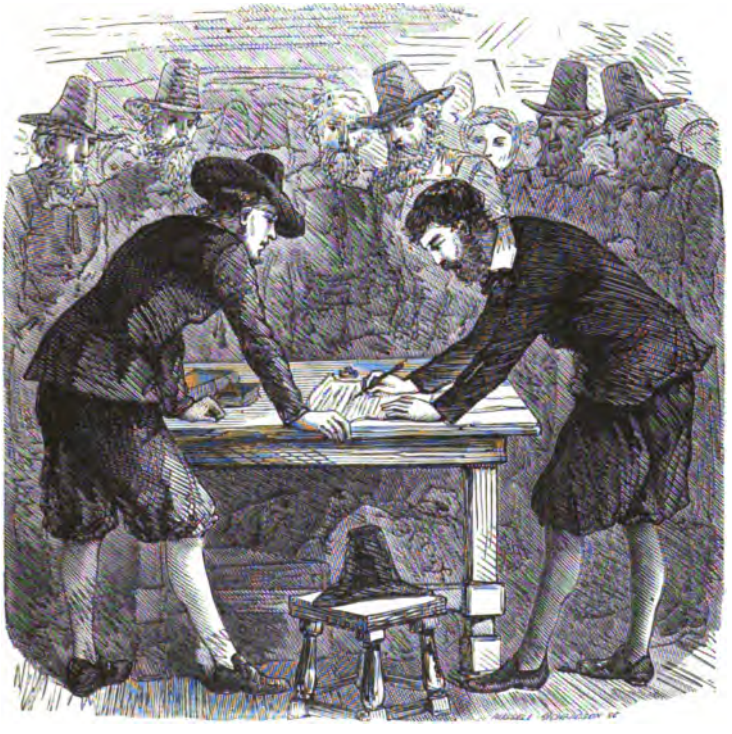
"They are in the cabin now signing their compact," said Ned, "and that 's the reason why we don't see them at this moment."

"Then they won't land for a month," said Mrs. Bodley, "and we won't wait for them. Besides, the Mayflower was in Provincetown harbor when they signed the compact."

"That compact was a sensible document," said Uncle Elisha. "It shows how reasonable those Pilgrims were when they saw that they never could prosper in a colony if each family or person looked after themselves only. They meant to agree together and to help each other, and that's the reason why their colony lasted in spite of all the trouble they had."

The Bodleys had a day in Plymouth before they went home, and they took a little excursion to Duxbury. They had been in Plymouth more than once before and were familiar with the curiosities there, but they never had made a pilgrimage to the home of Miles Standish, and as that famous captain had often been repre-

sented in their sports, they thought it no more than right that they should look up his bones if they could find them. Uncle Elisha went with the party and carried them to the top of Captain's Hill, which was a part of the old Standish farm.



Signing the Compact.

"What a splendid place for a bonfire!" said Phippy.

"Splendid indeed," said Uncle Elisha, "and I 've no doubt it saw a good many in Standish's day and afterward. They had no telegraph in those times, and no light-houses either. I've no doubt they lighted fires here on stormy nights when they were expecting

a vessel in, and that they used the hill for a beacon. You know they used to signal from one place to another by means of fires, bale-fires they called them, for they generally were used to warn people of some danger."

"Yes," said Ned, "don't you remember Scott's

'Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more?'"



The Fiery Cross.

"I'm not sure that bale meant misfortune," said Mrs. Bodley. "I think it meant fagot or something of the kind, for I remember having read that there used to be signals by numbers, that one bale meant one thing, two something else."

"Just as it was with the lanterns hung for Paul Revere," said Lucy.

"Exactly, and do you remember, Ned, how the Scotch had another signal by fire when they sent the Fiery Cross about?"

"To be sure I do. In the 'Lady of the



THE OLD-TIME BALE FIRE.

Lake' you know Roderick Dhu killed a goat, and then the priest dipped a cross in the blood. But there was n't any fire about it, aunt, I believe. They called it the Fiery Cross because anybody who disobeyed the signal would be put to death by fire. I think that was the reason."

"But what was the cross for, anyway?" asked Nathan.

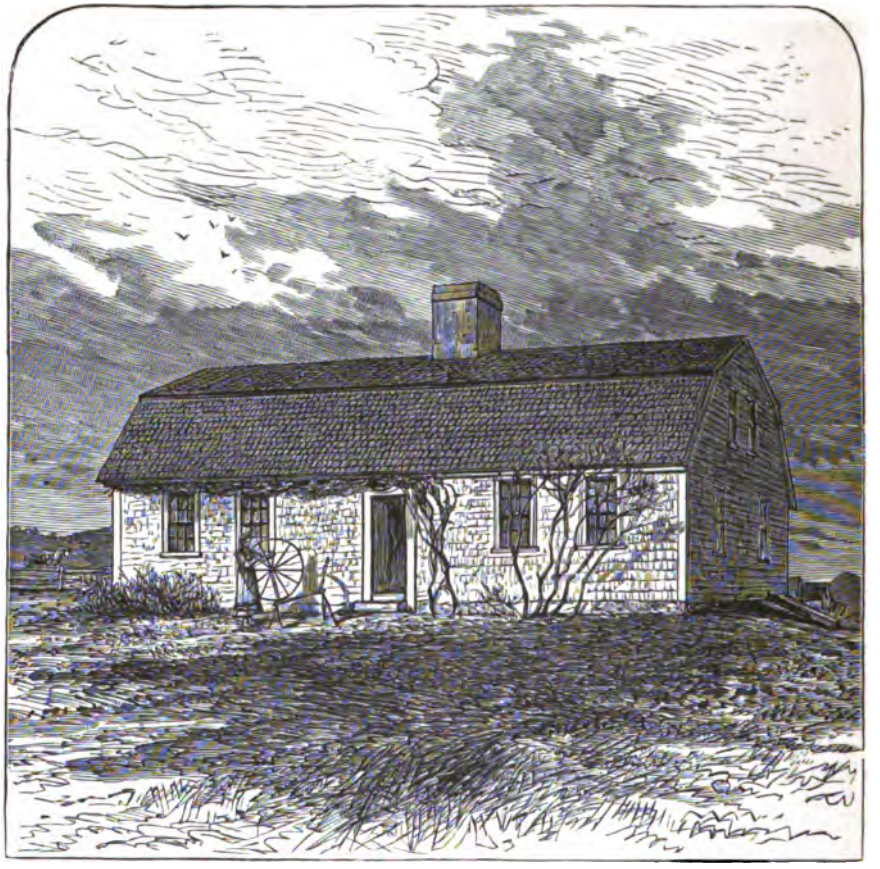
"Why, it was the method the chief of a clan used to bring his men about him. He made a light cross of wood, and then — oh, I remember, he did set the ends on fire, and then put out the fire by dipping it in the blood of a goat, and the cross was sent from village to village, and every man, who saw it must go at once to the rendezvous which was named by the messenger."

"Well, they knew how to send messages in the old colony," said Uncle Elisha, "and they could talk with the Indians in that way. You know Tisquantum brought a rattlesnake skin from Canonicus, and the colonists knew very well that meant defiance. I always liked old Governor Bradford's pluck, when he stuffed the skin full of bullets and sent it back again."

"Now, uncle," said Nathan, "just show us where Captain Miles Standish was buried, and we 'll go and salute his grave."

"Nobody knows. I suppose it was somewhere on the side of this hill. Down yonder his house stood, but it was burned after his death. His son Alexander built a house in 1666, which you see over there, the Faunce House they call it now, and we 'll go down and take a look at it, for it 's an old house, and when you see it you 'll come about as near to seeing Miles Standish's house as you can." They all started down the hill, and Uncle Elisha kept on with his story. "The colony granted the Standish farm to the captain in 1630. I should n't wonder if he named the place Duxbury after

Duxbury Hall in England, where the Standishes lived. There 's a little mystery about the Captain. No one knows exactly why he came with the Pilgrims. He does n't seem to have been made pre-



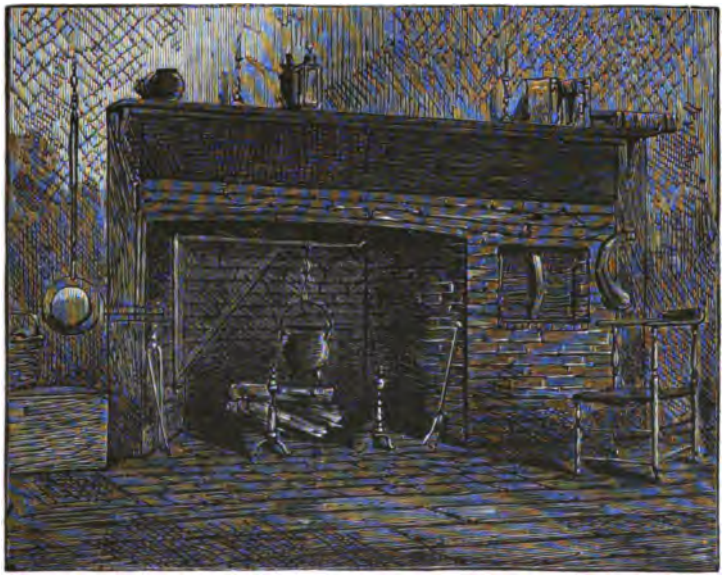
Standish House, Duxbury. Built 1666.

cisely out of the same material, but he was a good soldier, and he was worth a host to the young colony. There, this is the house, and it 's pretty certain that Alexander Standish used some of the

timbers out of the old house that was burned, for you can see marks on the beams in some places where they used a whipsaw, and as they had saw-mills in Alexander's time, it 's not likely he would have used a whipsaw, though that 's not certain."

"What is a whipsaw?"

"It 's a big saw with two handles, worked by a couple of men, but it 's slow work. That is n't the only sign though, for the beams



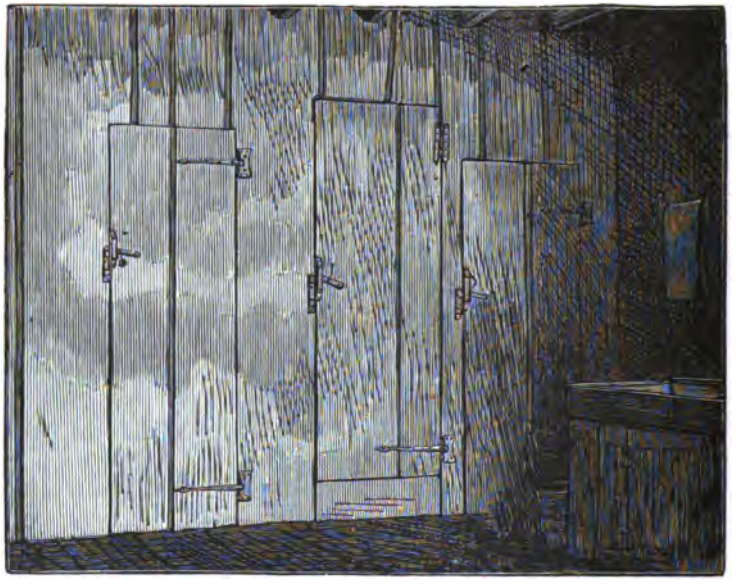
Fire-place in the Standish House.

show evidence of having been used before. They are of oak, and people have found the mortises and tenons used in the old framing. But we 'll ask to go inside."

Uncle Elisha knocked and a woman came to the door. Her good-natured face looked very familiar, and puzzled Mrs. Bodley a moment. Lucy plucked her mother's gown, but before she could whisper, the woman herself spoke out.

"It's ye, is it? An are ye lookin' for St. John's wort?" and she broke into a laugh. It was their stage-coach acquaintance of a fortnight ago. Uncle Elisha did n't quite make out the meaning of her question.

"We've called to ask if these children could see the inside of the old Standish House," he explained.



Doors and Latches in the Standish House.

"Walk in, walk in. It's not me that knows annything about the old house. I only came yisterday, and the misthress is away. But I know the leddy and her family. Ye 're wilcome, ma'am. It 's a quare old place." She led them into a room where they saw a great fire-place with a crane and an old brick oven. A warming-pan hung on the chimney.

"There," said Uncle Elisha, "this old hearth-stone is said to have



PEACEFUL OVERTURES FROM INDIANS.

come out from the first house, and there are some doors and latches which tradition says belonged there too." The children walked about and were pretty sure they found these, for there were some very venerable ones, older and quainter than others in the house.

"How queer it seems," said Ned, as they left, "to see an Irish woman who has n't been over here very long taking care of an old Pilgrim's house."

"Well, she would n't have come," said Uncle Elisha, "if Miles Standish had n't come over first and cleared the way for her. Those ventures two hundred and thirty years ago had, after all, a good deal to do with these ship loads of Irish emigrants now, though they may not know it."

"Miles got the Indians out of the way before Patrick started," said Nathan, sagely.

"Yes, he was needed, and perhaps they would have fared much worse without him, for the Pilgrims found it hard to understand the Indians, and they were so unlike each other that it was almost impossible they should not come to blows. But they had no savage, malicious, or envious feelings towards them, and they gladly showed their good will whenever they could. Indeed, the Pilgrims got along rather better with the Indians than the Boston people did, and more than once the Indians would bring in a deer to show their friendliness."

The morning was pretty much occupied with the visit to Duxbury, and in the afternoon, when the tide was up, they had a good plunge in the sea. The next day they bade Uncle Elisha good-by and took the stage for Boston.

"Sha'n't we go through Duxbury again?" asked Phippy.

"Not through the part where you were yesterday, but you 'll

go by the Tree of Knowledge, and that 's on the borders of Duxbury."

"The Tree of Knowledge! then is Duxbury in the garden of Eden?"

"Oh, it 's the modern Tree of Knowledge," laughed Uncle Elisha. "There was a pine-tree that had a box fastened to it for letters, and the mails used to get carried forward in that way. I suppose folks thought the letters were all full of wisdom, at least those they did n't write themselves. I don't write many letters myself, nor get many. Perhaps an apple 's about as good a way to get knowledge as a letter is;" and with that Uncle Elisha turned away and the stage-coach rolled off with the Bodleys towards Boston.

CHAPTER III.

NEWS FROM SCOTLAND.

It seemed rather lonely to be in Roseland again and not to see Mr. Bodley. The children began to look eagerly for letters before they could possibly come. In those days there was no Atlantic telegraph, and they could not know of the safe arrival of their father's steamer for nearly three weeks. Two of those they had spent at the Cape, and though they knew it was of no use they began as soon as they got home to hunt the daily paper for news of the arrival out of the Arctic, which was the name of the steamer. The evening paper was left by the carrier in a little covered box at the foot of the avenue, and usu-



THE STUDY, ABBOTSFORD.

ally Nep was sent down after it. He would lift the lid of the box with his nose, poke his head in, seize the paper and trot up the avenue with it, to lay it at his master's feet; but now, every evening the children sat in a row on the stone wall, under the hawthorn hedge, watching for the boy, and as soon as they discovered him they would rush up the road, and the first one to get the paper had to race back to the house with the others

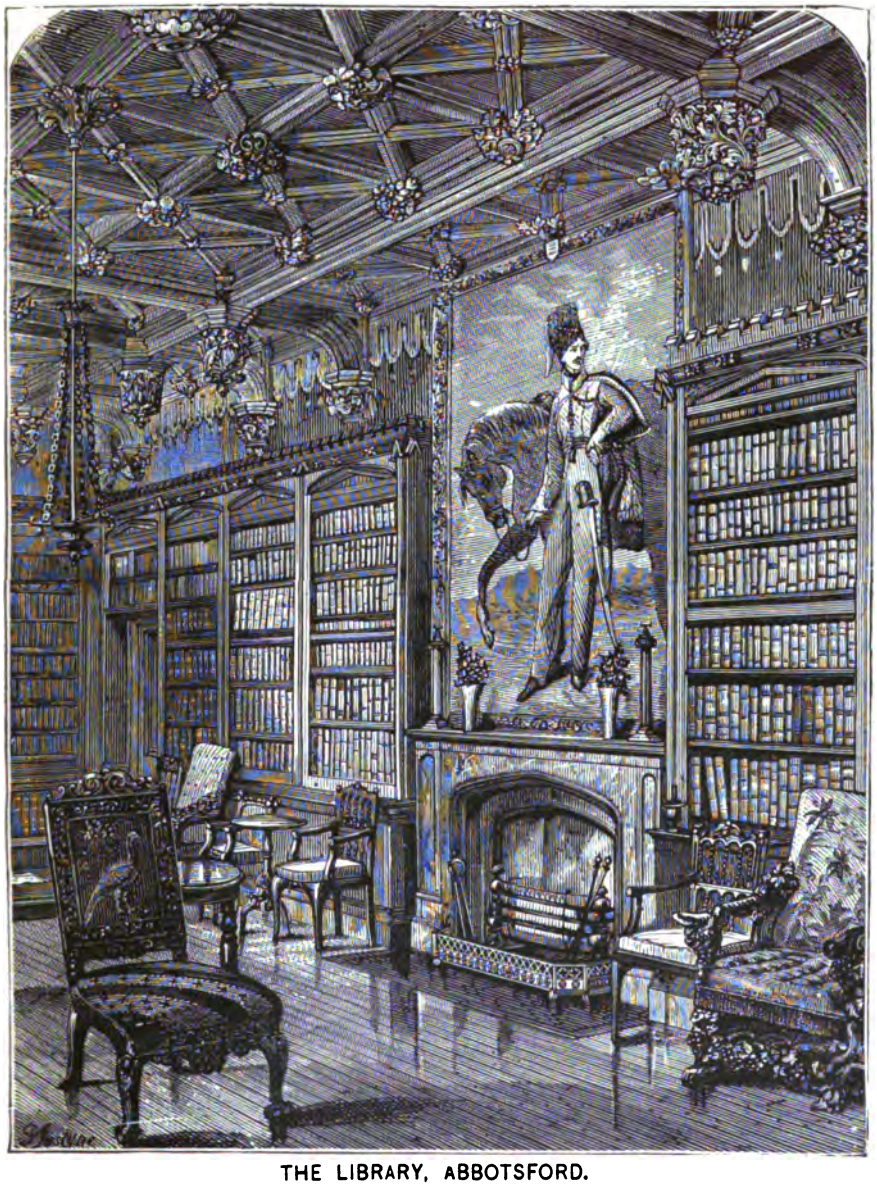


View of Abbotsford.

close behind, in eager chase, while Nep barked furiously, as if he had been defrauded of his right.

At length, on Saturday night, they were rewarded with a line in the paper telling of the arrival of the Arctic at Liverpool, and they knew that now they should get letters soon; the next week brought a short letter telling of the voyage over, and then, a week later, came a longer letter from Edinburgh. Mrs. Bodley read it aloud to the family. Part of it was of their father's visit to Abbotsford.

"I took a little excursion to Abbotsford Wednesday," he wrote, "and must tell you and the children of the house. It was by no means so fine as I had expected. I wish I could say it was really fine; but, in spite of the many curiosities about it, it seemed to me a made-up hall. I rapped on the stone to see if it might not be pasteboard. But after all it was like one of Scott's romances, full of odds and ends of Scottish antiquity, cleverly put together. What was wanting was Scott himself who always redeemed his stories from mere cleverness by his own genuine nature, and who would, I am sure, have made Abbotsford real if he himself had stood in it with his hearty welcome. He was not there, but the place was kept in a way constantly to remind one of him. I went into his study. Scott was not there, but his clothes were! In a glass case was a complete suit worn by him before his death, and in a little closet near by was his stout walking-stick and some costumes which he sometimes wore, I believe. I did not care for them, but I looked long at the table at which he used to write. There stood his easy, stuffed chair drawn up before it, as if he had just gone out to walk with Maida; upon the walls were shelves lined with the books which he used most. It was a high room and a light gallery ran around it, with a little flight of steps, so that one could get at the books above. I think there was a connection, too, with his bed-chamber from it. The study had not a great many show things in it. There was a massive silver inkstand upon the table, and a few pictures and curiosities about the walls. I liked to think of Scott working there with no need to remind himself of many things, for his head and his heart were full of what he was writing; all he needed was table and chair, pen, ink, and paper.



THE LIBRARY, ABBOTSFORD.

"The Library was a more pretentious room. It had a carved oaken roof, and the walls were lined with books, — there must have been twenty thousand there. Over the fire-place is a large painting of Scott's eldest son as an officer in the army. The room had a good many curiosities in it, presents to Scott from the Pope, from King George III., and from great authors and others. The armory, however, would interest you most, Nathan. It was a narrow, arched room, lighted by a blazoned window, and crowded with curiosities. There was Rob Roy's gun; the blunderbuss of Hofer, the Swiss patriot; the pistols of Napoleon, found in his carriage after the battle of Waterloo; some thumbpins and boots, with which the Covenanters were tormented, as you have read in "Old Mortality;" the two great keys of the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, found after the burning of the doors by the mob, for which see "The Heart of Midlothian," and many other things. I wandered back to the study. That, after all, seemed closest to Scott. There he had sat and written his wonderful novels. How I wished he had never broken his heart over this costly plaything of Abbotsford. You must get your mother to tell you about Walter Scott, for you are old enough, at least Ned and Nathan are, not only to read his stories, but to care about the man himself.

"I went to Melrose afterward, and had a lovely time in the ruins of the old abbey. It was at the end of the afternoon, when no visitors were likely to interrupt me. The young woman who conducts people about had left me to myself, and I lay on my back on the turf, looking up to the sky, and letting my eyes ramble over the old stones. It was pleasant, after sight-seeing, to lie there and let my thoughts wander about as aimlessly as the fickle swallows that darted overhead. The ruins were all around me, but the sky was

best, and the quiet of evening, more quiet because it was gathering about me in that deserted sanctuary, seemed to wrap me as with a mantle of rest. I thought of the old monks so long dead, and how their wonderful home was shared now by the swallows and myself. I am thankful that so many, many beautiful old things are standing in this country for me to enjoy. I will leave you, Sarah, to tell the children what Melrose Abbey once was."

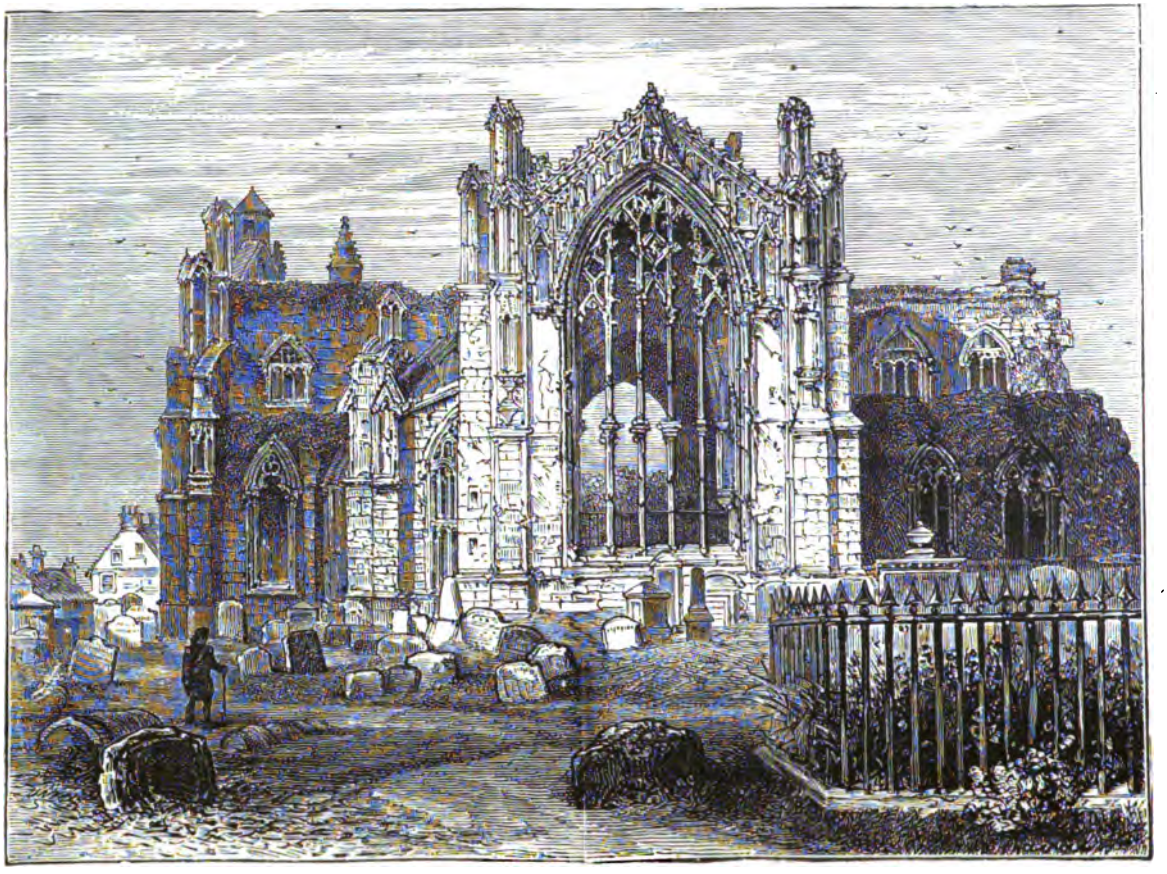


A Monk at Work.

Mrs. Bodley had hurried over this last part of the letter, and the last sentence slipped off her tongue before she was aware.

"Certainly, Aunt Sarah," said Ned. "We know what the Abbey is now, or a part of it, at any rate, for Uncle Charles lay on his back in the grass and looked up to the sky. I don't suppose the monks used to do that."

"I don't know just what the monks had to do at Melrose, Ned, but a good part of their time was taken up with religious devotions. Then they had their copying to do, copying portions of Scripture or missals, and doing their work very delicately, as if they loved it. That was before the days of printing, you know, when books had to be copied slowly by the pen."



MELROSE ABBEY.

"I 've copied a part of the Epistle to the Hebrews," said Nathan.

"If you had done as the monks did, you would have made the first word, and especially the first letter, in the epistle brilliant with color, and have painted a little picture about it. I am very glad we have no monks about us in this country, but I should be glad to think that we had more that did their work as carefully and with as much love for it."

"How big the world is!" said Lucy, with a sigh.

"Do you want to see papa again?"

"Yes, but I was not thinking of that, then. I was thinking of Melrose Abbey and the monks, and" — but the little girl was puzzled to say just what she meant.

"And how there was room for all that and Roseland, too," explained Ned, who saw what she was struggling with.

"Yes, that was it. I think I like Roseland best."

"We all do," said Mrs. Bodley. "But you know you like to go to Hyannis, and you liked our journey to Newburyport and to Hartford, because you liked to find the world was bigger than you knew; but home 's the best, for home 's a nest."

When tea was over, the children gathered about Mrs. Bodley to hear what she would tell them of Walter Scott. They had heard some of his stories. They had read "Ivanhoe," and they knew "Kenilworth," at least the older ones did. Mrs. Bodley hesitated what to tell them. Then she reflected that Scott had himself told much of his life, and she resolved to read to them in Scott's own words what he had told of his youth, his old friends, his faithful servants. They were sitting on the doorstep in the long twilight, looking across the pleasant fields, and she took the book and read here and there to them, choosing the parts which she thought they would like best to hear, and sometimes putting in a word of explanation.

"'I was born, as I believe, on the 15th August, 1771, in a house belonging to my father, at the head of the College wynd.' That was in Edinburgh. The wynds were narrow lanes, that turned, it may be, like winding country lanes; but they were bordered by high, very high, houses instead of by green banks and trees. 'It was pulled down, with others, to make room for the northern front of the new college. I was an uncommonly healthy child, but had nearly died in consequence of my first nurse being ill of a consumption, a circumstance which she chose to conceal, though to do so was murder to both herself and me. She went privately to consult Dr. Black, the celebrated professor of chemistry, who put my father on his guard. The woman was dismissed, and I was consigned to a healthy peasant, who is still alive' — this was written in 1808, and the nurse died two years afterward — 'to boast of her laddie being what she calls a grand gentleman. I showed every sign of health and strength until I was about eighteen months old. One night, I have been often told, I showed great reluctance to be caught and put to bed; and after being chased about the room, was apprehended and consigned to my dormitory with some difficulty. It was the last time I was to show such personal agility. In the morning I was discovered to be affected with the fever which often accompanies the cutting of large teeth. It held me three days. On the fourth, when they went to bathe me as usual, they discovered that I had lost the power of my right leg. My grandfather, an excellent anatomist as well as physician, the late worthy Alexander Wood, and many others of the most respectable of the faculty were consulted. There appeared to be no dislocation or strain; blisters and other topical remedies were applied in vain.

When the efforts of regular physicians had been exhausted, without the slightest success, my anxious parents, during the course of many years, eagerly grasped at every prospect of cure which was held out by the promise of empirics, or of ancient ladies or gentlemen who conceived themselves entitled to recommend various remedies, some of which were of a nature sufficiently singular. But the advice of my grandfather, Dr. Rutherford, that I should be sent to reside in the country, to give the chance of natural exertion excited by free air and liberty, was first resorted to; and before I have the recollection of the slightest event I was, agreeably to this friendly counsel, an inmate in the farm-house of Sandy-Knowe.

"'It is here at Sandy-Knowe, in the residence of my paternal grandfather,' — that is, of his father's father, as Dr. Rutherford was his mother's father, — 'that I have the first consciousness of existence; and I recollect distinctly that my situation and appearance were a little whimsical. Among the odd remedies recurred to, to aid my lameness, some one had recommended that so often as a sheep was killed for the use of the family, I should be stripped, and swathed up in the skin, warm as it was flayed from the carcass of the animal. In this Tartar-like habiliment I well remember lying upon the floor of the little parlor in the farm-house, while my grandfather, a venerable old man with white hair, used every excitement to make me try to crawl. My grandmother continued for some years to take charge of the farm,' after his grandfather's death, 'assisted by my father's second brother, Mr. Thomas Scott, who resided at Crailing, as factor or land-steward for Mr. Scott of Danesfield, then proprietor of that estate. My grandmother, in whose youth the old Border

depredations,' the forays across the border of England and Scotland, 'were matters of recent tradition, used to tell me many a tale of Watt of Harden,' an ancestor of his, 'Wight Willie of Aikwood, Jamie Telfer of the fair Dodhead, and other heroes — merry men all of the persuasion and calling of Robin Hood and Little John. Two or three old books which lay in the window-seat were explored for my amusement in the tedious winter days. Automathes, and Ramsay's "Tea-table Miscellany," were my favorites, although at a later period an odd volume of Josephus's "Wars of the Jews" divided my partiality.

"'My kind and affectionate aunt, Miss Janet Scott, whose memory will ever be dear to me, used to read these works to me with admirable patience, until I could repeat long passages by heart. The ballad of Hardyknute I was early master of, to the great annoyance of almost our only visitor, the worthy clergyman of the parish, Dr. Duncan, who had not patience to have a sober chat interrupted by my shouting forth this ditty. Methinks I now see his tall, thin, emaciated figure, his legs cased in clasped gambadoes'" —

"Gambadoes, — gambadoes," said Ned.

"Leggings for riding, Ned, I think, — 'in clasped gambadoes, and his face of a length that would have rivaled the knight of La Mancha's, and hear him exclaiming, "One may as well speak in the mouth of a cannon as where that child is." I was in my fourth year when my father was advised that the Bath waters might be of some advantage to my lameness. My affectionate aunt, although such a journey promised to a person of her retired habits anything but pleasure or amusement, undertook as readily to accompany me to the wells of Bladud, as if she

had expected all the delight that ever the prospect of a watering-place held out to its most impatient visitants. My health was by this time a good deal confirmed by the country air, and the influence of that imperceptible and unfatiguing exercise to which the good sense of my grandfather had subjected me; for when the day was fine I was usually carried out and laid down beside the old shepherd, among the crags or rocks round which he fed his sheep. The impatience of a child soon inclined me to struggle with my infirmity, and I began by degrees to stand, to walk, and to run. Although the limb affected was much shrunk and contracted, my general health, which was of more importance, was much strengthened by being frequently in the open air; and, in a word, I, who in a city had probably been condemned to hopeless and helpless decrepitude, was now a healthy, high-spirited, and, my lameness apart, a sturdy child.

"'At Bath, where I lived about a year, I went through all the usual discipline of the pump-room and baths, but, I believe, without the least advantage to my lameness. During my residence at Bath I acquired the rudiments of reading at a day school, kept by an old dame near our lodgings, and I had never a more regular teacher, although I think I did not attend her a quarter of a year. An occasional lesson from my aunt supplied the rest. After being a year at Bath, I returned first to Edinburgh, and afterwards for a season to Sandy-Knowe; — and thus the time whiled away till about my eighth year, when it was thought sea-bathing might be of service to my lameness. For this purpose, still under my aunt's protection, I remained some weeks at Prestonpans, a circumstance not worth mentioning, excepting to record my juvenile intimacy with an old military veteran, Dalgetty by name'" —

"Dugald Dalgetty!" said Ned. "He 's in the 'Legend of Montrose.'"

"The name is, certainly. Scott used it when he needed it, but I do not believe he would have done anything to hurt his old friend's feelings, for Dalgetty, let me see, 'had pitched his tent in that little village, after all his campaigns, subsisting upon an ensign's half-pay, though called by courtesy a captain. As this old gentleman, who had been in all the German wars, found very few to listen to his tales of military feats, he formed a sort of alliance with me, and I used invariably to attend him for the pleasure of hearing those communications. Sometimes our conversation turned on the American war, which was then raging.'"

"What, our war?" asked Phippy, "our war of the Revolution?"

"Yes. 'It was about the time,' Scott says, 'of Burgoyne's unfortunate expedition, to which my captain and I augured different conclusions. Somebody had showed me a map of North America, and, struck with the rugged appearance of the country, and the quantity of lakes, I expressed some doubts on the subject of the general's arriving safely at the end of his journey, which were very indignantly refuted by the captain.'"

"But Burgoyne's expedition did fail."

"Yes, and so Scott was right and Dalgetty was wrong. He went home after this, and was sent to school, where he did not at first study much, but became a great favorite with his companions. 'Among my companions my good-nature and flow of ready imagination rendered me very popular. Boys are uncommonly just in their feelings, and at least equally generous. My lameness, and the efforts which I made to supply that disadvantage, by making up in address what I wanted in activity, engaged the latter principle in



WALTER SCOTT. By Raeburn.

my favor; and in the winter play hours, when hard exercise was impossible, my tales used to assemble an admiring audience round Lucky Brown's fireside, and happy was he that could sit next to the inexhaustible narrator. I was also, though often negligent of my own task, always ready to assist my friends, and hence I had a little party of staunch partisans and adherents, stout of hand and heart, though somewhat dull of head — the very tools for raising a hero to eminence. So, on the whole, I made a brighter figure in the yards than in the class.'"

"Did he ever get over his lameness?" asked Lucy.

"No, but it was only as he got well on in life that he felt it seriously, at any rate as a pain. He walked a great deal when he was a boy, in spite of his lameness. 'My frame,' he says, 'gradually became hardened with my constitution, and being both tall and muscular, I was rather disfigured than disabled by my lameness. This personal disadvantage did not prevent me from taking much exercise on horseback, and making long journeys on foot, in the course of which I often walked from twenty to thirty miles a day. A distinct instance occurs to me. I remember walking with poor James Ramsay, my fellow apprentice, now no more, and two other friends, to breakfast at Prestonpans. We spent the forenoon in visiting the ruins at Seton, and the field of battle at Preston — dined at Prestonpans on tiled haddock very sumptuously — drank half a bottle of port each, and returned in the evening. This could not be less than thirty miles, nor do I remember being at all fatigued upon the occasion. My principal object in these excursions was the pleasure of seeing romantic scenery, or, what afforded me at least equal pleasure, the places which had been distinguished by remarkable historical events.'"

"Just our sentiments," said Ned, nudging Nathan with his elbow.

"See that you learn to tell about them as well," said Mrs. Bodley, and then she went on: "'The delight with which I regarded the former, of course had general approbation; but I often found it difficult to procure sympathy with the interest I felt in the latter. Yet to me the wandering over the field of Bannockburn was the source of more exquisite pleasure than gazing upon the celebrated landscape from the battlements of Stirling Castle. I do not by any means infer that I was dead to the feeling of picturesque scenery; on the contrary few delighted more in its general effect. But I was unable with the eye of a painter to dissect the various parts of the scene, to comprehend how the one bore upon the other, to estimate the effect which various features of the view had in producing its leading and general effect. After long study and many efforts I was unable to apply the elements of perspective or of shade to the scene before me, and was obliged to relinquish in despair an art which I was most anxious to practice. But show me an old castle or a field of battle, and I was at home at once, filled it with its combatants in their proper costume, and overwhelmed my hearers by the enthusiasm of my description. In crossing Magus Moor, near St. Andrews, the spirit moved me to give a picture of the assassination of the Archbishop of St. Andrews to some fellow travelers with whom I was accidentally associated, and one of them, though well acquainted with the story, protested my narrative had frightened away his night's sleep. I mention this to show the distinction between a sense of the picturesque in action and in scenery. Meanwhile I endeavored to make amends for my ignorance of drawing by adopt-

ing a sort of technical memory respecting the scenes I visited. Wherever I went I cut a piece of a branch from a tree — these constituted what I called my log-book; and I intended to have a set of chessmen out of them, each having reference to the place where it was cut — as the kings from Falkland and Holyrood; the queens from Queen Mary's yew-tree at Crookston; the bishops from abbeys or episcopal palaces; the knights from baronial residences; the rooks from royal fortresses, and the pawns generally from places worthy of historical note. But this whimsical design I never carried into execution.'"

"What a capital idea!" said Ned. "Why have not we thought of something of the kind?"

"I 've got a seal made out of John Winthrop's pear-tree," said Nathan.

"I 've thought of something," said Phippy, suddenly. "But I sha'n't tell. At least I sha'n't tell now," and she shut her lips tightly and sealed them with her hand to make sure. "Go on, mother," she gurgled through her fingers.

"Phippy will keep her secret till it breaks," said Mrs. Bodley, laughing, and taking up her book again. "You see how Walter Scott, without knowing it, was learning all this time to tell stories, for he loved what he saw, and he lived amongst people who told him of what had happened right about him. There is a pretty story which Lockhart, his biographer tells, which will show how industrious he was in after years when he was writing his first famous novel, 'Waverley.' Let me see," and she turned the pages, "here it is. 'Happening to pass through Edinburgh in June, 1814, I dined one day with William Menzies, whose residence was then in George Street, situated very near to, and

at right angles with, North Castle Street. It was a party of very young persons, most of them, like Menzies and myself, destined for the Bar of Scotland, all gay and thoughtless, enjoying the first flush of manhood, with little remembrance of the yesterday or care of the morrow. When my companion's worthy father and uncle, after seeing two or three bottles go round, left the juveniles to themselves, the weather being hot, we adjourned to a library which had one large window looking northward. After carousing here for an hour or more, I observed that a shade had come over the aspect of my friend, who happened to be placed immediately opposite to myself, and said something that intimated a fear of his being unwell. "No," said he, "I shall be well enough presently, if you will only let me sit where you are, and take my chair; for there is a confounded hand in sight of me here, which has often bothered me before, and now it won't let me fill my glass with a good will." I rose to change places with him accordingly, and he pointed out to me this hand which, like the writing on Belshazzar's wall, disturbed his hour of hilarity. "Since we sat down," he said, "I have been watching it; it fascinates my eye; it never stops; page after page is finished and thrown on that heap of manuscript, and still it goes on unwearied; and so it will be till candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. It is the same every night. I can't stand a sight of it when I am not at my books." — "Some stupid, engrossing clerk, probably," exclaimed myself, or some other giddy youth in our society. "No, boys," said our host, "I well know what hand it is — 't is Walter Scott's." This was the hand that, in the evenings of three summer weeks, wrote the last two volumes of "Waverley."'

"And here is a picture of Scott at Abbotsford which Washington Irving has given us: —

"'The noise of my chaise had disturbed the quiet of the establishment. Out sallied the warder of the castle, a black greyhound, and leaping on one of the blocks of stone began a furious barking. This alarm brought out the whole garrison of dogs, all open-mouthed and vociferous. In a little while the lord of the castle himself made his appearance. I knew him at once, by the likenesses that had been published of him. He came limping up the gravel walk, aiding himself by a stout walking-staff, but moving rapidly and with vigor. By his side jogged along a large iron-gray staghound of most grave demeanor, who took no part in the clamor of the canine rabble, but seemed to consider himself bound, for the dignity of the house, to give me a courteous reception. Before Scott reached the gate, he called out in a hearty tone, welcoming me to Abbotsford, and asking news of Campbell. Arrived at the door of the chaise, he grasped me warmly by the hand: "Come, drive down, drive down to the house," said he; "ye 're just in time for breakfast, and afterwards ye shall see all the wonders of the Abbey."

"'I would have excused myself on the plea of having already made my breakfast. "Hut, man," cried he, "a ride in the morning in the keen air of the Scotch hills is warrant enough for a second breakfast." I was accordingly whirled to the portal of the cottage,' for this was before the great hall at Abbotsford had been built, 'and in a few minutes found myself seated at the breakfast-table. There was no one present but the family, which consisted of Mrs. Scott; her eldest daughter, Sophia, then a fine girl about seventeen; Miss Ann Scott, two or three years younger;

Walter, a well-grown stripling; and Charles, a lively boy, eleven or twelve years of age. I soon felt myself quite at home, and my heart in a glow with the cordial welcome I experienced. I had thought to make a mere morning visit, but found I was not to be let off so lightly. "You must not think our neighborhood is to be read in a morning like a newspaper," said Scott; "it takes several days of study for an observant traveler, that has a relish for auld world trumpery. After breakfast you shall make your visit to Melrose Abbey; I shall not be able to accompany you, as I have some household affairs to attend to; but I will put you in charge of my son Charles, who is very learned in all things touching the old ruin and the neighborhood it stands in; and he and my friend Johnnie Bower will tell you the whole truth about it, with a great deal more that you are not called upon to believe, unless you be a true and nothing-doubting antiquary. When you come back I 'll take you out on a ramble about the neighborhood. To-morrow we will take a look at the Yarrow, and the next day we will drive over to Dryburgh Abbey, which is a fine old ruin, well worth your seeing." In a word, before Scott had got through with his plan, I found myself committed for a visit of several days, and it seemed as if a little realm of romance was suddenly open before me.' I won't read you all that Irving says of his visit, but here is his account of a ramble which he took with Scott and his dogs.

"'As we sallied forth, every dog in the establishment turned out to attend us. There was the old staghound, Maida, that I have already mentioned, a noble animal, and Hamlet, the black greyhound, a wild, thoughtless youngster, not yet arrived at the years of discretion; and Finette, a beautiful setter, with soft silken

hair, long pendant ears, and a mild eye, the parlor favorite. When in front of the house we were joined by a superannuated greyhound, who came from the kitchen wagging his tail, and was cheered by Scott as an old friend and comrade. In our walks, he would frequently pause in conversation, to notice his dogs, and speak to them as if rational companions; and, indeed, there appears to be a vast deal of rationality in these faithful attendants on man, derived from their close intimacy with him. Maida deported himself with a gravity becoming his age and size, and seemed to consider himself called upon to preserve a great degree of dignity and decorum in our society. As he jogged along a little distance ahead of us the young dogs would gambol about him, leap on his neck, worry at his ears, and endeavor to tease him into a gambol. The old dog would keep on for a long time with imperturbable solemnity, now and then seeming to rebuke the wantonness of his young companions. At length he would make a sudden turn, seize one of them, and tumble him in the dust, then giving a glance at us, as much as to say, "You see, gentlemen, I can't help giving way to this nonsense;" would resume his gravity and jog on as before. Scott amused himself with these peculiarities. "I make no doubt," said he, "when Maida is alone with these young dogs, he throws gravity aside, and plays the boy as much as any of them; but he is ashamed to do so in our company, and seems to say: Ha' done with your nonsense, youngsters: what will the laird and the other gentleman think of me if I give way to such foolery?"'

"Now I will read you just one more account by a traveler of how Scott lived at Abbotsford. 'The habits of life at Abbotsford, when I first saw it, ran in the same easy, rational, and pleas-

ant course, which I believe they always afterwards took; though the family was at this time rather straitened in its arrangements, as some of the principal rooms were not finished. After breakfast Sir Walter took his short interval of study in the light and elegant little room afterwards called Miss Scott's. That which he occupied when Abbotsford was complete, though more convenient in some material respects, seemed to me the least cheerful and least private in the house. It had, however, a recommendation which perhaps he was very sensible of, that as he sat at his writing-table he could look out at his young trees. About one o'clock he walked or rode, generally with some of his visitors. At this period, he used to be a good deal on horseback, and a pleasant sight it was to see the gallant old gentleman, in his seal-skin cap and short green jacket, lounging along a field-side on his mare, Sibyl Grey, and pausing now and then to talk, with a serio-comic look, to a laboring man or woman, and rejoice them with some quaint saying in broad Scotch. The dinner hour was early; the sitting after dinner was hospitably but not immoderately prolonged; and the whole family party (for such it always seemed, even if there were several visitors) then met again for a short evening, which was passed in conversation and music. I once heard Sir Walter say, that he believed there was a 'pair of cards' (such was his antiquated expression) somewhere in the house, but probably there is no tradition of their ever having been used. The drawing-room and library (unfurnished at the time of my first visit) opened into each other, and formed a beautiful evening apartment. By every one who has visited at Abbotsford they must be associated with some of the most delightful recollections of his life. Sir Walter listened to the music of his daughters, which

was all congenial to his own taste, with a never-failing enthusiasm. He followed the fine old songs which Mrs. Lockhart sang to her harp with his mind, eyes, and lips, almost as if joining in an act of religion. To other musical performances he was a dutiful, and often a pleased listener, but I believe he cared little for mere music; the notes failed to charm him if they were not connected with good words, or immediately associated with some history or strong sentiment upon which his imagination could fasten.'"

"I wonder if he liked the Blue Bell of Scotland," said Lucy.

"I 've not the least doubt he did," said her mother. "I 'm sure he must have heard his daughters sing it many a time. But the time was coming when all those pleasant evenings were to end. Scott had been buying land and building while he was writing books; it seemed as if money flowed in upon him; but it flowed out faster, and what was worse he had long been lending money to men who were as careless as he about using and keeping it, and so one day he discovered that he was a poor man owing also great sums of money. I am not going to read you now how Scott took up his pen again and began to work once more deliberately to pay off his debts. It is a sad story, but one or two things I want you to notice. It was a grievous error in him to be careless about his money; he ought not to have got into debt, but when he fairly discovered his situation, he never shrank from toiling month after month to pay in full all that he owed. And this, too, that much as he loved Abbotsford, what he really cared for most was the suffering his misfortunes brought upon the poor people who were dependent on him. Here is a little passage in his diary: 'I feel neither dishonored nor broken down by the

bad — now really bad news I have received. I have walked my last on the domains I have planted — sate the last time in the halls I have built. But death would have taken them from me if misfortune had spared them. My poor people whom I loved so well!' and again, 'Poor Will Laidlaw, poor Tom Purdie,' those were his faithful steward and servant, 'such news will wring your hearts; and many a poor fellow besides, to whom my prosperity was daily bread.' Now hear how these poor people loved and served him.

"Lockhart visited Abbotsford in 1827. Here is his account of how things looked there then: —

"'The butler, instead of being the easy chief of a large establishment, was now doing half the work of the house, at probably half his former wages. Old Peter, who had been for five-and-twenty years a dignified coachman, was now plowman in ordinary, only putting his horses to the carriage upon high and rare occasions; and so on with all the rest that remained of the ancient train. And all, to my view, seemed happier than they had ever done before. Their good conduct had given every one of them a new elevation in his own mind; and yet their demeanor had gained, in place of losing, in simple humility of observance. The great loss was that of William Laidlaw, for whom (the estate being all but a fragment in the hands of the trustees and their agent) there was now no occupation here. The cottage which his taste had converted into a lovable retreat had found a rent-paying tenant; and he was living a dozen miles off, on the farm of a relation in the Vale of Yarrow. Every week, however, he came down to have a ramble with Sir Walter over their old haunts, to hear how the pecuniary atmosphere was darkening or



GURTH AND WAMBA. FROM SCOTT'S IVANHOE.

brightening, and to read, in every face at Abbotsford, that it could never be itself again until circumstances should permit his re-establishment at Kæside. All this warm and respectful solicitude must have had a preciously soothing influence on the mind of Scott, who may be said to have lived upon love. No man cared less about popular admiration and applause; but for the least chill on the affection of any near and dear to him he had the sensitiveness of a maiden. I cannot forget, in particular, how his eyes sparkled when he first pointed out to me Peter Mathieson guiding the plow on the haugh. "Egad," said he, "auld Pepe" (this was the children's name for their good friend), "auld Pepe's whistling at his darg (work). The honest fellow said a yoking in a deep field would do baith him and the blackies good. If things get round with me, easy shall be Pepe's cushion." ' "

"Did he ever get rich again?" asked Phippy.

"No. He worked till his hand trembled and lost its cunning. He did wonders, and his creditors, moved by his nobleness, gave him back his house and library. Then he was ill. He fancied all his debts were paid; and his good friends, tenderly concealing the truth from him, ministered to his comfort and took him on a journey to Italy. He went about in churches and in picture galleries, a broken-down old man, but at length was brought home to Abbotsford to die. He called Lockhart to him as he was dying: 'My dear,' he said, 'be a good man; be virtuous; be religious; be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.' "

"Did you see him when you were in Scotland?" asked Phippy.

"No, Phippy, he died in 1832, and it was a good many years after that that I was in Scotland. I traveled there with your

father just after we were married, and it is very pleasant for me now to follow him in my mind, though he will not go as far north as we went. I had an old friend who was living in the Highlands and we went to visit her. It was the late fall when we were there, and we spent a good deal of our time on the water, sailing about among the islands, in and around Skye. We used to see the Highlanders at work, getting ready for the winter, gathering the bracken or fern upon the hillside which they had cut and dried, making it ready for winter use. Straw was scarce and costly, so they cut the bracken on the barren hillsides, and loaded their broad boats with it and carried it home for litter for their cattle. The women helped them, and it was a picturesque sight to see, as we sometimes saw, men rowing in the twilight, while a Scotch lassie lay resting on the great heap of bracken which she had helped to gather. But come, it is growing damp, and we must go in."

So they all went in, but before the children went up-stairs to bed, Mrs. Bodley sat at the piano, and they all sang a song they knew, — one which they were sure Walter Scott must often have heard his daughters sing.



THE BRACKEN BOAT.

The "Blue Bell" of Scotland.

OLD ENGLISH BORDER SONG.

Tune composed by Mrs. Jordan, about 1799.




gone to fight the French for King George up - on the throne, And it's
bon - net's of the Saxon green, his waist-coat's of the plaid, And it's
cres.
oh! in my heart how I wish him safe at home!
oh! in my heart that I love my High - land lad.
sf
sf
f
Oh! where, and oh!
Sup - pose, oh! sup-
pp
dim.
where, did your High - land lad - die dwell?
pose, that your High - land lad should die!
Oh! where, and oh!
Sup - pose, oh! sup-


where, did your High-land lad-die dwell? He dwelt in mer-ry
-pose, that your High-land lad should die! Though lau-rels would wave
Scot-land by the sign of The Blue Bell; And it's oh! in my
o'er him, I'd lay me down and cry; And it's oh! in my
sf
1st.
heart that I love my lad-die well.
heart that I feel he will not
p
riten.
f
2d.
Oh! die.
mf
dim.

CHAPTER IV.

THE UNITED STATES IN A PASTURE.

DURING the hot August days the children often escaped to the shade of the Grove, where they ensconced themselves in the Gorge by the side of Samson's Nut Cracker, — a huge boulder on which the oak-trees dropped acorns, — and told stories, or played at tea-party or Indians. It was here, too, that they told each other their secrets. Whenever one of them had a specially cherished secret to impart to another, the two would crawl into the deepest recess of the Gorge, and then the mysterious thing would be decanted from one little pitcher into the other. Phippy usually unburdened herself of her secret before she could get to the Grove, but after the evening when they had heard so much about Walter Scott, she maintained a most absorbed air, and the next day before breakfast was seen running from one part of Roseland to another as if she were bewitched.

"What can Phip be about!" said Nathan, as the little girl came running up through the grapery. "I should think she was playing tag with the trees, for she has been running from one to another ever since I have watched her."

"Perhaps she has been giving them some new names," said Lucy.

"She could n't. There are no more States, but there are ever so many more trees, at least, if you count the little ones."

"She had a secret, you know, last night."

"Well, I don't think that 's much of a secret, to go round and

play tag with the trees." The breakfast bell rang, and scarcely had breakfast begun, before Phippy jumped up again, ran out, made a little bow, and said: —

"Those who will come to the Gorge after breakfast may have a piece of my secret."

"Oh, tell it now, Phippy," said her cousin. "It will be too hot to go down to the Gorge."

"No, it won't, and you really must come, Cousin Ned, because we shall need you. Come, and I 'll make you some iced lemonade."

"Oh, I should n't want it so soon after breakfast. But I tell you, Phippy, if it is a real good secret, and you will tell it to me on top of Samson's Nut Cracker, I 'll go, but it 's too hot to be dragged into the Gorge." So after breakfast the three children went off to the Grove, and Ned Adams sauntered along under an umbrella a little later. He found Nathan and Lucy already in possession of the secret.

"Is it a good one?" he asked, critically.

"First rate," said Nathan.

"Worth climbing upon the Nut Cracker to hear?"

"Yes, indeed," said Lucy.

"Well, bring the ladder," said the lazy fellow. The ladder was a board with cleats nailed to it, which was left in the Secret Chamber, as it was called, of the Gorge, and when it was pulled out it was laid against the rock, and the whole party climbed by it to the top of the big Nut Cracker. There was room for all and a little to spare.

"Bring the secret up too, Phippy, if there is room."

"Now, Cousin Ned, you are not to make fun of my secret.

I 've a great mind not to tell you; but then we want your knife," she added, reflecting.

"Oh ho, I 'm to do something, am I?"

"Now listen, and I 'll tell you. When mamma was reading about Walter Scott, and how he meant to make a set of chessmen, I had a sudden thought, and I could scarcely think of anything else. I ran out this morning, just as soon as I was dressed, to see if it would do, and it would."

"Took your thought out an airing? Did you put it in the wheelbarrow?"

"But can't you guess, Cousin Ned? I 've given you lots of hints. Think a moment."

"Oh, it 's too hot to think. Out with it."

"I wish you 'd guess."

"Well, is it a set of chessmen?"

"You 're burning."

"Checkers?"

"Ned, you heard me tell Nathan."

"Upon my word! but how could I, Phippy. You had told him before I had got here."

"Oh, I told him right after breakfast. I could n't wait to come here."

"But I don't know what my happy guess means. Checkers? checkers? Do you want to make some?"

"That 's it! We want to make a set for papa out of — what do you think?"

"Buttons?"

"No. Guess again."

"Clamshells from every State in the Union?"

"Oh, but you could n't. There are no clamshells in Kentucky."

"Yes, there are, lots of them. The annual consumption of clams in Kentucky is — several bushels, according to the last census."

"Now, Ned, you know you know, and you 're only teasing us. But I 'm going to tell you. I won't have you guessing my secret. We 're going to cut a limb off each State and make a set of checkers for papa. What do you think of that?"

"But there are thirty-one States, and you only need twenty-four checkers."[1]

"We 're going to leave out some," said Nathan. "That old Pennsylvania, for one."

"Under which William Penn signed the treaty," said Lucy. "Why, Nathan, never!" It is, perhaps, time to explain that the children had taken it into their heads some time before to name thirty-one trees which stood in the grove and orchard after the thirty-one States, and Nathan had carved the initial of each State in the bark of its appropriate tree. They had taken them in a rough sort of relation to each other. The Atlantic coast was represented by the outside fourteen trees in the grove, and the inland States were scattered about in a somewhat confused way. One of their games was to make journeys across the country, visiting each other in remote sections, and a long emigrant train, consisting of the three children with carts laden with household goods from Lucy's doll-house, accompanied by Nep and the kitten, who also sometimes played the part of buffaloes or wolves, fre-

[1] There were only thirty-one States, good reader, when the children were talking. Have not the children grown up since then?

quently crossed the plains and settled in the far West. Such sorrowful leave-takings as they then had with their friends at the East, represented by Lucy's dolls, and such toils and hardships when they came to settle in the new country! The trees had become so identified in their minds with the States, that they always spoke of them by their names, and they found it easy to act out their stories from history when they had such solid localities for the stage of their little drama. They had landed on Plymouth Rock and sailed up the Hudson; they had coasted along Florida and settled Jamestown; they had signed a treaty with Indians under a tall oak which was thus by an appropriate connection made to stand for Pennsylvania. So when Nathan proposed to ignore Pennsylvania Lucy was naturally indignant.

"But, Lucy," he explained, "the branches are so high we could n't possibly climb up and cut one off, and we don't want but twenty-four anyway."

"But you 'll have all the States fighting," said Ned. "Are you going to make twelve eastern States fight twelve western, or twelve northern fight twelve southern?"[1]

"No," said Lucy, "we ought to take them at random, with our eyes shut, and then nobody can say we did n't play fair. But don't you think it a good idea, Cousin Ned? You can saw off a little branch from each tree, and then saw it again so as to get a piece of wood like a checker; it won't be quite round, but then you can file it and cut it and grind it on the grindstone, and mark it with the letter of the State. Don't you see?"

"Pat it and prick it and mark it with T,
And put it in the oven for Tennessee,"

[1] Ah, dear Ned, with your light-hearted jest — ten years more, and what did you see?

said Ned. "It seems to me, though, you have laid out work for me. Am I to climb these trees and tear my trousers, and perhaps saw off the limb I sit on? You say, 'You can saw off a branch,' and so on."

"Hurrah!" suddenly exclaimed Phippy, in great excitement. "Oh, come down to the Gorge, I've got another secret. No, I'll tell it right here. Listen, all of you, and don't you say a word till I get through,—not a single word. Wait a minute, I want to think. Yes, I know it can be done. Cousin Ned will know how."

"Seems to me Cousin Ned is very much put upon," said that young gentleman. "Come to think of it, I believe I am wanted at the house," and he began lazily to rise from the rock.

"Oh no, oh no, you must n't go. Truly and honestly, it is something we can all do. Now listen. Don't you say a word till I get through. I've thought of something splendid. You know the big grass plat between the grove and the orchard, Paul Bodley's Pasture," for so they had named it from a long dead Paul Bodley who had once owned the place, and was buried in a little brick tomb near by,—"well, that is just the best place in the world for the United States. These trees bother us; but we'll draw a gigantic map of the United States in Paul Bodley's Pasture, and mark it off into States, and we 'll have Rocky Mountains, and"—

"Oh, come, come, Phippy," said Ned Adams, "you are going on altogether too fast. This secret is worse than the last. Why, do you expect me to draw that map with the point of a crowbar? I think I see myself doing it!"

"But it is n't impossible," urged Phippy, "and it will be splendid fun, and we can put in the cities, and"—

"What will you do about rivers and lakes?" asked Nathan.

"And the ocean?" added Lucy.

"Where there 's a will there 's a way," persisted Phippy, stoutly. "I am sure Cousin Ned can manage somehow."

"Don't think to flatter me into such nonsense," said he; still secretly he was pleased at Phippy's confidence in his ingenuity, and he began to imagine ways in which the thing could be done.

"There 's about an acre in that piece," he reflected. "If it were winter, Phippy, it would not be wholly impossible. With a good white coating of snow we might hope to draw a map and cut out the edges, but your mother would never let us spade up an outline to the map even if we wanted to."

"But I don't see, anyway," said Nathan, "how you would manage. You might make the divisions into states and territories, but you could n't possibly make the physical divisions; you could n't make mountains and rivers and lakes, or the ocean, as Lucy says."

"We could have frozen rivers," said Phippy, "and that would be all right if it was winter."

"They would n't be frozen except away up here in New England," objected Nathan. "New England is n't all the United States."

"The Hudson would be frozen, because Cousin Ned says it is. He has been on an ice-boat in it — on it, I mean. Have n't you Cousin Ned?"

"Yes, I 've beaten a railroad train on one. We went a little faster than a mile a minute."

"But do think of some way, Ned," urged Phippy.

"Well, the only way I think of just now is to mark the outlines with lime or some white flour, and I don't think that would work very well."



ICE-BOATS ON THE HUDSON.

"If we had the outline marked, then we could run a plow along it," said Phippy, "except where the lines were very short, and then we could use a spade or a sod-cutter."

"But your mother never would let us cut up the pasture so. It is absurd."

"Will you do it if mamma will let us?"

"Oh yes, I 'm safe in promising that." Away ran Phippy to the house.

"Now you 've got yourself into a scrape, Ned," said Nathan, and Ned himself began to feel a little uneasy. Presently, Mrs. Bodley came walking toward them with Phippy, who was skipping along and gesticulating earnestly.

"Yes, yes," she cried, as she came nearer. "Mamma says we may, — she says we may."

"What is this crazy notion?" asked Mrs. Bodley of Ned, as she came to the rock. "Phippy has made the most extraordinary proposition to draw a gigantic map on Paul Bodley's Pasture, as she calls it, and she says you are to be chief engineer."

"That depends upon our getting the consent of the Allied Powers," said Ned. "I told her I would help her if you would consent."

"Oh no, Cousin Ned," explained Phippy. "You are to do it, and we are to help you."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Bodley, reflecting. "It would keep you all out of mischief."

"Aunt Sarah! we shall be getting into mischief all the time."

"The children will be learning geography," she pursued, as if not hearing him. "Yes, I think I will consent, provided Ned will really undertake to see it all done, and provided, also, that you will really finish it after you begin. But, Phippy, there is another

condition. Ned's promise to do it, if I would consent, must count for nothing. You must ask him all over again, for he ought not to be entrapped into this." Phippy looked a little doubtful, and Ned put on a very stern face which reassured her. The fact was, Ned was greatly taken with the idea, and though he had not believed his aunt would consent, now that she did he was ready to enter into the scheme. So after teasing Phippy a little while, he consented to accept the office, as he said, of engineer-in-chief for the construction of a continent.

Impracticable as the scheme at first appeared, the ingenuity of the children, headed by Ned, overcame many difficulties. Their work was to draw a map of the United States on a large scale, with a piece of turf for the blackboard. They set about it in the old-fashioned way of map drawing. They took the largest map of the Union which they had and proceeded to enlarge it, using its dimensions for a scale. An inch of the map, made twenty feet. They laid down parallels and degrees with string which they fastened to pegs outside of the space to be covered by their continent, and thus had easy guides to the eye. They established points all over the field, and by degrees effected their outlines, getting into high glee when, beginning at different points, their lines met as they should. Of course, they were obliged to disregard nice jottings, but they made the general coast line so true that Mrs. Bodley, walking with them about the United States, was able to point out the capes and bays with commendable exactness. The fresh-water lakes they indicated by pieces of cotton cloth, cut in proper figures and pinned to the ground by little stakes. The rivers were also made of cotton cloth, though it was a long and serious business to make them. Phippy devoted her-

self to the Mississippi, and was a fortnight sewing the strips together. They made the principal cities, using chips and stones to represent buildings, although of course, on the scale they chose, their cities were liable to be out of proportion however carefully they reduced the materials. Mr. Bottom was harnessed to a plow and did actually make the coast-line. The children thought the ridge of earth outside the Union would answer very well for the wavy lines which they found on their maps to indicate the separation of land and water. The spade and cutter were used also, and they actually made some very respectable mountains by molding clay.

It must not be supposed that all this was done quickly. They spent the rest of the summer upon it, and long before their great map was made they were playing their old games with fresh zest. There was great fun in crossing the continent now, and they brought out from the barn the Roseland and Santa Fé Railroad which Hen had made for them the year before, and as they could move it about they made it do service in all parts of the continent and under all manner of names, according as they wished to travel north or south, east or west. It required a great deal of patience, and perhaps this was what Mrs. Bodley had partly in mind when she gave her consent so readily. The children certainly learned also a great deal of geography and the great pasture was to them a vast object lesson.

One afternoon as they were all sitting by the library door, which opened under a honeysuckle porch upon a grassy bank, resting from their labors and feeling perhaps a little discouraged, Nathan gave a sigh, and said: —

"I wish we had a balloon and could get up high enough to take

a bird's-eye view of the United States. We can't see it from the upper story of the house, and there is no tree high enough to climb and look down on it. I just want to see how it really looks."

"If you were in a balloon, you could come down in a parachute, you know," said Lucy, looking slyly at her brother. Nathan turned a little red. He had not forgotten how, three years or so before, he had played the part of Professor Wise and undertaken to jump off the pig-pen, and how he had kept a sprained ankle some time to remind him of his exploit.



Early Balloon.

"I wonder if they ever will make balloons that one can travel in just as now we take a ship," said Ned; "or, if we shall have private balloons, and you would say, for instance, 'Martin, please bring round the old balloon, it's rather wet to-day, and I'm going to town; I don't want to hurt the new one.'"

"It won't be for want of trying, at any rate. People have been experimenting on balloons for a long while."

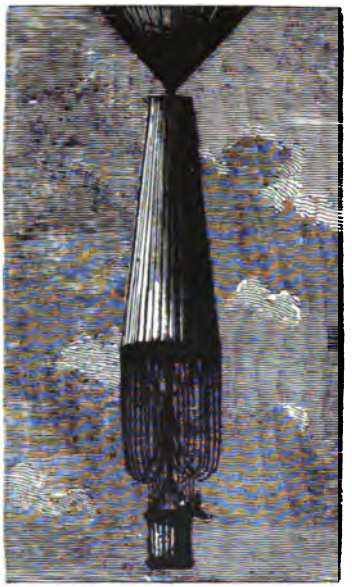
"Ever since Icarus and Daedalus," said Ned.

"That was an experiment in flying. I believe the first actual balloon was made by two brothers named Montgolfier, paper makers, who showed that bags of linen lined with paper and filled with heated air would rise and carry heavy weights with them. Then a great balloon of cloth was filled with hot air and was sent up before an immense multitude. They inflated the balloon by burning chopped straw and wool under the aperture. The court at Versailles took a great interest in the experiments, and a balloon sixty feet high was made, which was decorated with water-color paintings, and a car was hung below it, in which were placed a cock, a sheep, and a duck. They don't seem to have quarreled.



The First Balloon Voyage.

At any rate they all came safely back, after having been up about fourteen hundred feet and sailing about two miles from where they went up. People began to go wild over ballooning, and in a few months a young Frenchman, Pilatre des Roziers, made a balloon and said he would go up himself in it. He had it securely fastened by eighty feet ropes, for men were not yet ready to cut loose from the earth, and he made several ascents. He kept the air heated by a fire built upon a grating of wire in the car. At length he ventured to try a journey without the ropes, so he got into the car with a companion, kindled his fires, and away they went half a mile up and floated about a mile and a half away. That was a great feat, and he kept on; but one day when he was up in the air with a Mr. Romane the fire caught the balloon and it was burned."



A Parachute closed.

"But they don't make balloons go by fire now, do they?" asked Lucy.

"No, people learned to fill balloons with hydrogen gas, and they became more and more adventurous. Only three years after balloons were invented two men sailed across the English Channel. The great trouble now seems to be to steer the balloon so as to make it independent of the currents of wind."

"I never understood how a parachute worked," said Nathan. "I know it is something like an umbrella."

"An umbrella is the nearest and simplest account of it. When

the balloon is in motion the parachute, I believe, is like a shut-up umbrella, with a car attached. If you were to jump off the house with an enormous umbrella held aloft, not caught at the spring, the air, I suppose, would force the folds up and open the umbrella wide, when you would begin to descend more slowly. It is something thus with a parachute. When it is detached from the balloon I believe the air opens it and it becomes a great umbrella."

"I think I should be careful to open my umbrella before I jumped," said Ned.

"Yes," said Phippy, "and then think how you would clutch the handle!"

"People who come down in parachutes," said her mother, "are in a basket, and probably sit very still. I believe the descent at first is fearfully swift, but becomes slower after the parachute is fairly opened. There was a descent made once in a parachute from a height of twelve hundred feet."



A Parachute open.

"Whew! more than five times the height of Bunker Hill Monument. I should want to hang a lot of little umbrellas and parasols all about. Do you suppose, aunt, they will ever cross the Atlantic in balloons?"

"I should not dare to say what might not be done some day."

"How fine it would be," said Phippy, "to see father sail down gracefully into our garden!"

"Or even cross the continent," added Nathan. "We might almost go over that with an umbrella in a high wind."

"We must get the United States done before he comes back," said Lucy. "You have n't written him anything about it, have you, mamma?"

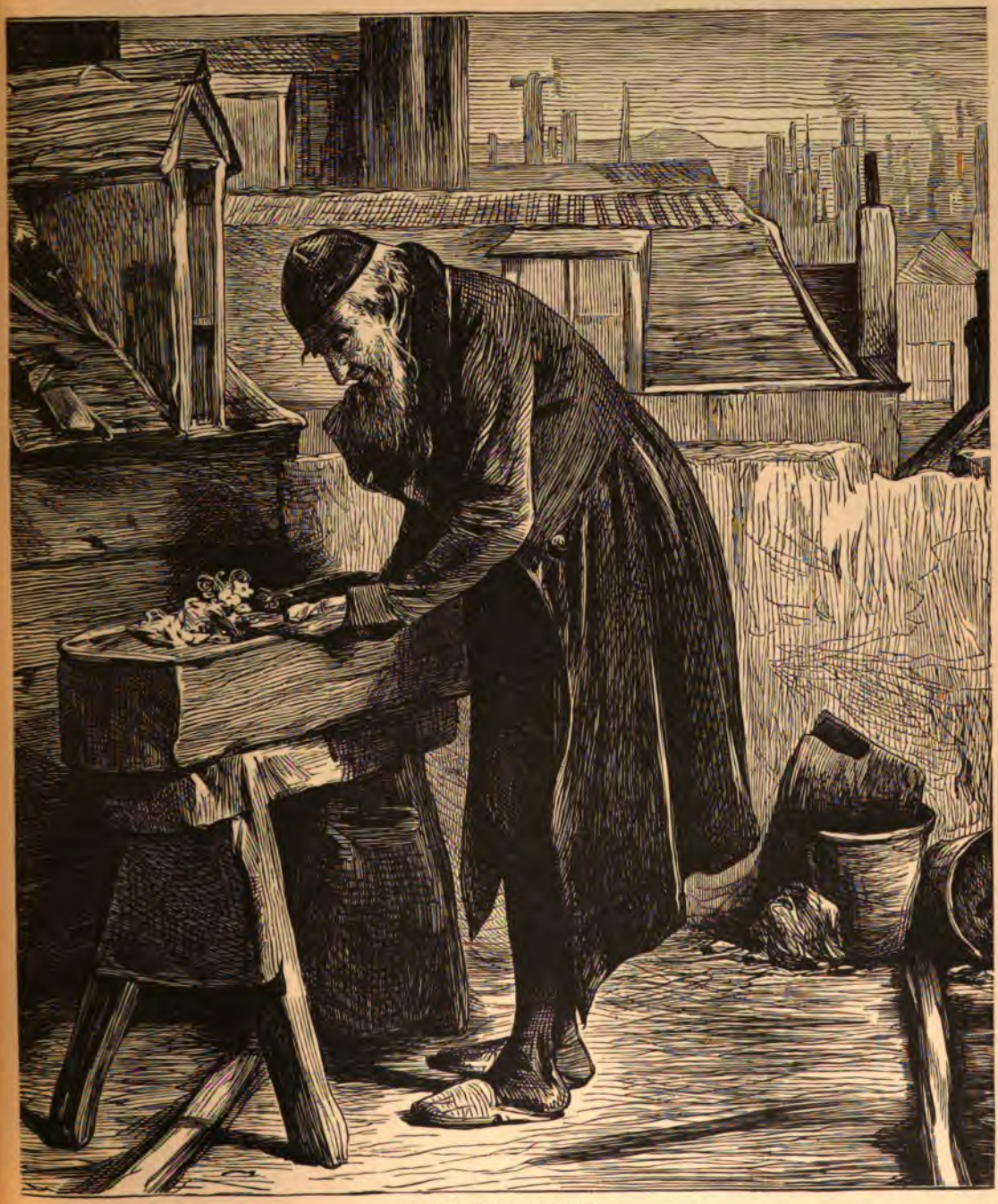
"No, we will keep it for a surprise for him." So the children went back to their work. Indeed, it was so engrossing an occupation that they had agreed to give up the idea of making a set of checkers.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE LOW COUNTRIES.

WHILE the Bodley children were traveling over their own country in Paul Bodley's Pasture, Mr. Bodley himself was following his business, which kept him some time in London, and then was to take him to the Continent. Every week brought a letter from him and was read aloud in the family, often with the atlas upon the table, that the children might trace their father's wanderings. He was spending Sunday in Antwerp, and wrote thence of his recent journey.

"'The last day I was in London I had occasion to call on an old gentleman, who is quite poor but a scholar, and lives in the garret of a house in one of the densest quarters of the city. I climbed the dark staircase to his room and knocked, but no one answered.



A LONDON GARDEN.

I tried the door, and finding it open, entered, but did not see my friend. There was another door, however, which stood ajar, and light came down it from above. I went there, saw a rude ladder leading up to a sky-light, and climbing that, there I found Mr. Jephson upon the roof, in a snug corner formed by a projecting dormer window, standing before a rude frame in which he had some flowers. All about him were flowers in pots and boxes. It was his garden, and here he came and worked over his beloved flowers; the city roared below, but the sun shone above, and you can imagine what a charming sight it was to me.

"'It was Friday morning that I came upon the Continent. I had taken a steamer from Dover to Ostend, having left Dover at half after ten the night before. It was raining hard and seemed dreary enough. The only people who were awake, apparently, were a man and his little son, who accosted me as I left the steamer, and were so unceasing in their attentions that they never left my side till I got into the station and took the seven o'clock train for Bruges. I spent the day there, and went on to Ghent in the latter part of the afternoon, coming here yesterday evening. All this country is familiar ground to you, Sarah, and I am constantly reminded of our excursions and the sights we saw. I saw again that wonderful picture at Ghent of the Adoration of the Lamb, by the brothers Van Eyck. I was delighted to see how well I remembered it. That heavenly green sward of the central picture, besprinkled with gem-like daisies, — how entirely truthful it seems. Then the figures are grouped so negligently, without any attempt at placing them in easy positions or balancing them against each other. They are all intent on their worship of the Lamb. The St. Cecilia came back to me also with her absorbed devotion.'"

"Is that our St. Cecilia?" asked Lucy.

"Yes, that photograph is one which we bought when we were at Ghent."

"'I heard the carillon, too, again from the high towers, and to my delight the Bruges belfry gave out that old tune of "Life let us cherish," which we heard so constantly. Then I went, in Ghent, to see the Béguines at evening prayer.'"

"What are Béguines?" asked Nathan.

"They are a community of nuns, or sisters of charity, founded early in the thirteenth century, who occupy a large district in Ghent. We missed going to see them for some reason, so let us hear what your father saw."

"'The service was less impressive than I had been given to suppose, but quite interesting. There were three or four hundred sisters, most of them in black gowns with white cloth head-dresses, kneeling in rows in the white chapel, while two stood in the chancel and rang two bells. They were wholly in black, and had a singular aspect from where I sat. Black-robed figures kneeling, with white veils, are not so strange as two pulling at ropes, like goblins. I think it was the motion that made them look so queer. One was not so absorbed in her devotions but that she could find time to take a good pinch of snuff. The priest came to the altar, and a monotonous and disagreeable chanting was kept up with the organ in the loft, all done by the sisters, one of whom worked the bellows. When the service was over, each advancing to the altar bowed, took off the white cloth that hung over her head and shoulders, as if it were to be used only in the chapel, folded it in a square, laid it on top of her head, and went out.'"

There was more in the letter, but it was chiefly of interest to

Mrs. Bodley. The children continued to study their map and look at the photographs which illustrated their father's and mother's journey, and were always a source of entertainment to them.

"I don't know much about Belgium," said Ned, frankly, "and I wish Uncle Charles had told us more about his journey from Ostend to Antwerp, but I suppose he has n't much time for letters. Aunt Sarah, we shall have to fall back on your first journey."

"I will tell you what I will do," said Mrs. Bodley, who had taken up her sewing. "There is a charming poem by Longfellow, called 'The Belfry of Bruges.' If you will all learn that poem, — and it is not long, — I will try to tell you about some of the lines in it which you may not understand." I am glad to say that the children were very ready to learn the verses, for I am sure that there are few treasures worth more to us than those we store in our memories. Often and often Ned and Nathan, and Phippy and Lucy, in after life, when traveling, perhaps, in the night, or left where there were no books and little to interest them, would bring out some poem or ballad which they had



Belfry of Bruges.

cherished in childhood, and amuse themselves with reciting it. So now, the very next evening they were ready with the poem. Before they recited it, Mrs. Bodley said: —

"First, I will recite the 'Carillon,' as he calls it, with which Mr. Longfellow introduces his poem. You know that chimes or carillons were invented in the Low Countries; they were heard in Bruges as early as 1300, and now, wherever you go, you hear them almost incessantly. There are persons skilled in the art who play the chimes, not by pulling ropes, but by means of a great key-board, like that of a piano, the keys of which connect with the hammers that strike the bells. The musician strikes the keys not with his fingers but with his fists, which are guarded by leathern coverings, and though great force is required, — sometimes equal to two pounds' weight on each key, — musicians have acquired great skill in playing on these colossal instruments; they can, indeed, play music in three parts, — the bass being played on pedals, and the first and second trebles with the hands. But the carillons are more frequently played by clock-work, and are constructed something like a gigantic music-box, with the tunes changed every year. When they are hung away up in the great belfry towers the music sounds very pure and sweet. Here is the carillon which Mr. Longfellow rang. I have not forgotten it, I am sure, for I learned it at Bruges itself."

CARILLON.

In the ancient town of Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city,
As the evening shades descended,
Low and loud and sweetly blended,

Low at times, and loud at times,
And changing like a poet's rhymes,
Rang the beautiful wild chimes
From the Belfry in the market
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then with deep sonorous clangor
Calmly answering their sweet anger,
When the wrangling bells had ended,
Slowly struck the clock eleven,
And, from out the silent heaven,
Silence on the town descended.
Silence, silence everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
Save that footsteps here and there
Of some burgher home returning,
By the street lamps faintly burning,
For a moment woke the echoes
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers
Still I heard those magic numbers,
As they loud proclaimed the flight
And stolen marches of the night;
Till their chimes in sweet collision
Mingled with each wandering vision,
Mingled with the fortune-telling
Gipsy-bands of dreams and fancies,
Which, amid the waste expanses
Of the silent land of trances,
Have their solitary dwelling.
All else seemed asleep in Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these chimes
Are the poet's airy rhymes,
All his rhymes and roundelays,
His conceits, and songs and ditties,

From the belfry of his brain,
Scattered downward, though in vain,
On the roofs and stones of cities!
For by night the drowsy ear
Under its curtains cannot hear,
And by day men go their ways,
Hearing the music as they pass,
But deeming it no more, alas!
Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,
Lodging at some humble inn
In the narrow lanes of life,
When the dusk and hush of night
Shut out the incessant din
Of daylight and its toil and strife,
May listen with a calm delight
To the poet's melodies,
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,
Intermingled with the song,
Thoughts that he has cherished long;
Hears amid the chime and singing
The bells of his own village ringing,
And wakes and finds his slumberous eyes
Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé,
Listening with a wild delight
To the chimes that, through the night,
Rang their changes from the Belfry
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

"Now let us try a recitation in chorus of the 'Belfry of Bruges.'" Mrs. Bodley waved her wooden knitting-needle about in the air, like the conductor of an orchestra, and Ned and the three children kept pretty even pace through —

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded, still it watches o'er the town.

As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood,
And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapors gray,
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys here and there,
Wreaths of snow-white smoke ascending, vanished, ghost-like, into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild and high;
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,
With their strange, unearthly changes rang the melancholy chimes,

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir;
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain;
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again;

All the Foresters of Flanders, — mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid that adorned those days of old;
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of Gold;

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies;
Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground;
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a duke slept with the queen,
And the armed guard around them, and the sword unsheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold,
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold;

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving west,
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote;
And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's throat;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike of sand,
"I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in the land!"

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's roar
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes; and, before I was aware,
Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illumined square.

"So the poet, you see, stayed in the belfry tower all day," said Mrs. Bodley, "and you see what a wide stretch of country he looked over. The Flemish country is low and flat, and from the tower one can see the ocean line at Ostend, and as far as Ghent, which is twenty-seven miles away. All over the country are scattered famous buildings, lofty, with towers and spires, called Town Halls (Hotels de Ville). Perhaps the one with the most beautiful spire is that at Brussels, and these buildings with spires and bell-towers indicate the wealth and power that once resided in the cities, just

as cathedrals show how rich and powerful was the church that built them. They were not built in a day, and though now they seem almost deserted, they are monuments of a historic time. In Bruges, for instance, the belfry tower surmounts Les Halles, which was the great market of the town. 'Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded,' the poet says; I cannot quite make that out, but it tells the story of the increased wealth of the place. Far back in the eleventh century there was a wooden bell-tower there. It was burned in 1280 and the foundations of this tower laid in 1291. Upon the very tip top was a lofty spire which was struck by lightning in 1493 and rebuilt in 1502."

"That 's twice consumed and twice rebuilded," said Ned, counting.

"Well, the spire was burned again in 1741."

"Thrice consumed."

"But never rebuilded, but instead a low parapet took its place."

"That was the third time."

"We shall have to play it made the thrice rebuilded, to agree with the poet's line."

"But, mamma," asked Phippy, "how came the people to build these great halls and towers?"

"It was because the people, or rather the towns in Flanders grew powerful by manufacturing and commerce, and were able to hold their own against noblemen and petty princes. All along the shores of the North Sea were fishing and trading villages, and inland the weavers wove from the flax which grew on the plains. They carried on trade with England and with the Mediterranean, and began to gather riches. The weavers and other artisans formed guilds which combined to protect their interests. The noblemen who

claimed to rule over them were all the while getting impoverished by their wars and their costly living, and when they wanted more money they got it from these towns by giving up to them certain rights of government. So, little by little the towns gained the power which the earls and counts had, and as a count built a castle, so the town built a public hall. They hung bells in the towers to call the people together, and the government of the city showed its dignity and splendor by holding its meetings in splendid halls. See, in this picture, what a rich one they built at Louvain, perhaps the most richly decorated building of its kind in the world, and others were scarcely less magnificent. We see them now as show places, but once they were signs of a great municipal and commercial power. Why, at one time, in what is now the quiet dreamy town of Bruges, when the bell rang for work to cease, at the end of the day, fifty thousand workmen tramped over the bridges, and the law forbade the draws to be raised at that hour. You can guess that something like this was in the poet's mind when he says, 'At my feet the city slumbered.' To be sure, it was early in the morning, but he wants to put a great silence between the present and the past to make us feel more strongly the activity and rush of the old times."

"Yes," said Lucy, "and then he wakes up suddenly and sees —

> 'All the Foresters of Flanders — mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,
> Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre.'

Who were all these people, mamma?"

"In those two lines Longfellow has gone with a hop, skip, and jump down the centuries of Flemish history, from the people who inhabited the vast forests of the earliest times, to Baldwin Iron Arm,

the first Count of Flanders, in the ninth century, who brought his bride Judith to his strong fort here and made it his chief seat."

"Then there were the 'pageants splendid,'" said Lucy. "What was the Fleece of Gold? Was it Jason's Fleece?"

"It was an order of knights instituted at Bruges in 1429 by the Philip we have just heard of, when he was married to Isabella of Portugal. He had by inheritance and purchase acquired authority over some of the richest cities and provinces of the Netherlands; indeed, almost the whole country was united under him. He stood equal with kings and emperors, and when he established the order of the Golden Fleece he limited the number of members to twenty-five, and made it a condition that these members should belong to no other order; it included emperors, kings, princes, and nobles, and was a singular illustration of the half-religious, half-commercial sentiment of the place and time. Each knight wore suspended at his breast an image of the Lamb of God, and the symbol indicated both the Christian humility assumed by the order and the source of the Burgundian wealth and power. There was a vast trade, then, with Lombardy and Venice, and the court of Philip was crowded with ministers from the great states of Christendom —

> 'Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies;
> Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal pomp and ease.'

The order of the Golden Fleece became Austrian when Philip's granddaughter, Mary, married the archduke, afterward emperor, Maximilian; it was this Mary, 'hunting with her hawk and hound,' who died from the effects of a fall from her horse near Bruges. She was buried beneath the choir of Notre Dame in Bruges."

"And why did the proud Maximilian kneel humbly on the ground?"

"There is a whole chapter of history in that line, Nathan, and as it has a good deal to do with our town halls, I will tell it to you in as few words as I can. The cities, as I have said, represented the freedom of the people and self-government, wrested or purchased from the nobles; but the contest was always going on, and there were always two parties in the several cities, the party of the nobles and the party of the people. But the cities were also jealous of each other, and instead of uniting against a common enemy, they were very apt to be suspicious of each other, and so increased the opportunity of the nobles. The nobles, when in difficulty, were always making promises to the cities, and would then try to retreat from the promises when the difficulty was over. The gentle Mary, when she died, left a son, Philip, four years old, who was recognized as her successor. Maximilian, his father, was recognized by all the provinces of the house of Burgundy, except Flanders, as governor during Philip's minority. The representatives of the cities seized Philip and carried on the government in his name. Then Maximilian came with some cavalry against Bruges, but was taken prisoner and would not be released until he had knelt on the ground in Bruges and sworn to observe a treaty by which Flanders was to be governed by its own council, in the name of Philip. But no sooner was he at liberty than he came with an army, broke his oath, subdued the magistrates, and regained authority. He courted by turns each party to destroy the power of the other."

Lucy had been keeping track of the verses of the poem, and was ready now with another question: "Had the battle of the Spurs of Gold anything to do with the Fleece of Gold?"

"Oh, I know about that," said Ned. "Let me show off my historical knowledge, Aunt Sarah. The Battle of the Golden Spurs was fought between the Flemings and the French early in the fourteenth century."

"1302," interrupted Mrs. Bodley. "You may as well be exact, Ned."

"Well, the beginning was in one of those quarrels you told us about, when Philip the Handsome, king of France, pretended to espouse the cause of the Flemish towns against Guy de Dampierre, Count of Flanders, but really used the rich cities as his money sack. He had left Châtillon, his queen's uncle, in rule, and had made himself very obnoxious to the people; an occasion came when there was a direct conflict between them. The men of Bruges had usually sounded their great bell when they wanted to call the people together; but the French had possession of that, so they improvised an alarm bell, and at the time agreed upon they seized their cauldrons and pounded their copper sides."

"I 've done that," said Phippy.

"Yes, and what a din it makes, does n't it? Either the noise or the fury of the people did the work; for the French were set upon, and for three days there was a great massacre, which Châtillon escaped only by running away. It was a popular rising, and everything depended on its becoming general, for it was very certain that the French would send an army against these rebellious weavers. The men of Bruges marched to Ghent to get the alliance of that city, but the wretched jealousy and the factious spirit made the Ghentese hesitate, and so when the forces were drawn up, Bruges was aided only by the towns of Ypres, Nieuport, Berghes, Furnes, and Gravelines. Philip sent an army in which were hun-

dreds of French noblemen to chastise these insolent workmen, and the two armies met before the town of Courtrai, upon a large plain. The French were arrogant and full of contempt for their enemy. They were cavalry, heavily clad in mail. The Flemings were on foot, armed only with pikes shod with iron; but they were fighting for their country. Before the battle the holy communion was taken by the men as was customary; but as the time was pressing they did not wait for the bread, but each stooped down and raised to his lips a morsel of the turf he trod upon. Their country was sacred to them. Then the French came riding headlong upon them, but they despised their enemy so much that they scarcely observed the form of battle, they were in such a hurry to ride down these miserable weavers and smiths. They did not see, either, that a great canal, thirty feet wide, covered the plain, and suddenly they all began to plunge head first into this ditch. The Flemings sprang upon them with their pikes, and as the French were encased in their coats of mail they struggled in vain to get free. They were helpless in that ditch, and were literally beaten to death; seven hundred gilt spurs were taken from them, and hung in the cathedral at Courtrai as spoils and trophies. That is the reason the battle was called the Battle of the Golden Spurs. Namur and Juliers were the two counts who led the Flemings."

"There was a vast deal of fighting, it seems to me," said Nathan, "and here comes the fight at Minnewater."

"Yes, but we won't stop for anything now but the White Hoods and Philip Van Artevelde. In 1381 Bruges, which was a great rival always of Ghent, wanted to have direct navigation to the Lis, and so to the sea, instead of sending all her goods through Ghent,

which then held control of the Lis; so she made a secret arrangement with the Earl of Flanders, and began to dig a channel to the Lis, which would have left Ghent upon one side, and destroyed much of her revenue. There was an old custom in Ghent, by which



Van Artevelde and the White Hoods.

persons disaffected with the government ranged themselves into a corps and wore white hoods as a distinctive dress, so this custom was revived under the leadership of one Heins Lyon, and a party went out to attack the Bruges diggers. These retreated

without fighting; but the affair was the beginning of a bitter feud between the two cities, which dragged in the other cities of Flanders. With Bruges, which professed to espouse the cause of the Earl of Flanders, were Oudenarde, Dendermonde, Lisle, and Tournay; while with Ghent were Ypres, Courtray, Grammont, and others; and as the Ghent cause seemed to be that of the people, while the Bruges was of the Earl of Flanders, the strife came to be regarded as a struggle between citizens and feudal lords. The nobles were better organized, and little by little all the cities siding with Ghent were subdued. Ghent alone remained, and there was grave fear in the city that it might be necessary to yield to the Earl of Flanders. At this critical moment, a leader was brought forward in Philip Van Artevelde, the son of a patriotic Ghent man who had himself been killed by the people years before, after he had won freedom for them. Van Artevelde was led to a window of the Town Hall, where he was presented to the people. They set up a shout, and welcomed him as their chief, swearing faithful obedience.

"Now, as soon as Philip Van Artevelde became governor of Ghent, news was brought that the Earl of Flanders was coming upon the city with a great army. Then all the towns and cities about were forbidden to have any intercourse with Ghent. The earl meant to starve his rebellious subjects into obedience. The famine came upon them; people began to die of hunger. Philip, unable to endure the suffering, resolved to appeal to the earl. With eleven others he set out for Tournay, where they expected to meet him. The people waited anxiously for the return of their ambassadors. It was Easter, but there was no joy or festivity in Ghent. At length, after days of suspense, the twelve were seen

returning. The people flocked about Philip for his answer, but he refused to give it until the next day, bidding them all meet him in the market-place at nine in the morning.

"At that hour a vast crowd of emaciated, hungry people met before the Town Hall. Philip, clad in armor, stepped out upon the broad window-sill, and with him were the eleven who had gone with him to Tournay, and other leaders of the White Hoods. He delivered the earl's answer. All the men of Ghent between the ages of fifteen and sixty were commanded to come out of the city to a plain six miles distant, to come bare-headed, bare-footed, clad only in shirts, and wearing halters about their necks, and kneel upon the ground for the earl's pardon or execution, as that lord might determine. When the people heard this message they all fell to weeping and wailing, and after there was some silence Philip spoke again, and said there were three courses from which to take choice: either to shut themselves all up in the churches and die like martyrs, or to march out as the earl had commanded, or for five thousand of them to take their lives in their hands and make a desperate assault upon Bruges. Those nearest him asked what he advised. He was for the sortie, and his courage and enthusiasm suddenly inspired the people with fresh hope. They shut all the gates of the town, and would let no one go out while the preparations were making, and the next afternoon the gates were opened and out marched the five thousand, with two hundred carts laden with cannon and artillery, and seven carts only with provisions, so reduced were they. Those left behind followed them a little way declaring that the moment they heard of the death or defeat of the party they should set fire to the town and perish in the flames. For a day the desperate five thousand kept on their

way to Bruges, living chiefly upon what they could find on their way, and on the evening of the day after they had left Ghent, on Friday evening, that is, encamped on the plain before Bruges. But for the rest of the story I will turn to Froissart and read you what that chronicler says: —

"'The Saturday was a fine bright day, and, being the feast of the Holy Cross, the inhabitants of Bruges, according to custom, made the usual processions. News was soon brought to Bruges that the Ghent army was near at hand; so that every one began to murmur until the earl heard it as well as those about his person. He was much surprised, and said, "See how the wickedness of these mad and foolish people of Ghent leads them to their destruction: indeed, it is time this war should be put an end to." His knights and others instantly waited on him, whom he very graciously received, and said, "We will go and fight these wicked people; however, they show courage in preferring death by the sword rather than famine." They determined to send out three men at arms to examine the force and situation of the enemy. The marshal of Flanders ordered three valiant squires on this service, whose names were Lambert de Lambres, Damas de Buffy, and John de Béart: they set out, mounted on the finest horses in the town, and advanced toward the Ghent army. While this was going forward, every person in Bruges made himself ready, and showed the most eager desire to sally forth and combat the men of Ghent, of whom I will now say a word, and of the manner in which they had drawn themselves up.

"'On the Saturday morning, Philip van Artevelde ordered his whole army to pay their devotions to God, and masses to be said in different places (for there were with them several monks); that

every man should confess himself, and make other becoming preparation, and that they should pray to God with that truth, as people looking to him alone for mercy. All this was done, and mass celebrated in seven different places. After each mass was a sermon, which lasted one hour and a half. After the sermons, the whole army assembled round a small hill, on which Philip van Artevelde placed himself, in order to be the better heard, and harangued them very ably, explaining to them every point in which they were justified in this war; and how Ghent had frequently sought pardon from the earl, and never could obtain it without submitting to conditions too hard for the town and its inhabitants; that now they had advanced so far they could not retreat; and, that if they would consider, they would see nothing could be gained were they to return, for all they had left behind were in sorrow and misery. They ought not, therefore, to think of Ghent, their wives and children who were in it, but to act in such manner as was becoming their honor. Philip van Artevelde addressed many more fine speeches to them; for he was very eloquent, and had words at command, which was fortunate for him, and towards the end he added, "My good friends, you see here all your provision: divide it among you fairly, like brethren, without any disturbance; for when it is gone you must conquer more, if you wish to live."

"'At these words they drew up very regularly and unloaded the carts, when the bags of bread were given out, to be divided by constable wicks, and the two tuns of wine placed on their bottoms; and there they moderately breakfasted, each man having a sufficiency at that time; after which breakfast they found themselves more determined and active on their feet than if they had eaten

more. This repast being over, they put themselves in order and retired within their ribeaudeaus. These ribeaudeaus are tall stakes, with points shod with iron, which they were always accustomed to carry with them. They fixed them in front of the army, and inclosed themselves within.

"'The three knights who had been sent by the earl to reconnoitre, found them in this situation; they approached the entrances of these ribeaudeaus; but the Ghent men never moved, and rather seemed rejoiced to see them. They returned to Bruges, where they found the earl in his palace, surrounded by many knights, waiting for them, to hear what intelligence they had brought back. They pushed through the crowd, and came near the earl, when they spoke aloud, for the earl wished all present to hear, and said they had advanced so close to the Ghent army that they might have shot at them, if they had so chosen, but they left them in peace; and that they had seen their banners, and the army inclosed within their ribeaudeaus. "And what are their numbers, think ye?" said the earl. They answered that as near as they could guess, they might be from five to six thousand. "Well," said the earl, "now let every one instantly get ready; for I will give them battle, and this day shall not pass without a combat." At these words the trumpet sounded in Bruges, when every one armed himself and made for the market-place. As they came, they drew up under their proper banners, as they had usually done, in bands and constable wicks.

"'Many barons, knights, and men at arms, drew up before the palace of the earl. When all was ready, and the earl armed, he came to the market-place, and was much pleased to see such numbers in battle array. They then marched off, for none dared disobey his commands; and, in order of battle, made for the plain;

the men at arms afterwards issued forth from Bruges. It was a handsome sight, for there were upwards of forty thousand armed heads; and thus horse and foot advanced in proper order, near to the place where the Ghent men were, and then halted. It was late in the afternoon when the earl and his army arrived, and the sun going down. One of the knights said to the earl, "My Lord, you now see your enemies; they are but a handful of men in comparison with your army, and as they cannot escape, do not engage them this day, but wait for to-morrow, when you will have the day before you; you will, beside, have more light to see what you are about, and they will be weaker, for they have not anything to eat."

"'The earl approved much this advice, and would willingly have followed it; but the men of Bruges, impatient to begin the fight, would not wait, saying they would soon defeat them and return back to their town. Notwithstanding the orders of the men at arms, for the earl had not less than eight hundred lances, knights and squires, the Bruges men began to shoot and to fire cannons. The Ghent men being collected in a body on an eminence, fired at once three hundred cannon; after which they turned the marsh, and placed the Bruges men with the sun in their eyes, which much distressed them, and then fell upon them, shouting "Ghent!" The moment the men of Bruges heard the cannon and the cry of Ghent, and saw them marching to attack them in front, they, like cowards, opened their ranks, and letting the Ghent men pass without making any defense, flung down their staves and ran away. The Ghent men were in close order, and, perceiving their enemies were defeated, began to knock down and kill on all sides. They advanced with a quick step, shouting "Ghent!" and saying, "Let us pursue briskly our enemies, who are defeated, and enter the town with them; God eyes us this day with looks of pity."

"'They followed those of Bruges with so much courage, that whenever they knocked down or killed any one, they marched on without halting or quitting the pursuit, whilst the men of Bruges fled with the haste of a defeated army. I must say, that at this place there were multitudes of slain, wounded, and thrown down; for they made no defense, and never were such cowardly wretches as those of Bruges, or who more weakly or recreantly behaved themselves, after all their insolence when they first took the field. Some may wish to excuse them by supposing there might have been treason, which caused this defeat. This was not so; but such poor and weak conduct fell on their own heads.

"'When the Earl of Flanders and the men at arms saw that, by the miserable defense of the men of Bruges, they had caused their own defeat, and that there was not any remedy for it, for every man was running away as fast as he could, they were much surprised, and began to be alarmed for themselves, and to make off in different directions. It is true, that had they seen any probability of recovering the loss which the Bruges men were suffering, they would have done some deeds of arms, by which they might have rallied them a little; but they saw it was hopeless, for they were flying to Bruges in all directions, and neither the son waited for the father, nor the father for his child.

"'The men at arms, therefore, began to break their ranks. Few had any desire to return to Bruges, for the crowd was so great on the road thither that it was painful to see and hear the complaints of the wounded and hurt. The men of Ghent were close at their heels, shouting out, "Ghent, Ghent!" knocking down all that obstructed them. The greater part of these men at arms had never before been in such peril; even the earl was advised to make for

Bruges, and to have the gates closed and guarded, so that the Ghent men should not be able to force them and become masters of the town. The Earl of Flanders saw no help for his men, who were flying on all sides, and, as it was now dark night, followed this advice and took the road to Bruges, his banner displayed before him. He ordered guards to defend the gates if the Ghent men should come thither, and then rode to his palace, from whence he issued a proclamation that every person, under pain of death, should assemble in the market-place. The intention of the earl was to save the town by this means; but it did not succeed, as you shall hear.

"'While the earl was in his palace, and had sent the clerks of the different trades from street to street, to hasten the inhabitants to the market-place, in order to preserve the city, the men of Ghent, having closely pursued their enemies, entered the town with them, and instantly made for the market-place, without turning to the right or left, where they drew themselves up in array. Sir Robert Mareschant, one of the earl's knights, had been sent to the gates to see they were guarded; but while the earl was planning means for defending the town, Sir Robert found a gate flung off its hinges, and the Ghent men masters of it. Some of the citizens said to him, "Robert, Robert, return and save yourself, if you can, for the Ghent men have taken the town." The knight returned as speedily as he could to the earl, whom he met coming out of his palace on horseback, with a number of torches. The knight told him what he had heard; but notwithstanding this the earl, anxious to defend the town, advanced toward the market-place, and as he was entering it with a number of torches, shouting, "Flanders for the Lyon! Flanders for the Earl!" those near his horse and about his person, seeing the place full of Ghent men, said, "My Lord, return; for if

you advance further you will be slain, or at the best made prisoner by your enemies, as they are drawn up in the square and are waiting for you."

"'They told him truth; for the Ghent men, seeing the great blaze of torches in the street, said "Here comes my lord, here comes the earl: how he falls into our hands!" Philip Van Artevelde had given orders to his men that if the earl should come every care was to be taken to preserve him from harm, in order that he might be carried alive and in good health to Ghent, when they should be able to obtain what peace they chose. The earl had entered the square, near to where the Ghent men were drawn up, when several people came to him and said: "My Lord, do not come further; for the Ghent men are masters of the market-place and of the town, and if you advance you will run a risk of being taken. Numbers of them are now searching for their enemies from street to street, and many of the men of Bruges have joined them, who conduct them from hotel to hotel to seek those whom they want. You cannot pass any of the gates without danger of being killed, for they are in their possession; nor can you return to your palace, for a large rout of Ghent men have marched thither."

"'When the earl heard this speech, which was heart-breaking as you may guess, he began to be much alarmed and to see the peril he was in. He resolved to follow the advice of not going further, and to save himself if he could, which was confirmed by his own judgment. He ordered the torches to be extinguished, and said to those about him, "I see clearly that affairs are without remedy! I therefore give permission for every one to depart and save himself in the best manner he can." His orders were obeyed. The torches were put out and thrown in the streets; and all who were in com-

pany with the earl separated and went away. He himself went to a by-street, where he was disarmed by his servant; and, throwing down his clothes, put on his servant's, saying, "Go about thy business, and save thyself if thou canst; but be silent if thou fall into the hands of my enemies; and if they ask thee anything about me do not give them any information." "My Lord," replied the valet, "I will sooner die."

"'The Earl of Flanders thus remained alone, and it may be truly said he was in the greatest danger; for it was over with him if he had at that hour, by any accident, fallen into the hands of the mob, who were going up and down the streets, searching every house for the friends of the earl; and whomsoever they found they carried before Philip van Artevelde and the other captains in the market-place, when they were instantly put to death. It was God alone who watched over him, and delivered him from this peril: for no one had ever before been in such imminent danger, as I shall presently relate. The earl inwardly bewailed his situation from street to street at this late hour, for it was a little past midnight, and he dared not enter any house, lest he should be seized by the mobs of Ghent and Bruges. Thus, as he was rambling through the streets, he at last entered the house of a poor woman, a very unfit habitation for such a lord, as there were neither halls nor apartments, but a small house, dirty and smoky, and as black as jet; there was only in this place one poor chamber, over which was a sort of garret that was entered by means of a ladder of seven steps, where, on a miserable bed, the children of this woman lay.

"'The earl entered this house with fear and trembling, and said to the woman, who was also much frightened, "Woman, save me:

I am thy lord, the Earl of Flanders; but at this moment I must hide myself, for my enemies are in pursuit of me; and I will handsomely reward thee for the favor thou showest me." The poor woman knew him well, for she had frequently received alms at his door; and had often seen him pass and repass, when he was going to some amusement, or hunting. She was ready with her answers, in which God assisted the earl: for had she delayed it ever so little they would have found him in conversation with her by the fireside. "My lord, mount this ladder, and get under the bed in which my children sleep." This he did while she employed herself by the fireside with another child in a cradle.

"'The Earl of Flanders mounted the ladder as quickly as he could, and, getting between the straw and the coverlid, hid himself, and contracted his body into as little space as possible. He had scarcely done so, when some of the mob of Ghent entered the house; for one of them had said he had seen a man go in there. They found this woman sitting by the fire, nursing her child, of whom they demanded, "Woman, where is the man we saw enter this house, and shut the door after him?" "By my troth," replied she, "I have not seen any one enter here this night; but I have just been at the door to throw out some water, which I then shut after me; besides, I have not any place to hide him in, for you see the whole of this house; here is my bed, and my children sleep overhead." Upon this one of them took a candle, and mounted the ladder, and, thrusting his head into the place, saw nothing but the wretched bed in which the children were asleep. He looked all about him, above and below, and then said to his companions, "Come, come, let us go, we only lose our time here; the poor woman speaks truth: there is not a soul but herself and

her children." On saying this, they left the house and went into another quarter; and no one afterwards entered it who had bad intentions.

"'The Earl of Flanders, hearing all this conversation as he lay hid, you may easily imagine was in the greatest fear of his life. In the morning he could have said he was one of the most powerful princes in Christendom, and that same night he felt himself one of the smallest. One may truly say that the fortunes of this world are not stable. It was fortunate for him to save his life; and this miraculous escape ought to be to him a remembrance his whole lifetime.'"

"Well," said Nathan, rather scornfully, "I don't think much of that earl's courage. A pretty figure he cuts hiding under the poor woman's bed, and changing clothes with his servant. I should think he exposed his servant to all the danger he escaped."

"But what became of the starving people in Ghent?" asked Lucy.

"'On the Monday morning,'" Mrs. Bodley read further, "'the happy news of the defeat of the earl and his army was brought to Ghent; that their men had not only conquered them, but also the town of Bruges, of which they were now masters. You may guess the joy the people felt who had been so lately in the greatest tribulation; they made many processions to the church to return thanksgivings to God for the mercy he had shown them, and for the victory he had given to their army. Philip van Artevelde and Peter du Bois considered that when they had quitted Ghent they had left it destitute of all provision, for there was neither corn nor wine in the town; they instantly detached a large party to Damme and Sluys to gain those towns and the provisions which were in them,

in order to supply their fellow-citizens in Ghent. On the detachment arriving at Damme the gates were thrown open, and the town with all in it surrendered. They ordered out of the fine cellars the wines of Poitou, Gascony, and La Rochelle, and from other distant countries, to the amount of six thousand tuns, which they loaded on carriages and sent by land to Ghent, and also by boats on the river Lis. They then marched on to Sluys, which instantly submitted to them and opened its gates. They found there great quantities of casks of corn and flour, in ships and in the storehouses of foreign merchants, and having paid for the whole sent it by land and water to Ghent. Thus was Ghent delivered from famine, through the mercy of God. It could not have happened otherwise, and well ought the Ghent men to remember it; for that God assisted them is very clear, when five thousand famished men defeated forty thousand even before their own doors.' "

"I 've been waiting patiently," said Phippy, "to hear about great Artevelde scaling the Golden Dragon's nest."

"The Golden Dragon's nest was the top of the spire upon the Belfry of Bruges. Tradition said that the great copper-gilt dragon, as big as a bull, which surmounted the spire, had been brought from Constantinople in 1204. I don't suppose Philip climbed up."

"Shinned up, mother."

"Scaled, we 'll say, the spire to get it down, but it really was carried off to Ghent as a trophy and perched upon the top of their own belfry, where it still is, I believe."

"There was one more time of fighting that the Bruges belfry witnessed," said Ned.

"Yes, in the sixteenth century Charles V. of Spain took the country, and he cut out the tongue of great Roland, the bell which hung

in the Ghent belfry, and cast it to the ground, to humble the Ghentese. Roland had an inscription upon it in Flemish, like this in English.

> "'I am Roland; sound I low, there is fire at hand,
> But sound I loudly, it means foes in Flemish land.'"

"Well, Aunt Sarah," said Ned, as Froissart was closed and put away, "we might get up a copy of The Belfry of Bruges with foot-notes and illustrations."

"I wish we could all some day make foot-notes there," said Nathan, "on the spot."

"Nathan, if you make puns," said Ned, "I shall illustrate your remarks with wood-cuts from this rule in my hand."

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE HIGH COUNTRY.

As the summer drew near its end it seemed to gather its heat and send it out more steadily. The grasshoppers hopped up and down as if the earth burned them when they touched it. The Bodleys had ice-cream nearly every day, and would have had it oftener if it had not been necessary to turn the crank of the freezer. Nurse Young seemed to be the only cool person. She went about her work, washing laces and laying them upon the grass to bleach, and would stand out there in the sun looking at them, and turning them as if they were cakes on a griddle iron.

"Are n't you ever hot, Nurse Young?" asked Lucy disconsolately, as she sat on the step of the woodshed.

"Well, no, my dear, except when I sit down and think about it. You see in Newfun'land we never had it very hot, and I suppose I got my bones frozen, like, when I was a little gell, and the sun does them good now."

"Then you were always hearing about Greenland and those cold places. I suppose that cooled you off. I should like to be at the North Pole for just about five minutes."

"You 'd want to warm yourself at the Northern Lights," said Nurse Young, good-naturedly. "I rather think the poor men that go wandering round trying to find the Pole would like to warm their hands on the Equator. We always want to be somewhere else, but thanks be to praise, I 'm contented. I know a good home when I get it." Lucy got up and walked slowly back into the house, where she got into her little rocking-chair and rocked slowly back and forth. Mrs. Bodley, walking in and out on some household errands, saw her.

"Run and help Nathan string peach-pits," she said, and Lucy rose and walked off to the piazza. Nathan and Phippy had been cracking peach-stones and were stringing the pits on thread. It was quite a little business with the Bodleys; they saved all the peach-stones, cracked them, strung the pits, and sold them strung for five cents a hundred, while Mrs. Bodley used them for flavoring blanc-mange. Her mother watched Lucy as she went out, and fell to thinking. At breakfast the next day her thoughts came out.

"Do you think," she asked, "that we could get packed to-day for a week among the mountains?" The children shouted, and Lucy's eyes brightened. "We will try, at any rate," she went on, "and if we can we will take the train for Alton Bay to-morrow." The rest of the day was a lively one. The children seemed to forget the



THE NORTHERN LIGHTS SEEN ON THE PREMISES.

heat, so eager were they to be off, and the next day they were all on their way to the White Mountains. Mrs. Bodley knew of a quiet little village called Tamworth, half way between Senter Harbor and Conway, where she could find board, and there she meant to take her little flock. The day was heavy and close, but as they got away from the city they seemed to breathe more freely. As they came closer to the hills their spirits rose and the children were running first to one side and then to the other of the car. At Alton Bay they changed from the railroad to the little steamer Lady of the Lake, and so crossed Lake Winnipiseogee to Senter Harbor, the cool wind blowing across the water, and the round Red Hills before them. They dined at the Senter House, and after dinner clambered up upon the stage-coach and drove off to Tamworth, which they reached in time for an early tea. Chocorua stood sharply before them, a noble mountain, that looked almost inaccessible with its rough granite summit; and other mountains, Sandwich Dome, Passaconaway, White Face, and one which from its appearance, their landlady said, sometimes was called Tumble Bed Mountain, were ranged along the near horizon.

"It does look exactly like a great feather bed into which somebody has jumped," said Lucy.

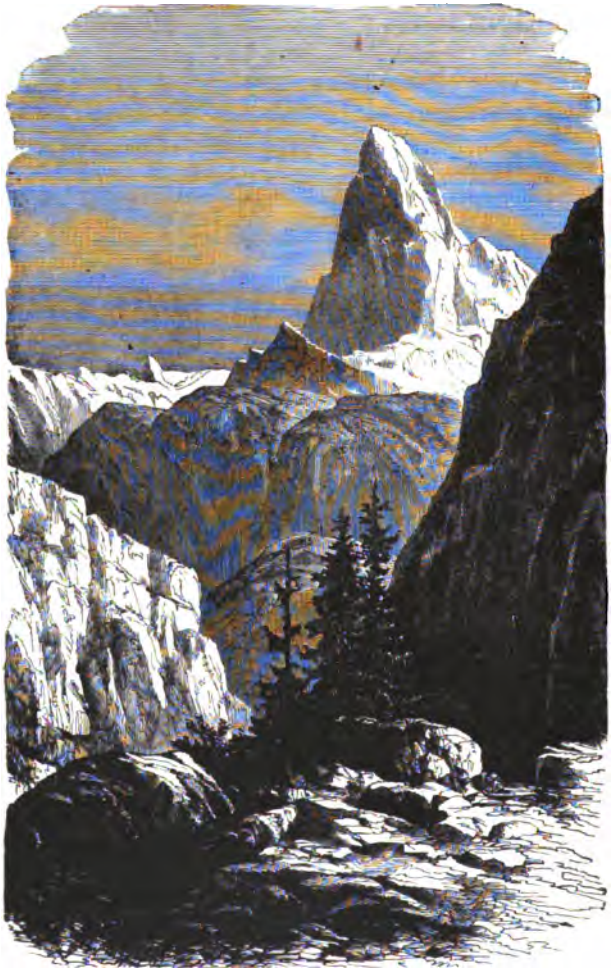
"Chocorua looks like a ploughshare," said Ned. "Aunt Sarah, can you get any idea of Switzerland from these mountains?"

"Oddly enough, Ned, Chocorua itself has a likeness to the Matterhorn, one of the Swiss mountains. It is not, to be sure, so high, but its shape is like it, and if it were in perpetual snow I think it would look nearly as grand."

"Oh, would n't I like to walk in Switzerland!"

"We 'll go some day, Ned," said Nathan. "Depend upon it."

"I suppose the mountains are all covered with snow in the winter," said Phippy, "and then they must do nearly as well as Switzerland."



The Matterhorn.

"Chocorua is not," said the landlady. "The snow blows off its granite top, but there is a beautiful sight we see there every spring. The snow stays on the mountain longer than it does below, but after it is all gone everywhere else, you can trace it on the face of Chocorua in the shape of a beautiful white cross. I don't know as you can make it out very well in this light, but perhaps you can see a ravine filled with trees and bushes running up the head?"

"Yes, I think I can make it out."

"There 's another crossing it, and the snow will lie on those ra-

vines in among the bushes, when it has fallen off the rocks, and you will see a white cross."

"Oh, I'd like to come here in the winter-time!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Well, we like it," said the landlady. "We think the winter here is finer than the summer sometimes, but it does get rather



A Sleighing Party in the Mountains.

lonely. There are n't as many young folks here as there were when I was a girl. Then we had fine sport, going on sleighing parties and having bees. It 's pretty quiet here nowadays."

It could not be called noisy even in the summer season. The place had not yet become a summer resort, and only now and then did any one come to use the village as a headquarters from which

to plan excursions. But the children were very happy in their life there. They took long drives with a stout horse and wagon, and though they did not climb Chocorua they made many ascents of lesser hills. One day they planned a picnic upon the shores of Chocorua Lake. It was a lovely autumn day. The goldenrods were indeed beginning to show signs of drooping, and the maples here and there were shot with bright colors, while the sumachs in the meadows had already begun to cast their slender leaves. They drove through the woods and to the lake, and, crossing the little causeway which separates the two ponds, followed a cart path into the fields and up to a little knoll which overlooked the water. Above them they could see the tall mountain, and all about them rocks, trees, and water. Not a house was within sight. They took the horse from the shafts and let him browse in the dry pasture, while they scattered in search of blackberries. A few late raspberries they found also, and even one or two tiny mountain strawberries which had a singular fruitiness for such little berries. Perhaps their rarity made them seem more delicious. When they came back to their picnic ground and showed their spoils, they had been so successful that it was agreed to put off their lunch until they had finished their berrying, for the chief business of the picnic was to gather berries enough to allow Mrs. Bodley to make blackberry jam for the winter. So their lunch was not until nearly three o'clock. They had just seated themselves on the grass to eat it when they heard wheels approaching, and in a moment their landlady appeared, clucking to her horse, and making toward them.

"What is it, Mrs. Bruce?" asked Ned, starting up. Mrs. Bruce dropped the reins and fumbled under the cushion of the wagon.

"There was a letter came," said she, "and I was driving over toward Albany, so I thought I 'd stop and leave it, thinking maybe you 'd like to have it at your picnic. You don't mean to say, Mrs. Bodley, you 've picked all those berries! Well, the children have been smart."

"Stop and have some lunch, Mrs. Bruce," said Mrs. Bodley.

"Lunch now at three o'clock! Well, you must be mortal hungry, or else you ain't, I don't know which. No, I must be going on. Huddup, Katy!" and she turned her wagon about, holding the reins on high, and disappeared among the bushes.

"Is n't it splendid!" said Phippy; "it 's a letter from father. How did it get to Tamworth?"

"I left word to have it sent on if it should come. Yes, it is from Geneva, Switzerland."

"I hope he 's been among the Alps," said Ned. "It would be highly appropriate to hear it here under Chocorua."

"We 'll hear it, wherever he has been," said Mrs. Bodley. "Why, here is a note inside for Nathan."

"And is n't there one for me?" asked Phippy.

"Why, yes," said Nathan, opening his; "your's is inside of mine."

"Oh, get at mine," said Lucy; and Phippy, opening hers, dropped out, sure enough, a little one for Lucy.

"Now, Lucy, give me mine," said Ned; but although all the sheets were opened and shaken nothing fell out for Ned Adams. "Then I must have a piece of each," said he.

"Mine seems to be little more than a sketch of what your father has done since he last wrote," said Mrs. Bodley, glancing over her sheet. The letter told how from Belgium he had gone to Cologne, and from there on the Rhine to Coblentz; at Coblentz he had

taken rail again, by Strasburg and Freiburg to Basle, when he entered Switzerland. The first point he had made there was Lucerne; thence by the Brünig Pass to Brienz and Interlaken, whence he had made excursions to Mürren and other points; by the Grimsel to the Valley of the Rhone; down that valley to Martigny, with a side excursion to the Baths of Leuk; from Martigny to Vevey and back, and then by the Tête Noire to Chamounix, and so to Geneva.



Strasburg Spire.

"My letter is from Basle," said Nathan.

"You shall each read your letter aloud," said his mother, and I think Nathan must begin, as he is the oldest.

"Mine is from Vevey," said Phippy.

"And mine from Chamounix," said Lucy.

"Then the order is in the order of his journey. Come, Nathan, let us hear about Basle."

"There is not much about Basle," said Nathan, who had been reading his letter. "It is mostly about Strasburg, with lots of photographs in it," and then he read: —

"'You must study German before you travel abroad, Nathan. I have so little of the language that I had some trouble getting a towel this morning. I found that the maid had neglected to leave me one. So I rang, and a boy came. I put my sleepy head and hands out of the door-crack, said I wanted a towel, and performed a mimic wiping of my face and hands. In five minutes the maid came with something wrapped in tin foil, which I suppose was soap. I said "No, no, no!" and shouted "Towel!" as if the louder I spoke the more perfectly she would understand. Then I gave my face and hands another dry wipe, and she exclaimed, "Wasser!" "No, no!" I cried again, and louder still, "Towel!" Off she went, and in five minutes more there came an English-speaking servant who took my order, and at last the precious article came.

"'But I meant to tell you about my visit to Strasburg. It is in French territory,[1] and to avoid having my luggage twice examined, I stopped at Kehl, a little village on the Baden side of the Rhine, and, leaving my bags, took an excursion lightly equipped across the river. I had seen the spire in the distance, and as I passed through the city I was entertained by the vast roofs of the houses, which were most picturesquely irregular. They seemed to be jumbled together in such a confused way that one would think each feared to slide off into the street, and was seizing its neighbor

[1] So it was when Mr. Bodley was there years ago.

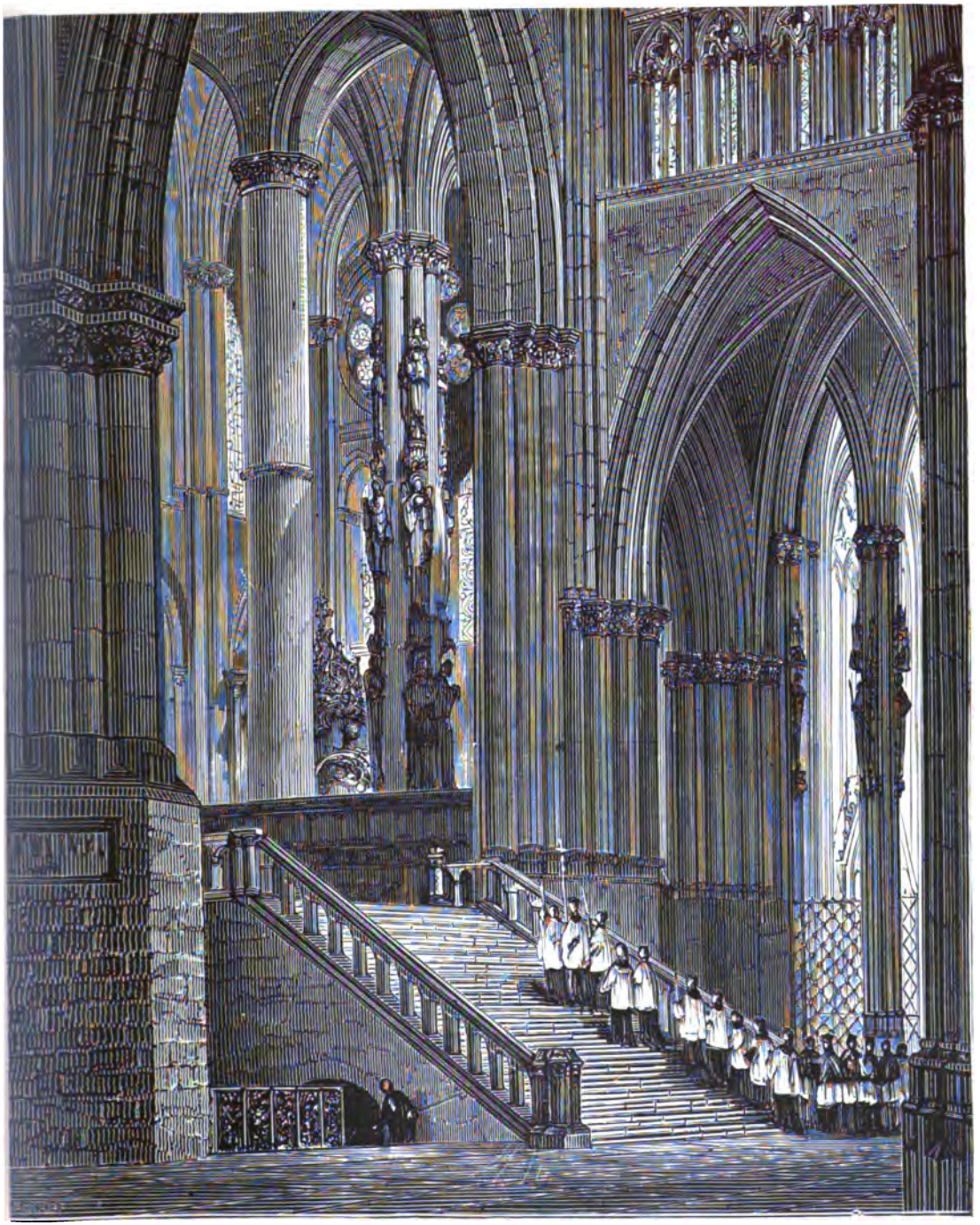
to hold itself in place. An avalanche of these steep roofs would seem something to be expected; and then the queer little windows, poked out of the roof, higher and higher, made me think that a race of astronomers must live in them.

"'The cathedral rose finely from an open square, its spire tower-



Strasburg Cathedral.

ing four hundred and sixty-eight feet above the pavement, — the tallest spire in the world, and, indeed, taller, I believe, than any structure of man's building. I went in through the beautiful porch, and I think if I could have chosen a first cathedral to show you, I should, perhaps, have chosen this, because of two things. There are no little chapels and very few pictures, so that there is little



THE PROCESSION OF PRIESTS.

to draw off the eye from the great masses of form and color. The stone is a reddish sandstone, which made the church appear to be in twilight. Then there is a superb western marigold window, and you would see how beautiful colored glass could be. But what you would be most interested in would be the famous astronomical clock. I happened to enter the cathedral just as a procession of priests was ascending the broad flight of steps which leads into the part of the cathedral called the choir. In an hour the service was over, and as it was nearly twelve o'clock, I made my way to the South Transept to see the famous clock. This clock takes the place of one which was made a long while ago, but had fallen into decay; it stopped in 1789, after running more than two hundred years, and in 1838 a Strasburg clockmaker undertook to repair and improve it; so I suppose it is finer than it ever was. The clock is of three stories, and is sixty feet high, with a tower in which the weights are contained. There was a little crowd of people waiting for the clock to strike twelve, and when the hour came, a figure representing Time, seated in a niche above the dial, struck with a hammer on a bell which he held. Then Childhood slowly passed before Time and struck another blow. Every quarter of an hour in the hour, a new figure strikes: at quarter after twelve, Youth would strike; at half after twelve, Manhood; and, at a quarter before the hour, Old Age; and, at the same time, a figure at

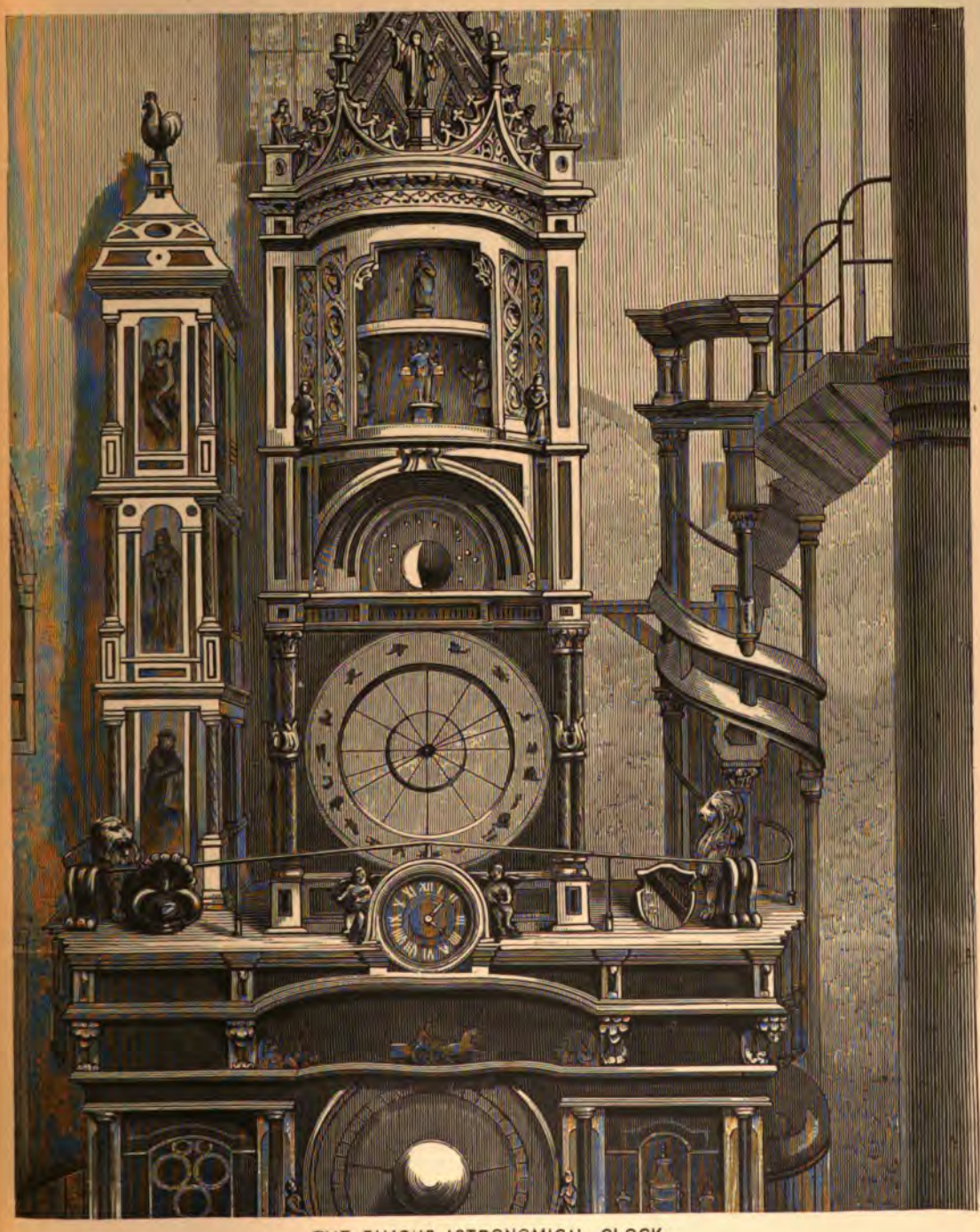


Porch of Strasburg Cathedral.

each quarter of an hour turned a sand-glass. Away up at the top was a figure representing the Saviour, and now the twelve Apostles began to march past him, each one bowing as he came opposite, while he waved a little flag over them. Then, upon the top of a side tower was a cock, which flapped its wings and crowed three times. It was like the crow of a very young cock. Besides this, Diana came out of a niche lower down, for it was Monday, and each day the deity whom the ancients connected with the day comes out and shows himself or herself. Then the clock sets in motion a chime of bells; so you see I had to keep my eyes and ears open lest I should miss something. I am very much afraid that I have not told everything that was to be seen at twelve o'clock; but this is all that I can remember.

"'I wish you were in my room now. I am in a hotel called the Trois Rois, or the Three Kings, and my room has a little balcony off from it looking out upon the river Rhine, which flows directly past the hotel, washing its walls in fact. There is a bridge across the river just below, and the current is very swift. As I sat on the balcony a little while ago eating my tea and honey, I saw a party of swimmers, who were making very little motion but were shooting down the stream with a rush. They had started far above, and a boat was following them which carried their clothes. A man was standing in the stern steering it, while the swimmers kept ahead of the boat and seemed almost to dance through the water. In two or three minutes they were far below the bridge. The roofs here have a window which overhangs the walls, perhaps for a crane to haul up things from the street below. They look as if they were peeping over to see what was going on below.'"

"Is that the end, Nathan?" asked Phippy.



THE FAMOUS ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK.

"Yes, except, 'Your affectionate father.'"

"Well, then, I'll read mine; it is from Vevey; listen. 'I have just been to visit'" —

"Is that the very beginning, Phippy?"

"Yes, except, 'My dear Phippy.'"

"Oh well, we know that. Go on."

"'I have just been to visit the Castle of Chillon, which is on a rock projecting into the Lake of Geneva. The castle is an old one, but see why I and thousands of other people visit it. An English poet, Lord Byron, once wrote a poem upon it, and ever since people have passed many other castles without stopping, but have not failed to go to Villeneuve to see the Castle of Chillon. It was not long after Columbus discovered America that Bonnivard, a patriot of Geneva, was confined here in this castle. In those days prisoners were treated often with great cruelty. Deep in the castle are dungeons, dark and gloomy, where prisoners were confined. They were chained to stone pillars, and the guide pointed out the one to which Bonnivard was chained for six years. The iron ring to which his chain was attached is still there, and in front of it a hole in the solid rock said to have been worn by the action of his feet as he walked up and down for eight feet, the length which his chain permitted him. There is a room into which I went,



Bonnivard in his Dungeon.

which had a trap-door in it. Sometimes, when prisoners were to be executed, the door was opened and they were bidden walk down the steps, which led into the darkness below. The fearful man would take one step, two steps, three, feeling his way cautiously, but when he felt for the fourth, he would plunge down (for there was no fourth step), down, down, eighty feet into the lake below. Let us hope that some of them went down feet foremost, struck the water with their toes, and were not too stunned to swim ashore.

"'Now I must tell you of my visit to the Baths of Leuk. If Cousin Ned is with you he will tell you to pronounce that word'"—

"Loik," said Ned promptly.

"Yes, that is the way father says."

"'There is a little village shut in by such a wall of rocks on all sides but one that you would never think it possible to get out of it save by the winding valley that leads up to the base of the rock, unless, indeed, you were an Alpine Goat; but wait a bit till I have told you about the baths. There are some warm springs of mineral water, and so abundant that nine tenths of the water flows away unused. The other tenth is saved for bathing, and people come from far and near to be cured of rheumatism. I think I would willingly suffer a good many twinges before I submitted to the treatment. Four hours in the morning and four in the afternoon, do the patients have to stand or sit up to their chins in hot water. This would be so stupid in solitude that they bathe in one great room, all clad in some coarse stout garments. I went in to see



An Alpine Goat.

them, for the baths are open to visitors. The steam from the water was very hot and I began to perspire at once, but I think I should have laughed myself into a heat besides if I had not been restrained by politeness. There were twenty or thirty poor wretches floating about in the water, their heads just out and looking very unhappy indeed. Each one had a little floating table before him, on which he had taken his breakfast. Some played dominoes, but one of them, an Englishman whom I had met on the way up, and who was splashing about in a melancholy fashion, said they were apt to drop the pieces into the water, and then they had to dive for them. I never saw such uncomfortable looking people. They seemed to look beseechingly at me standing there clothed and dry, while they were boiling, boiling in that horrid vat. A man sat in a balcony and played some dismal kind of hurdy-gurdy, and when he stopped the poor things clapped their hands and chirped, as if they never had heard anything so delightful. Then, for amusement, they squirted water at each other, though that, I believe, is against the rules. When the time for the end of the bath comes, an attendant opens a little door and each one floats out in turn to a dressing-room. They have to go to bed for an hour after each bath. I am sure I should want to take a bath after I came out, to wash off that hot water.

"'I said that there seemed to be no way of getting out of the *place* except by the little valley that led up to it, but really there *is*,—one of the famous mountain passes of Switzerland, the Gemmi. At first you do not see any crack in that massive mountain wall, which hems in the valley. You almost expect to see a wizard touch some secret spring in the rock and open a mysterious door, but as you come nearer the precipice you begin to see a narrow path. I

climbed it one morning early. It goes up by a most zigzag route, the path being often hewn out of the solid rock, and making such short turns that it seemed almost impossible there should be any way of getting further. I constantly found myself as if on a mere shelf, looking down five hundred feet of precipice. It was one of the hottest walks I ever took, for the sun shone steadily on me, and it was only once in a while that I could find any little dark corner to crawl into and keep cool there for a few minutes. The path is four or five feet wide, and protected sometimes by parapets at the side, but they were not parapets that I should have enjoyed leaning over. I went up on foot, but coming down I met my Englishman going up on a donkey, and it was evidently serious business with him.



If he should slip.

"'On another side of the valley where there is no pass, there is what is called The Ladders. The people here perch their villages often upon almost inaccessible heights, where they live a primitive life with their flocks and herds, making cheese and butter. There is such a village in Albinen, which has

a path leading down to the Rhone, but is nearest to the Baths of Leuk, except that a straight line to that town is a perpendicular line. Yet the Baths give them a market. If the people of Albinen were richer, they would have hewn an ingenious path down the precipice, like the Gemmi; but being poor they have hung a succession of eight ladders, up and down which they go, men, women, and children, whenever they wish to visit the place. I climbed to the top and got some charming views, but it certainly is a droll way to reach a village, to go up stairs to it. The mode of dress of the women has undergone a change in consequence of this way of traveling, and they all wear something like a Bloomer costume.'"



A Swiss Peasant Woman.

"Well, I've got a surprise for you," said Lucy, as Phippy finished her letter. She had been peeping into her own letter and had caught sight of a word or two.

"What! is papa coming home right away?"

"Oh, you need not guess. You may just listen."

"'This is almost the end of Switzerland for me, for I shall go directly to Geneva and Paris from here, on my way home. I have often thought as I have been traveling how much I should like to have my little Lucy with me, walking along the road or riding on a donkey. All the people here walk, men and boys,

women and girls. You see women with big baskets strapped to their backs trotting along the roads as if they never had heard of a horse or pair of wheels. You will have to grow strong, though,



Swiss Chalets.

before you can see everything there is to see here. I should like to show you the houses, or chalets as they are called, with great rocks laid upon the roofs, to keep them from blowing away, and

balconies reached by ladders from below, and quaint texts carved in the wood. I should like, too, to show you the waterfalls. There



Climbing the Alps in Imagination.

is one valley which I visited called Lauterbrunnen, which means

"nothing but springs;" and so you would say, for the rocks seem bursting everywhere with water, as if there were a vast reservoir behind, and there were leaks or places where faucets had been left open. As if that were not enough it began to rain, and to rain hard, too, so we were dinned by water in every direction. There was a lovely waterfall, the Staubbach, or Dust Brook, a little mountain brook, that, hurrying down the hill suddenly comes to the edge of a precipice nine hundred feet high, and, pop! over it goes, falling so far that the very water is shattered, and seems to rise and fall in the air like dust, until striking a projecting rock near the ground it gets body again and scrambles down to the valley. It is like the falling fire from a rocket of golden rain, except that it is water and not fire.

"'I have climbed some high mountains, but always on my own feet. Sometimes I have come upon parties on horse or donkey back, and they are pushed and pulled often by the guides, so that I should think they would all be more anxious about how they got to the top than what they saw after they got there. Here at Chamounix I am right under Mont Blanc, the greatest of all the Swiss mountains, but hallo! —

"'What do you think, Lucy! You never will guess. Just as I had written so far, I happened to look out of the window, and there, coming down the road on a donkey, was — Hen!'"

"What, Hen! our Hen!" exclaimed Phippy. "Away off there in Switzerland!"

"Oh, let 's hear, Phippy," said Nathan. "I 'll warrant he had some tall story to tell papa."

"'I rubbed my eyes,'" went on Lucy, "'and looked again. There was no mistake. I jumped up, clapped on my hat, and ran out of

the house. Hen was sitting on the donkey, looking about on the mountains as calmly as if he were on our barn floor.

"'How d' ye do, Mr. Bodley?' said he, when I came up. 'This is quite a country. That 's Mount Blank, is it?' and he looked at it critically. 'Well, I 'd 'bout as lieve see Mount Washington. 'T is n't much after the Himalayas.'

"'Now, Hen,' said I, 'don't pretend you ever saw the Himalayas.' He looked at me a moment in that curious way he has, looked at the guide who was with him, and then said, 'Well, p'r'aps he doos n't understand very well, but I go on the principle of making light of the scenery round here. They think so much of it, and if you go into fits over it they charge you just so much extra. Well, how d' ye do, any way?' and he shook hands again. 'How d' ye leave them all at home? I 'd like to see that little Lucy again; but I 've got something in my chest for her.'"

"Oh, what is it, Lucy?" asked Phippy, eagerly.

"He does n't say. Papa does n't say. I don't believe he asked Hen."

"Go on, Lucy."

"'Hen had come to Marseilles from New York, and had taken it into his head to visit Switzerland. He was traveling all alone, and his one idea seemed to be to hurry by all the important places and always stop at a little resting-place farther on. So now he was passing through Chamounix to Les Ouches. His guide-book told him the place was famous for its honey, so he was bound for Les Ouches, he said, to get a sticky supper. He admitted that he found it difficult to teach his guides what he wanted. He had been on this donkey all the way from Martigny, and seemed quite

attached to him. If he ever gets back to Roxbury you may be sure that there will be no place in Switzerland which he has left unvisited.' "

"Good for Hen!" cried Ned. "To think of Uncle Charles discovering him there in Chamounix! I can imagine the coolness with which Hen greeted uncle, as if it were the most natural thing in the world for them to have met just there."

"I do believe Hen will get back first," said Nathan. "I expect to see him come up the avenue on his donkey."

"A donkey would be a fine addition to our household," said Phippy.

The letters and chat had kept them busy, and the afternoon was drawing to a close, so they packed the remains of their lunch, covered the baskets of berries with paper, and drove back to Tamworth. The next day Mrs. Bodley made blackberry jam and preserved blackberries, and blackberry wine, and blackberry cordial. The jars and bottles were all safely packed, and in two days more they were at home again in Roseland, very much refreshed by their little excursion.

CHAPTER VII.

A JOURNEY ROUND THE GARDEN.

Not long after the family returned from Tamworth, Ned's last college year began, and he left Roseland before his uncle had returned from Europe. The schools, too, in Roxbury had opened again, and the children were busy with their books, but the days

were still long, and much of their time was passed out of doors. Their father's letters home and their own excursion to the mountains had filled their heads with the notion of travel, and all their sports were in that direction. They crossed and recrossed the United States in Paul Bodley's pasture with untiring enthusiasm, and laid new railroads in the wilderness, and even founded towns, at what they regarded favorable points, not yet reached by ordinary emigrants. But so constant a tramping on the field made sad havoc with the boundaries, and they were compelled every little while to stop their traveling and do a little engineering and surveying again of the coast. The gradual obliteration of the United States lessened their ardor somewhat, and they began to neglect this play.

"What do you say, Nathan," said Phippy one day at dinner, "to making a Europe? We might travel over papa's route then, or we might make the two hemispheres and sail across the Atlantic between them."

"Oh, I don't believe we could," said Nathan. "There isn't room to do them on a large scale, and it would be no fun to have to step carefully, lest we should be in London on one leg and in Paris on the other."

"Besides, Cousin Ned isn't here," added Lucy.

"I wish we could make a real journey of discovery," said Phippy.

"That is not so difficult" said Mrs. Bodley. "There was a Frenchman once who wrote a book which he called 'A Journey round my Room,' and another Frenchman has followed his example with 'A Journey round my Garden.' Now if you children wish to be real travelers, you must learn how to travel at home, and to see what lies under your eyes. Why do you not sally out and

make voyages of discovery to day? It is Wednesday afternoon, and you have no school. Set out in different directions, and at tea you can give an account of your travels. Only I would make it a rule not to go out of our own place. I am sure you will see some things you never saw before."

The children entered into the plan with enthusiasm. Phippy armed herself with a note-book, in which she said she meant to keep a journal; Nathan slung a satchel over his shoulder and carried his pocket spy-glass and compass; while Lucy said she meant to explore the world under protection of Nep, the dog, whom she took with her. They gathered under the library window to take leave of their native land, and then set out in different directions. Mrs. Bodley watched them as they walked away, but did not see them again until just before tea time, when they all came up the avenue together.

"What, have you been traveling in company, after all?" she asked.

"Oh no, it was the most surprising thing," said Nathan; "we all met near the gate. We thought perhaps there would be an illumination or some guns fired on the return of the great explorers, but it seems pretty quiet."

"I hear the supper bell ringing now," said Mrs. Bodley, "and all the people will assemble at the table to hear the stories of the celebrated travelers. You know when great travelers come back the Historical Society gives them a dinner or supper. I will be the Historical Society, and invite you to an entertainment." So they all marched into the house, and after the celebrated travelers had washed off their stains, the Historical Society received them at the supper table, where an unusual feast of good things had been prepared.

"We 'll go off again," said Nathan enthusiastically, "if this is the reception we are to get on coming back."

"You must show that you have brought back something worth feasting you for," said the Historical Society with dignity. "Will Miss Lucy Bodley, the youngest of the three travelers, favor the Society with an account of her adventures?"

"Oh, they were n't adventures," said Lucy. "There was just one new thing that I saw, besides all the old ones. But I 'll tell you about it."

LUCY'S STORY.

"I went down the Hollow, because that was the first place I went to when we came to Roseland. I was a little bit of a girl then, and I remember that I saw a hand-organ man and his little girl Lisa; but this time there was nobody about, and I went into the pasture by the old well and across the pasture. Nep was with me and I did not feel afraid, and I wanted very much to see exactly what there was, clear over on the other side of the pasture. You know there 's a house over there where Mrs. Airly, who sometimes comes here to wash, lives, and I thought I would call that a foreign country, because Mrs. Airly is an Irish woman, and see what I could see there. When I got to the house Mrs. Airly was in the yard and knew me. 'Come in,' said she; 'I 've got a little niece with me just about as old as you are,' — I can't talk Irish, so I won't try, — 'and she 'd like to see you! I never knew she had any children in the house, but I knew you would let me go in, mamma, and I was very much surprised when I went in to see a little girl sitting by the window. There was a crutch by her side, and then I saw why Mrs. Airly asked me to come in instead of asking her niece to come out

to see me. She lives in Wrentham, but had come over to visit her aunt, and she had a beautiful geranium on the window-seat by her. I asked her where she got it, and she said she brought it with her, because she did n't dare to leave it at home. She patted the pot



Mrs. Early's Niece.

with her hand; and I asked Mrs. Airly if I might bring Nep in, and she said I might, and so Nep came in, and Emily, that was the little girl's name, was a little afraid of him at first, but pretty soon she patted him, and she was such a nice little girl that I stayed there

all the afternoon. I was sure you would let me, mamma, for I have heard you say that Mrs. Airly was a very good woman."

"Her name is n't Airly," broke in Nathan. "It 's Early. Don't you know the line —

'Call me early, call me early, mother dear.'

That 's her name, but she says 'Call me airly.' "

"The little girl called her Aunt Becky. I think I should like to go to see her again, and take her some of my playthings."

"Well, Lucy's journey was a sensible one," said Mrs. Bodley. "She discovered a new person, and that was certainly like going to a foreign country. Now let us hear Phippy's account." Phippy immediately produced a very crumpled piece of paper, which she called her log-book, and consulted occasionally with a critical eye.

PHIPPY'S STORY.

"Left Roseland Castle at 3.30 P. M., the governess of the castle — that 's you, mamma — waving a flag, — that 's a pocket handkerchief, you know. Steered about due east " —

"Why, Phippy, you did n't go to sea," said Nathan.

"No matter, I steered, — there 's wind on land is n't there? — and made for the Grove. Visited Samson's Nut Cracker, the Gorge, and P. Bodley's tomb. All these I had seen before. Bore away to the northeast, and, let me see, by 4 P. M." —

"You did n't have any watch, Phippy."

"There were four o'clocks there, — you know there were," said she, triumphantly. "And by four o'clock, by several of them, in fact, followed along the pasture wall till I came near Mr. Porter's orchard. There was n't anything to see on our continent, so I

looked over the wall and saw Johnny Porter sitting on the ground, and Tom Porter pulling a branch down to get some apples.

"'Hallo, Tom Porter,' said I.

"'Hallo,' said he.

"'Getting apples?' said I.

"'Yes,' said he.

"'What kind are they?' said I.

"'Porter,' said he."

"Oh, come, Phippy, don't spin out your story so."

"That's the way they do in story books," said Phippy. "That would make several lines if it was printed, and it would be very easy reading. You'd get right to the bottom of the page and turn over before you were tired."

"Well," said Nathan, "I should very soon get tired of that stuff. Did you stay and play with those boys all the afternoon?"

"No, I came back and played with them. I went off first round the pasture, almost to Mrs. Early's, and then I went back, and Tom and Johnny were still in the orchard.

"'Hallo, Johnny,' said I.

"'Hallo,' said he."

"Come, now, Phippy, you're giving us that stuff right over again."

"No, I'm not, it was Tom Porter before; it's Johnny this time."

"Well, did he say they were Porter apples, too?"

"I did n't ask him."

"What did you ask him?"

"That's just what I was going to tell when you interrupted. I asked him if he'd show me his rabbits, and he did, and they were so cunning I forgot to look for anything else."



PORTER APPLES.

"Well," said Mrs. Bodley, "Phippy seems to have visited a zoölogical garden. What did you see, Nathan? Where did you go?"

NATHAN'S ADVENTURE.

"Well, I went away down to the farthest corner of the place, to that mound where the spruce-tree is, and climbed it to see if I could see the harbor from there. I always thought I could and meant to try. I got rather sticky, but I could see the water and I could make out the smoke of a steamer."

"Why, we can see that any day from the play-room up stairs," said Phippy.

"Yes, but I saw it from the spruce-tree. I was perched up there when I saw a man coming along the road, who got up on the wall and climbed over and lay down inside. I did n't know exactly what to do. I was n't exactly afraid" —

"Oh no."

"I say, I was n't exactly afraid, and I did n't want the poor man to be afraid of me, so after a while I began to whistle. He pricked up his ears and looked about him, and I whistled again. Then he looked up, and spied me. I thought I 'd speak first.

"'I hope you 've enjoyed your nap,' said I.

"'What are you doing up in that tree?' said he. You 'd have thought he owned the tree by the way he spoke.

"'I 'm looking at that steamer,' said I, pointing across to the smoke. 'You can see the harbor from up here!' I spoke in such a kind, friendly way that I don't think he was frightened any more, and he did n't think it necessary to look so fierce. He was sitting up by this time.

"'I would n't climb a tree to look at a steamer,' said he.

"'But you can't see it down there,' said I."

"Seems to me your story is modeled on mine, Nathan," said Phippy.

"It's a true story, Phippy. I can't remember all the conversation. Boys never can, but girls do. Anyway he got to talking


A Path through the Ice.

about steamers and the harbor, and he said he crossed Boston Harbor that time, you know, when it was all frozen over, and saw a steamer cut its way through the ice — don't you remember?"

"Oh yes," said Phippy, "I remember, and always thought it a pity we could n't go. But what became of the man?"

"Oh, he stayed and stayed, he enjoyed my conversation so much,

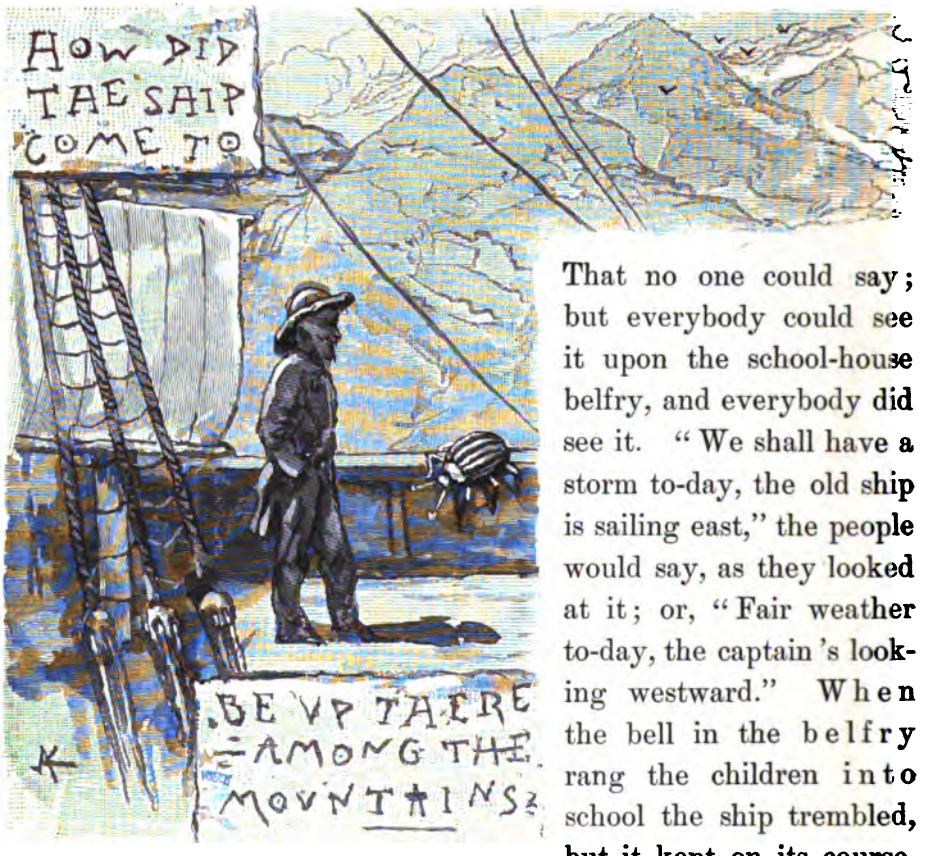
and at length he went away, and when he had gone far enough not to come back I shinned down."

"Well, Nathan," said his mother, "you seem to have been discreet in your journeying. When you fell in with the natives you parleyed with them at a safe distance. Perhaps discretion is a more valuable quality than courage in traveling, but both are sometimes needed."

Just then Martin came, bringing a letter from the post-office. It was addressed to Lucy.

"It is from Cousin Ned," said she, recognizing the handwriting, which was written with great plainness for Lucy's benefit. She opened the envelope. "Why, there 's no letter at all; it 's one of his little stories." Sure enough, Ned had amused himself writing a story for Lucy, and oddly enough it was a story of travel, so it came just in the nick of time, as an end to this Journey round the Garden.

THE OBSTINATE WEATHERCOCK.



That no one could say; but everybody could see it upon the school-house belfry, and everybody did see it. "We shall have a storm to-day, the old ship is sailing east," the people would say, as they looked at it; or, "Fair weather to-day, the captain 's looking westward." When the bell in the belfry rang the children into school the ship trembled, but it kept on its course. And what was its course? Always in the teeth of the wind.

It was a full-rigged ship, all sails set, and the captain standing on the poop. He always stood there, rain or shine, fair weather or foul, morning, noon, and night, — such a faithful captain was he. His hands were in his pockets, and his tarpaulin was cocked on the

side of his head. Captain Prim, the children called him. Captain Prim had always sailed this ship. He could not remember the time when he had sailed any other. It was a long memory, too, that the captain had. He could remember the time when he lived in the same house with a golden cock and a galloping horse and a locomotive. Where were they now? Gone, no one knew where, while the captain — Captain Prim — was still sailing his ship. You may believe that the captain thought none the worse of himself for that.

Captain Prim was always ready to put his ship about whenever he saw a change of wind coming. At the slightest touch on his bronzed cheek, he would sing out: "Haul away on the main sheet! Belay there!" and round the ship would come, and the captain would look straight ahead and be ready for the next tack.

Whither was he bound? Ah, that's the question. You could not have got it from the captain, but I will tell you. Although he looked so sturdy and knowing, deep down in his brave little heart was his secret, — he wanted to get out upon the open sea. It vexed him to be always in sight of land. He could n't get away from the dreadful mountains all about him, and once in a great while, when there was a fog, he was terribly anxious lest his ship should go on the rocks. So it was that night and day he kept his post and sailed in the teeth of the wind, for those were his sailing orders. "Captain," said a man whom he had known in his early days, "always sail in the teeth of the wind and you 'll do your duty."

One day he was startled by seeing a head looking at him over the rail.

"I say, there," said the head, "want a passenger?" and before

the captain could answer the stranger had climbed over the rail and stood on the deck, where he shook himself.

"Pretty dusty, eh!"

"Who are you?" growled the captain. "Land-lubber! dusty! out at sea!"

"Hear him!" laughed the passenger. "Why, captain, you have n't started yet."

"When you are as old as I am, young stranger," — began Captain Prim.

"When you 've traveled as far as I have," began the passenger, "you 'll know whether it 's dusty or not."

Captain Prim longed to ask him where he had come from, but his pride prevented.

"May be it is n't dusty between here and Colorado. May be these hills are n't pretty rough climbing. I 'm tired of it. I 'm ready for a voyage. Pull up your anchor and weigh it. Oh, I know a thing or two about the sea; just weigh your anchor and tell me how heavy it is, cap'n."

"Who are you, any way?" asked the captain, his curiosity getting the better of his pride.

"I? Did n't you ever see one of my family before? Why, I 'm a Potato Bug. I have had enough of this country. I 'm going abroad."

Just then the wind veered a little.

"Haul away on the main sheet!" cried the captain, and the Potato Bug, not seeing anybody at work, put his head down the hatchway and repeated the order.

"I say, chambermaid, the cap'n wants you;" but no one answered.

"Well, this is a ghostly ship," said the Potato Bug. "I 'm not going to work my passage."

"Belay there!" cried the captain, as the ship swung round and was still again.

"Oh, we 're going now, are we?" asked the passenger; "this is comfortable," and he crossed his legs. "But I say, cap'n," he began again, pretty soon, "we don't get ahead. I 've been watching that meeting-house and it does n't move a particle. It ought to. It ought to look as if it was moving. Oh, I know something about motion."

"Mind your business," said the captain, badly frightened. He, too, had always had an eye on that meeting-house, when the wind was in the west, and it bothered him that he should never seem to get by it.

"Well, I think I will. I'll get out of this Flying Dutchman," said the Potato Bug, getting up and climbing over the rail again. "I 'm a live passenger, I am. I 'm used to getting ahead in the world. You may stay and sail to nowhere, if you want to. Good-by!" and he dropped over the side.

"He 's an ignorant land-lubber," said Captain Prim, breathing a little more freely, but not daring yet to look at the meeting-house again. He could see the Potato Bug, a distant speck out on the end of the school-house, and then the Potato Bug was gone. But Captain Prim, now that he was alone again, kept firmly to his post. His hands were in his pockets, the tarpaulin was cocked on the side of his head, and he kept his ship head on to the wind. Obstinate fellow!

And what became of the Potato Bug? He had more traveling to do. He thought he would just look off over the roof of the

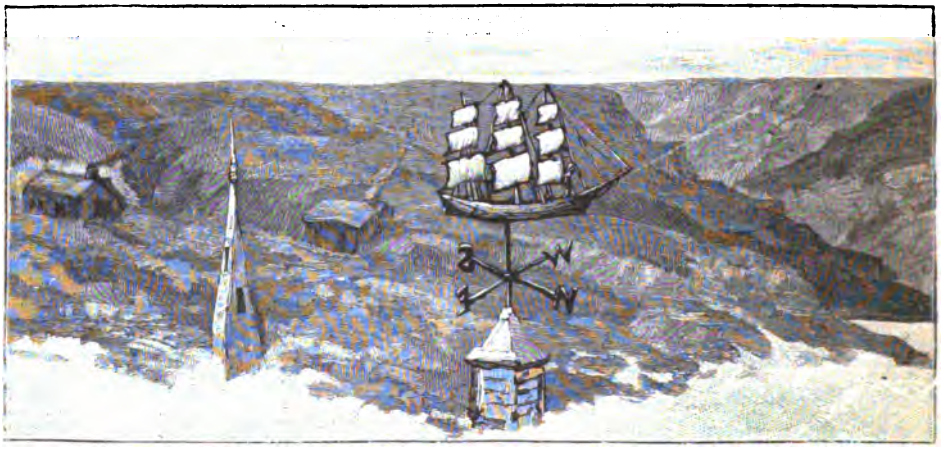
school-house, and make up his mind where to go next, but it made him dizzy, and down he dropped to the ground. Young McPherson found him there lying on his back.

"That's a fine specimen!" said he. "I'll send him home to the old folks."

But the old folks lived in Scotland, and so Potato Bug had to travel in an envelope across the ocean. In the darkness of that sealed envelope he thought of Captain Prim.

"Perhaps he knew what he was about. Perhaps he was doing his duty," Potato Bug said faintly to himself. "If ever I go to sea again, I'll go in Captain Prim's ship."

But he never went to sea again. He died of too much travel.



CHAPTER VIII.

DIVERS STORIES.

ONE day in September, Martin was in the stable early in the morning, dressing Mr. Bottom and giving him his breakfast. To dress him he took him to a corner of the barn, fastened his halter to an iron ring that hung there, and proceeded to comb him with a curry-comb, and brush him down with the horse-brush. When all this was through he would give him his breakfast of chopped hay and meal-hash, as he called it, and lead him to the trough for water. Mr. Bottom stood by the ring, and Martin was brushing his haunches, giving him a slap now and then to make him move, and uttering a sort of whistling sound as he polished Mr. Bottom's coat.

"Get round there, Mr. Bottom. Hi! there, don't step on my toes. Lively, now!" he was saying to the old horse, when a voice spoke out behind him: —

"Don't mind his toes, Mr. Bottom; they're covered with nails." Martin turned short round.

"Hen! where did you drop from!"

"Hens drop, they don't get dropped."

"Well, I never. I heard you'd been in Switzerland along with Mr. Bodley. Where's your donkey?"

"Left him in Europe, where he belongs. Folks all well?"

"Yes, and they'll be mighty glad to see you." Hen sat down by Mr. Bottom, on the threshhold of the carriage house, and took out his knife to whittle.

"That sounds like Nathan, in the shed," he said in a moment, and then began to whistle the tune of Admiral Benbow. He had

hardly whistled more than a stave or two before Nathan came running out of the shed. Mr. Bottom concealed Hen from his view, but Hen kept on whistling.

"Those are his legs!" shouted Nathan, who caught sight of a familiar pair stretched out. After Nathan, came Phippy and Lucy, who were not far behind, and they all began pulling Hen about, who kept on whistling until he had finished his tune.

"There!" said he. "Never begin a thing that you don't finish." He felt himself bound to treat the children with little moral precepts which he kept about him. "I thought maybe you 'd remember Admiral Benbow. How d' ye do? How 's your mother? How 's Nurse Young?"

"Oh, we 're all well," said Phippy. "How do you do? but what 's the use of asking, when we can see you. When did you get here? did Martin know you were coming?"

"No, I did n't know anything about it," said that young man. "Hen never lets on when he 's coming."

"Well, now you 're here," said Phippy, with great satisfaction, "and mean to stay, don't you?"

"Oh, I 'll stay till I go."

"What was it you brought Lucy?"

"Oh, you heard, did you? Well, let me see where it can be," and he began running his hand into one pocket after another. Then he got up and shook himself. Then he started to pull off his boots, but changed his mind. He passed his hand through his hair, which was very curly. "Oh, I remember now," he suddenly said, and stood looking down the avenue. "It 's in my chest." The children followed his eye. A small boy with a wheelbarrow was coming up the avenue, and on the wheelbarrow was Hen's chest. The boy looked exceedingly hot.

"Here, sonny," said Hen, as the boy came near. "You can put that chest right in the carriage-house. Martin won't mind. And here 's your dollar."

"A dollar, Hen! my time, did you hire that boy to wheel your chest out for a dollar. Any expressman would have brought it for a quarter."

"It 's worth a dollar," said the boy, sitting on the edge of his wheelbarrow, looking very limp.

"Of course it was," said Hen. "You see," he explained, as the boy trundled his wheelbarrow off, "the boy was on the wharf, right there, and he took the chest right on board and I showed him the way. He got going so slow though, for he could n't keep up with the buggy, that I told him where it was, and left him to follow."

"Did you come out in a buggy, Hen?"

"Why, yes. I 'm not much of a walker, and the buggy was right there on the wharf."

"Well, if you a'n't a traveler, Hen," said Martin. "I wonder you did n't get out and wheel the barrow."

"Well, I did a little way; you see the boy got rather tired."

"And you put him in the buggy?"

"Look here, Martin, I 'm here, and here 's my chest. There is n't any boy here. Let the boy go."

"He 's gone," said Martin chuckling to himself. Just then the breakfast bell rang, and the children went back to the house, promising to come out again as soon as breakfast was over. Mrs. Bodley came with them, and Hen ducked to her with great readiness.

"Mornin', Miss' Bodley. I saw Mr. B. at Mount Blank a few weeks ago. He was looking uncommon well. Hope you 're well?"

"Very well, Hen, and much obliged to you for coming back to us. You must make yourself at home here."

"Thank ye kindly. I mostly am," and he ducked again. Then he disappeared a moment in the carriage house and came back with something wrapped in paper. "I thought I'd bring something home to Lucy, to remember me by when I'm on the raging seas. That's what people call 'em, Lucy. I got this of a chap at Marseilles." It was a lovely piece of coral, and the children were enthusiastic over it.

"It was fished up at the Silver Banks of Hayti, ma'am."

"Did the man fish it up?" asked Lucy.

Hen looked round cautiously. "Well, yes. Should say he did. Yes, the very same chap went down there after it in a diving bell. You don't exactly fish for corals you know."

"I've brought up small shells in twenty feet of water down at Hyannis Port," said Nathan.

"Want to know! and you dove for them, did you?"

"Yes; off a rock."

"And how long did you stay under?"

"I guess about three minutes," said Nathan, reflecting.

"Just wait a minute," said Hen, pulling out a heavy silver watch. He looked steadily at the face, and when one of the children began to speak, he raised his forefinger. After a while, he put it back in his pocket. "Three times as long as that?"

"Well, that does seem rather long."

"Two times is long," said Hen. "I've seen those fellows in the Mediterranean dive for sponges, and if they stay under two minutes they think it doing pretty well."

"How do they get the sponges?" asked Lucy.

"They tear them off the rocks, or they cut them off with a knife they carry down."

"What fun!" said Nathan.

"And did the man you knew dive for this coral?" asked Lucy. "Did you see him dive?"



Diving for Sponges.

"Well, come to think of it," said Hen, "he did n't exactly dive for it. It was his brother who was a diver, and went down in a diving bell."

"Oh, I 'd like that," said Phippy. "Hen, did you ever go down in a diving bell?"

Hen looked about him. "Well, yes. Yes, I went down once."

"What was it like?"

"It was rather tight across the chest. I expect you can tell about it better than I, ma'am."

"I suppose Hen felt the compression of the air. The diving bell holds some air, but it is soon exhausted, and fresh air has to be pumped in."



Interior of a Diving Bell.

"That's it," said Hen. "I've seen them working a diving bell. There are seats inside, where they sit down till they get to the bottom of the sea. Then they move the bell about when they want to change the place, and so they go poking round under water. I should n't like it."

"It seems to me," whispered Phippy to Nathan, "that Hen is only telling what he has heard."

"Should n't like it for steady work," said Hen, presently, his ears being pretty sharp. "But the divers who go down in armor have a better time. I saw some of them in Marseilles. They've got a new kind, Mrs. Bodley. They carry a box of air on their back, and draw from that, and the people up above pump fresh air into it."

"The people up above?" asked Lucy.

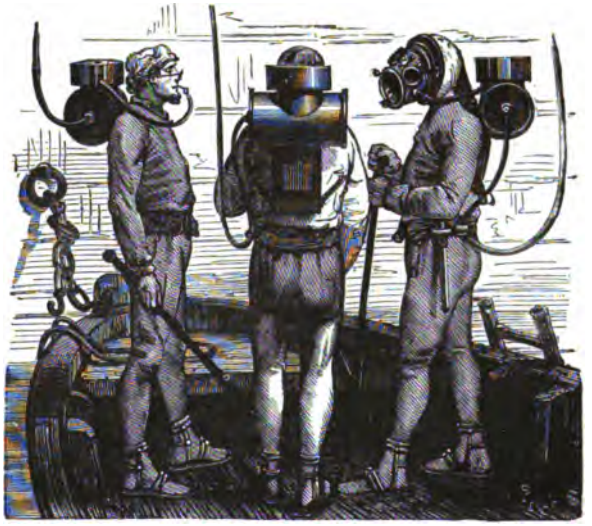
"Yes; you see the man that goes down gets into an India-rubber

suit, — trousers, boots, and jacket, all one piece, don't you see, with a helmet that rests on his shoulders, and has an air pipe that is as long as can reach from the top of the water to the bottom, and the people up above keep that filled with fresh air. He gets into his heavy armor, has a line fastened to his belt, so that he can be pulled up when he signals, drops off into the water, and when he gets to the bottom goes about like a great beetle."

"How does he see?" asked Phippy.

"Oh, he has glass windows in his helmet. It 's pretty light down there."

"But what do they go poking about for? Sponges?"



French Diving Apparatus.

"Yes, I suppose so, and pearls. And then the men that lay the foundations for piers of bridges sometimes work so. They say everything 's lighter down at the bottom, and you can use a crowbar just like a walking stick."

"Then you never tried it?" said Phippy, innocently.

"No, I never tried it. Well, no. There was n't anything very heavy lying round when I went down. But say, Nathan, that 's the way they go down sometimes to bring up things from wrecks."

"I was reading only the other day," said Mrs. Bodley, "of some deep-sea diving, off the coast of China, where a ship had sunk with

a great deal of money on board. The ship was lost near a high rock, and no vessel could get near to it, so the divers went out in a boat, and hunted and hunted till they found the wreck. The after part was nearly two hundred feet below the surface of the water, and it was there that the treasure was. The man who went down found that worms had eaten into the boxes containing the coins, and these lay in heaps before him. He worked four hours at one time below, and came up very much exhausted, but he secured about forty thousand pounds sterling."



Divers at Work.

"I'd go down for that," said Hen.

"But he came near losing it all. He was very much exhausted, and wanted some water, so his companion volunteered to go up to the top of the island and fetch some. When he was getting his water he looked off and saw a great fleet of white sails coming from the main land. He hurried back and told the diver, who said they must be Chinese piratical junks."

"I know the fellows," said Hen. "His life was n't worth ten cents if he got into their hands."

"So he thought, and though he was nearly dead with fatigue,

they both took the oars, for the wind was light, and by hard pulling they managed to get into Shanghae safely, but they did not go back for the rest. But, bless me! why, Nathan, do you know what time it is? it wants only twenty minutes of nine o'clock. You must all scamper off to school this minute."



A Chinese Junk.

"Good-by, Hen," they shouted. "Be sure and be here when we come back." They were half afraid he would give them the slip and be off no one knew where. But Hen was in no hurry to go to sea again. He was very well contented to stay with the Bodleys.

CHAPTER IX.

THANKSGIVING.

THE Sunday before Thanksgiving Day the Bodleys were at church, and watching eagerly for the unfolding of that great sheet of printed paper which contained the Governor's Proclamation of

the annual Thanksgiving. They knew perfectly well that the day was coming on Thursday, but the announcement of it in church with so much formality always gave them great satisfaction. So they listened to the sounding phrases, and heard the final "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!" with almost as much solid pleasure as the eating of the dinner itself afforded. Their chief joy, however, was in the anticipation of their father's return. He had sailed, that they knew, and he had promised that he would be at home on Thanksgiving Day; but as Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday went by without any sign of the Malta, they began to be uneasy. The turkey had come, the mince pies had been made, and the kitchen had been busy with signs of preparation; but what would a Thanksgiving dinner be without their father! Thursday morning opened bright, sunny, and cold, and the family came down to breakfast. The children had all been in the play-room at the top of the house, looking by turns through Nathan's spy-glass, and trying to make out the Malta in Boston harbor.

"I thought I saw it once," said Nathan. "I made out what looked like black smoke."

"Hen says she ought to be in to-day," said Lucy.

"But it 's an English steamer," said Phippy, "and she won't care anything about its being Thanksgiving Day."

"You don't mean to say he has n't come yet?" said a voice from the china-closet. The children looked at each other, and then all sprang up from the table just as Ned Adams walked out of the closet.

"Now, Ned," said Phippy, "I think that 's real mean. I thought for just a second it was papa. How did you get here? What makes you so dusty? Why, you 're all over coal."

"Am I?" said the young gentleman, screwing his head round to get a view of his shoulders. "Well, there was some coal there."

"You did n't come in through the coal-window, surely?" said his aunt.

"Then, why did n't you leave a door open? I don't think it very hospitable, when I come out here early in the morning, for you to keep every place locked except the coal-window. I 'll warrant Uncle Charles is down in the coal-bin now."

"Oh, let 's go and look!" said Phippy, eagerly. "But of course he is n't. It 's only young collegians like you who try to surprise us so. How did you get up-stairs?"

"Oh, Levia guessed I was coming, and came down cellar just at the right time, at least not a bit too late;" and Levia looked very red as she moved about, setting a place for Ned.

"Did she scream?" asked Nathan, when Levia had left the room.

"She could n't decide whether to scream or to faint, and while she was making up her mind I took the chance to tell who I was."

"You deserve to go back to the coal-bin," said his aunt, "breaking in in this fashion, but instead you may go up-stairs and get ready for breakfast. You will have to take your uncle's place at dinner, I 'm afraid," she said, when he had come down-stairs again; "but we won't give him up until dinner is over."

They all went to church, and listened with what patience they could to the sermon, and then hurried home. The children ran up the avenue, racing for the first glimpse of their father, but he had not come, and Lucy went straight up-stairs to Nurse Young to have a quiet cry over her disappointment. Ned had gone into town directly after church to see if he could learn any news of the Malta, and Phippy and Nathan had again climbed up into the window-seat, spy-glass in hand, in a vain lookout for the steamer.

"Come, come," cried Mrs. Bodley, at the foot of the stairs. "I have an errand for you all before dinner." They came down slowly and gathered in the hall.

"I want to send something to Mrs. Early and Emily for their Thanksgiving dinner, and you may all go over there together." The basket was ready, and there was besides a mould of cape cranberries and a jar of Tamworth blackberry jam, to be carried separately, so the children were each laden, and they set off across the fields to Mrs. Early's house. They found Emily in her seat by the window, and Mrs. Early by the fire smoking a pipe. They were very much surprised at this, and stood looking so hard and with such open eyes, that Mrs. Early laughed and said: —



Mrs. Early.

"Your mother doesn't smoke, I know. Well, well, it's a poor habit, and when I get older I mean to break it off. Emily does n't smoke."

"Aunt Rebecca says it's good for the geranium," said Emily softly. Her crutch was by the side of her chair and her geranium on the window-seat.

"Has your father come back?" asked Mrs. Early.

"No, not yet," said Nathan. "We're expecting him every minute. Is your father coming to Thanksgiving?" he asked Emily. Emily did not answer.

"Never mind, dear," said Mrs. Early, putting her pipe down and going up to the child. "See what Mrs. Bodley has sent. Cranberry! Why, here 's a cranberry tart."

"That 's for Emily herself," said Phippy. "I made that yesterday; Lucy stirred the cranberry, and I rolled the crust." Mrs. Early took occasion of this diversion to whisper to Nathan, —

"The child's father is a-dying, out at Wrentham. She 's just heard. We had n't told her before." Lucy had seen by the tears in Emily's eyes that something was wrong, and was standing by her, holding her hand.

"I tell you what, Emily," said Nathan; "I 'll come down with the little cart after dinner and drag you up to our house. Don't you want to come?"

"Oh, that will be splendid," said Phippy, "and we can have games."

"Do come," said Lucy, in a half whisper. Emily had been several times to the house, and loved dearly to go. Her little heart was easily moved, and she looked up with a smile.

"You 're real good, Nathan," she said.

"Oh, not a bit," said he. "See, I can make a cart wheel," and before the children could protest, he was spinning over Mrs. Early's floor. He came down disastrously at the end of the whirl, but they all laughed so hard that the Bodleys tumbled out of the house and began capering up the road before Emily's window. They sobered down presently.

"You did n't hear," said Nathan, "but Mrs. Early told me that Emily's father was going to die, and she had just told her."

"I knew something was the matter," said Phippy. "I just knew something was the matter by the way Emily looked." Lucy said nothing aloud. She was saying over and over to herself, —

"Oh, if father should die; what if he has been drowned on that dreadful steamer!"

They passed the old well in the pasture, and so by the Hollow up to the pleasant lawn. Nathan was just saying, "I wonder if Ned has come back yet," when he burst out: —

"I see him! I saw him first!" and he sped like an arrow across the grass. After him ran Phippy, but she stopped, turned, and held out her hand: —

"Quick, Lucy, catch my hand!" and so the two girls scampered up to the door. Yes, there stood their father in the doorway. He had that moment arrived, and the three children in a twinkling had their arms about his neck, and little Lucy, sobbing for very gladness, had buried her face in his bosom.

"It 's good to get back!" said Mr. Bodley, while Mrs. Bodley, smiling with mouth and eyes, looked at her husband and children. Ned came a half an hour afterward to tell them that the Malta was just in, and it was a happy, merry company that sat about the table.

In the afternoon, Nathan and the girls went with the little cart for Emily, and they spent the afternoon playing games. Martin went to town with Mr. Bottom and brought out Mr. Bodley's luggage, and the games were very much interrupted by the constant running back and forth as the trunks were unpacked; but the pleasantest time was in the evening, when the family were alone before the wood-fire in the dining-room. The lamp was not lighted, and they talked and chatted.

"I do hope you never will go away again," said Lucy.

"If I do, I hope I may take you all with me, for I was very lonely without you."

"I like it very much better when we all go together," said Lucy. "We came out here together. I remember that first day. It was the first journey I remember a great deal about, and it was only three miles long."

"Yes," said Phippy, "and don't you remember how Nathan shot an arrow over at the orphans?"

"And how he fell off the pigsty?" added Lucy.

"Seems to me you remember my misfortunes pretty well," said Nathan. "That was the year father suspended."

"And we ate Nathan's pig," quickly added his mother.

"I remember that Thanksgiving Day very well," said Mr. Bodley. "It was quite as pleasant as this."

"It was after that that we had our picture-gallery," said Phippy.

"I think I ought to have some reminiscences," said Ned. "Let me see, there was the Mother Goose party, and the coasts we had on Japhet."

"And don't you remember my birthday," said Lucy, "when we all drove to the printing-office?"

"And the time we drove to Cambridge and Bunker Hill and Faneuil Hall," said Nathan.

"And how Nathan sold eggs in Faneuil Hall Market," added Phippy, slyly. "That was not so very long ago."

"It was before we took our drive down the coast to Newburyport," said her mother.

"Oh, I never shall forget that as long as I live," said Phippy. "I mean to take my children on just such a drive."

"Papa," said Nathan, "I wish you would let Ned and me walk through Europe just as when we went to New Haven last spring."

"Just the thing!" said Phippy, "and we'll meet you on the

way, and surprise you at Paris, or Constantinople, or some other place."

"I think the family has done quite enough traveling for the present," said Mrs. Bodley. "We must wait till you 're a little older."

"After all," said Mr. Bodley, "if you had got back from a journey, as I have, you 'd think no place quite so delightful as home. Come, Sarah, open the piano, and we 'll all sing 'Dulce Domum.' That 's not a bad Thanksgiving song;" and so the lamp was lighted, the piano opened, and the Bodleys gathered about to sing the sweet song: —

Come, companions, join your voices.

(Dulce Domum.)

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

♩ = 100.
Moderate time, and smoothly.

Tune attributed to John Reading.




- sound - ing, Home! sweet home, with ev - 'ry pleas - ure, Home! with ev - 'ry bless - ing
- ne - mus, Do - mum! do - mum! dul - ce do - mum! Dul - ce do - mum re - so -
f
crown'd! Home! our best de - light and treas - ure! Home! the wel - come strain re -
mus. Do - mum! do - mum! dul - ce do - mum! Dul - ce do - num re - so -
p
sound!
ne mus!
ff
8va
Quit, my wea - ry muse, your la - bors, Quit your books and learn -
Mu - sa, li - bros mit - te, fes - sa, Mi - ten - pen - sa du -
p


-ing; Ban-ish all cares a-way, Wel-come the ho-li-day, Hearts for home and free-dom
-ra: Mit-te ne-go-ti-um, Jam da-tur o-ti-um; Me mea mit-ti-to cu-
yearn-ing, Home! sweet home, with ev-'ry pleas-ure, Home! with ev'-ry bless-ing
-ra: Do-mum! do-mum! dul-ce do-mum! Dul-ce do-mum re-so-
f
crown'd; Home! our best de-light and treas-ure! Home! the wel-come strain re-
ne-mus. Do-mum! do-mum! dul-ce do-mum! Dul-ce do-mum re-so-
p
sound!
-ne-mus!
ff

CHAPTER X.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

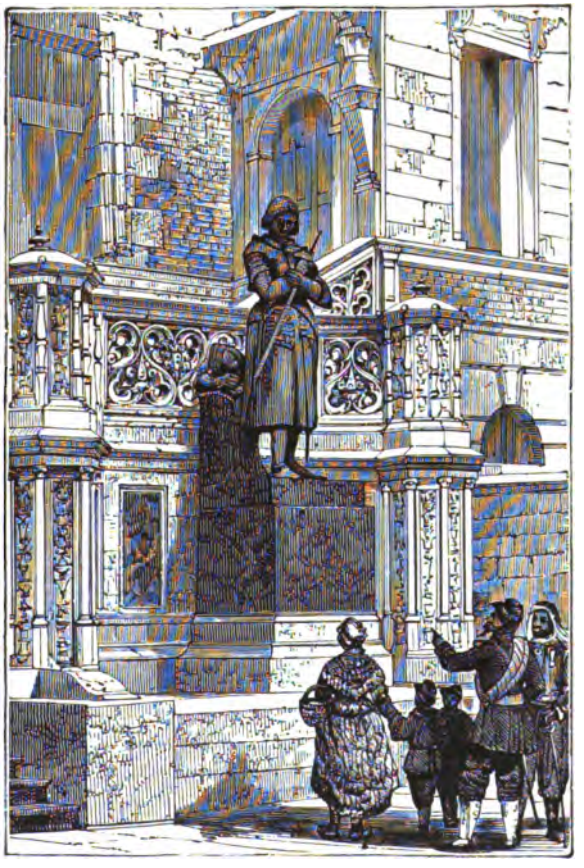
In the winter Mr. Bodley traveled to Europe over again, but this time in a very simple and agreeable manner, in company with his family. He had brought home a good many photographs and engravings, and he took the leisure evenings for making a scrap-book of these, arranging them in the order of his journey. Many of the pictures illustrated what he had written about, and the children grew very familiar with them. Then when they came across anything in their books about places or people in Europe, they were very sure to go to papa and papa's scrap-book for further information, and it often happened that a whole evening would be spent by Mr. Bodley in answering questions. So it was that one evening Phippy, who had been reading a story, found something in it about the Maid of Orleans.

"Papa," said she, "who was the Maid of Orleans? Did you see her?"

"No, Phippy, I did not see her, though I saw her statue in Orleans when I was there. Here it is in my scrap-book. Would you like to hear about her?" Phippy's book was instantly shut, and Nathan and Lucy bent over the scrap-book with her, as her father turned the pages and told them the story of Joan of Arc.

"You know that England and France are two separate countries, having different people and different rulers, but it was not always so. From France, the Normans crossed the English Channel, and made themselves masters of the land. That was about the time that the Northmen made their voyages to this country. Then

nearly four hundred years afterwards, seventy years before Columbus again discovered our country, the English were making war upon France, and claiming to rule it, and the French king, Charles, was very hardly pushed. The principal point of attack by the English was the town of Orleans, on the banks of the river Loire. They had laid siege to the place, and so grave seemed the time that some were even advising king Charles to flee to Spain, or even to Scotland, for Scotland was then a separate country from England, and very apt to be at war with it, and friendly with France.



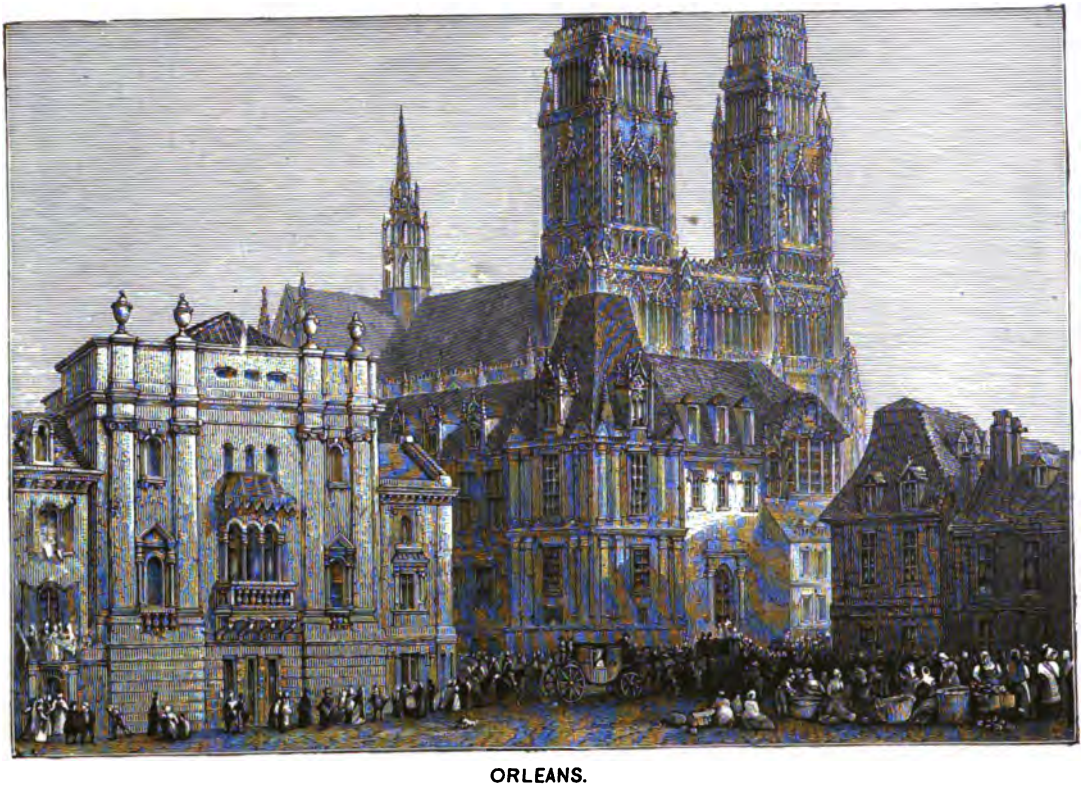
Statue of Joan of Arc, at Orleans.

"Now, there was a little village, called Vaucouleurs, not far from the border of France and Germany, and placed in a wooded and hilly country. Here, at the village inn, was a country girl from the neighborhood, named Joan of Arc, who was a servant, and as she waited at the table she heard many stories of the distress of France

and of the French king. She was different from the people about her, a silent, devout girl, who thought about many things, and passed much of her time alone. In that wild country the peasants, ignorant and simple, were used to think that everything strange came from fairies or from saints and angels. If there was anything which they could not explain, they thought it had to do with the other world, for to them the other world was close about them, and when they walked through the woods, or sat by the fountains, they were expecting to hear the wings of fairies, or to see visions of saints and angels.

"Joan could not read, but she went to church and heard the gospels, and the prayers, and the psalms. Before she was a maid at the inn, she was a shepherd girl, and I think she must often have thought of David keeping his sheep, and of the shepherds who heard the song of the angels. She brooded over the wrongs of her country and her country's king, and when she thought of those English invaders, she remembered the psalms of David, and how he called on God to arise and smite His enemies; she remembered how David himself went from keeping his sheep to fight alone the giant Goliath. She had from childhood seen visions, as she thought; sometimes of the Archangel Michael, sometimes of Saint Catherine, or Saint Margaret, and now, wrought to excitement by the wrongs of her country, she heard a voice, which she said was the voice of God, bidding her go to the help of King Charles.

"She went to the chief magistrate of Vaucouleurs, and so eloquently did this silent maid plead, that the rough man, much wondering, determined to send her on. He gave her a suit of man's clothes and a horse, and, placing her under the care of an escort, sent her forward to the king's camp at Chinon. There was the



ORLEANS.

king in the midst of his companions, and, to test her powers, he appeared like them, dressed no differently, and not marked in any way. Joan, not hesitating, went straight to the one man out of three hundred. Charles listened to her as she told her visions and her mission. She had been sent by God, she said, for the deliverance of France. Some jeered and scoffed, but there were many who were ready to believe her. How could France be saved in this extremity, except by a miracle? and here was the miracle, a woman sent of God. Joan cared nothing for herself or her honor. She was filled with an enthusiasm for her country and her God, and that made people believe her. Charles believed her. At any rate he saw what power she had. He gave her a suit of armor, and gaining confidence every day, he finally gave her a little army of six thousand men or more, and with them she marched to the relief of Orleans. There she sent a message to the English general, calling on him in the name of God to deliver the kingdom to its rightful heir, or she would drive him out of the country. The English killed her messenger and treated Joan with contempt. But Joan showed herself a true leader of men. She was everywhere, inspiring her followers with courage and zeal. She succeeded in introducing provisions into the besieged city; she outwitted the English general. She succeeded finally in bringing her army within the walls of Orleans; and now the city reënforced, and full of devotion to the maid, fought desperately. Joan herself was on the walls, directing, encouraging, inspiring the soldiers. The French called her a saint, the English called her a sorceress, and began to say that it was an unequal contest, for they were fighting against powers of the air. They lost confidence, and gave way before the French. Twice did Joan sally out at the head of her troops and drive the English before her; and

at length, making a wild attack upon the bastile of Tournelles, Joan herself scaling the ramparts, sword in hand, the French threw the English into unutterable confusion. These fled, leaving sick and wounded, and arms and ammunition, behind them. The siege was raised, and Orleans was delivered.

"Then Joan went to Tours where Charles was. Though called king, and claiming to be king, he had not yet been crowned, and Joan coming before him, still obeying the voice which she heard, knelt and delivered her message, that he was to go to Rheims to be consecrated. The English still held possession of that ancient city where the kings of France had for generations received their crowns; but, dispirited by the loss of battle at Orleans, they gave way again before the Maid of Orleans, who rode by the side of Charles, and, defeated in battle at Patay, left Rheims to the conquering army, its king, and its heroine.

"In the splendid cathedral of that city Charles was crowned king of France, and Joan declared her work accomplished. She had no thought for her own honor; she had saved France; Charles had been consecrated king. For herself, she wished now that God would suffer her to go back to the woods and fields of Domremy, to take care of her poor father and mother, and feed once more her sheep and lambs. But she could not go back to that simple life. She had been appointed to another end. Paris was still in the hands of the enemy, and Charles had not the enthusiasm of Joan. The victory gained was slipping out of hands that had not the nerve to hold it, and once more Joan appeared before Charles, and demanded, in obedience to her visions, that the army should march upon Paris. Charles hesitated, his generals were cautious, and they moved forward slowly. But at length they came before the city, and



TOURS. AFTER J. M. W. TURNER.

Joan of Arc, springing before the army, sword in hand, dashed



Rheims Cathedral.

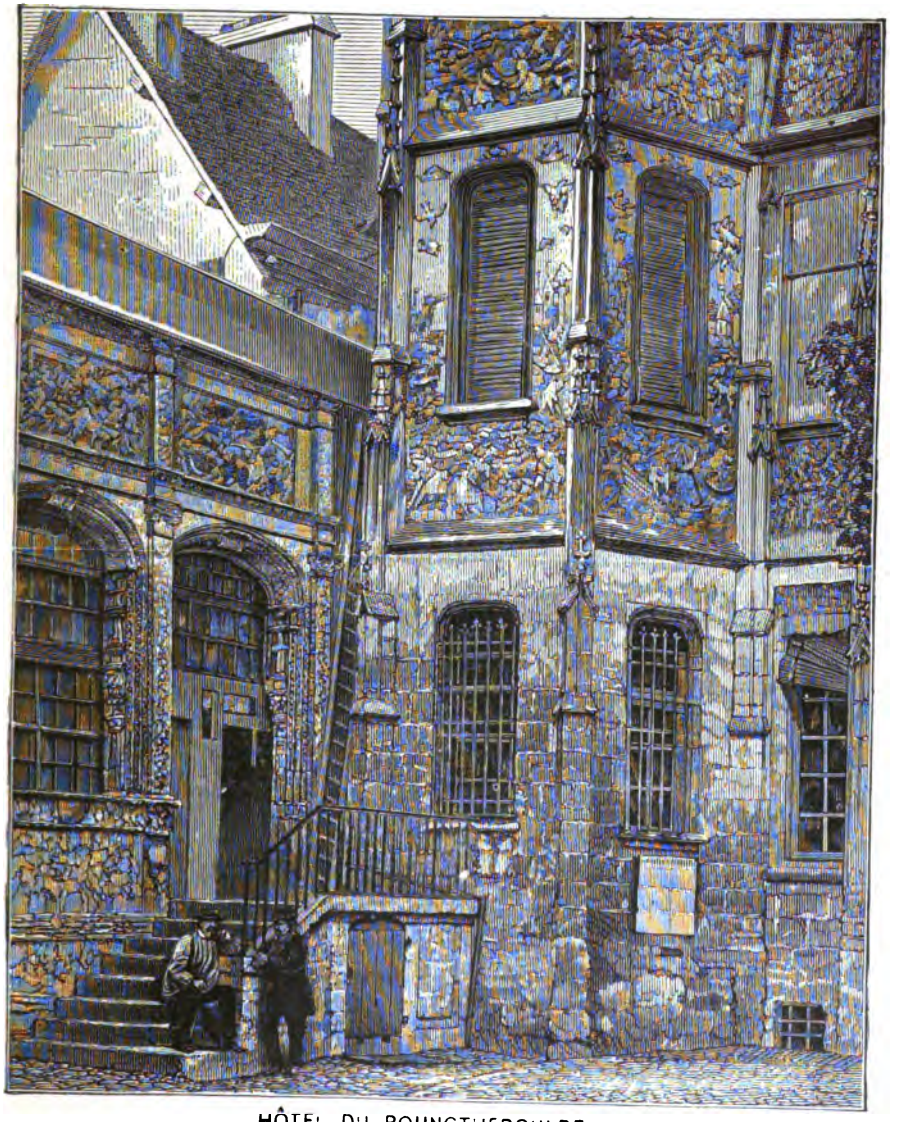
up to the walls and called upon the English to render up the city to its rightful owners. The storm of battle raged about her, and

she fell pierced by an arrow from an English archer; wounded, she still urged on the men; but night came, the city was not taken, and a retreat was ordered. In vain Joan besought the generals to make a stand. The army fell back, while the English and some treacherous French allies sallied forth from the city and pursued Charles and his forces. Compiegne was besieged, and Joan, who had partially recovered from her wounds, made a dash with some faithful followers into the city, placed herself at the head of the forces there, and again confronted the English. Taking a handful of men, she sallied out from the gates and rushed upon the enemy. Her men were cut down, and, falling back step by step, she sought to regain the walls of the city. She reached the gates, but base treachery within had closed them against her. She was alone upon her horse, shut out from those she was defending, and at the mercy of the men she was fighting. They dragged her from her horse and took her prisoner to the English camp.



Joan of Arc Tower.

"There were base Frenchmen in alliance with the English, and Joan was delivered over to them to be tried. She was accused of rebellion and of sorcery. For four months she was under trial and torture at Rouen, a picturesque old city with a famous cathedral,



HÔTEL DU BOUNGTHEROULDE.

and they show still the round tower in which Joan was confined, and where she was tried and tortured. Poor girl! there was no one to defend her. She had a homesickness for the old Domremy woods and pastures, but she would not yield to the tortures, and she maintained that she had been only obedient to the visions which God had given her. I stood, when in Rouen, in the old Hôtel du Boungtheroulde, used now as a banking-house, and looked out on the market-place, where there is a fountain with a cross above it. On that spot, May 20, 1431, in the twenty-ninth year of her age, Joan of Arc was burned to death in the presence of her judges and of a vast company of French and English. It was a terrible end, but that hour of suffering only makes brighter the heroism of the girl and the cowardice and ignominy of her king and her persecutors. In the midst of the flames she was faithful to those who had been faithless to her.

"'Whatever I have done,' she shouted, 'well or ill, my king is not to blame.'

"'My voices were from God; the voices have not deceived me.'

"Think of that! she believed in her divine mission, and she forgave her enemies. Ah, Phippy, I sometimes hear you talking about the grand things you would like to do. The greatness of Joan of Arc was not seen half so much when she was flashing her sword before the army, as when she was dying alone but obedient in the flames at Rouen."

This was not the last story which Mr. Bodley told to the children, nor was it the last journey which he took, but after this the children were busy with their schools and their books. Nathan

was getting ready for college; Ned Adams was nearly ready to leave college. The Bodley Family lived on, even though the children gradually ceased to be children. Yet I do not like even now to say good-by to them. If we could only keep them young a little while longer!

THE BODLEY GRANDCHILDREN AND THEIR JOURNEY IN HOLLAND.



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A DUTCH HOUSEHOLD IN OLD NEW YORK.

THE BODLEY GRANDCHILDREN

AND THEIR

JOURNEY IN HOLLAND.

CHAPTER I.

THE BODLEYS AND THE VAN WYCKS.

One afternoon in February, 1881, a carriage loaded with trunks drove up to the door of a house in Second Avenue, New York. There were two houses, in fact, side by side, and their doors being next each other, it was hard to say before which door the carriage stopped. Moreover, both the doors opened at the same moment, and in each doorway stood a child of the same age, — yes, born on the same day of the same year, and this was their birthday. The chief difference between them was that one was a boy and the other a girl, and they had different names.

But they had the same grandparents and the same aunt, and it was these who got out of the carriage, and came up the broad flight of steps which led to the doors of the two houses. The steps were wet with a recent snow, and as the children wore their slippers, they waited at the two thresholds, but their tongues rattled on.

"This way, Grandfather," said the boy. "You 're to come to our house first, you know."

"I choose Grandmother," said the girl triumphantly. "She 's on my side."

"Is Aunt Lucy to be divided?" asked that lady, as she came up behind the old people, with her hands full of bags and umbrellas.

"Yes; you can stand in the middle doorway, Lucy," said a voice within.

"Oh, Nathan, are you there?" she cried, and, choosing the boy's door at once, she ran into the house. "What a beard you have grown!" she exclaimed, as she gave his whiskers an affectionate tweak. "Now, where are we all to stay?"

"You are to stay with us, of course, — with the two P.'s;" and now there came forward two people from the other house, but they did not need to go out-of-doors. The wall had been pierced, and a broad doorway, called the Middle Doorway by the two families, gave a passage back and forth close by the outer hall doors. Here, about this middle doorway, were gathered all the members of these two families and their three guests, while the coachman was bringing up trunks and bags. The children were jumping up and down, and it was quite impossible to hear everything that was said by everybody. There was such a clatter and laughter that if a showman had been present he would have had to raise his voice, and say, —

"This elderly gentleman is Mr. Charles Bodley, of Roseland, Roxbury, Massachusetts, who has come with his wife, Madam Sarah Bodley, and his daughter, Miss Lucy Bodley, to make a visit at the houses of his two children.

"These are the houses of Mr. Nathan Bodley and Mr. Philip Van

Wyck, side by side, with a middle door between, so that they are quite the same as one large house with two sets of rooms.

"This is Mrs. Nathan Bodley, who was Miss Blandina Van Wyck, a New York lady of Dutch descent, and this is Mrs. Philip Van Wyck, who was Miss Philippa Bodley; and as Mrs. Van Wyck is a sister of Mr. Nathan Bodley, and Mrs. Nathan Bodley is a sister of Mr. Philip Van Wyck, why, these two families are as closely related as the two houses in which they live.

"And these two children, finally, are Master Charles Bodley, named for his grandfather, and Miss Sarah Van Wyck, named for her two grandmothers; these children are exactly the same age. They were born on the same day of the same year, on either side of the middle door, and so, very naturally, they quarrel together and play together and go to school together, and are as nearly like twin brother and sister as it is possible for cousins to be."

The middle door seemed always to stand open, and though the guests were divided between the two houses at night, Aunt Lucy staying with the Van Wycks, and Grandfather and Grandmother with the Bodleys, during the day it was hard to say which was the house of entertainment. On this first night they all dined at Mr. Nathan Bodley's, and had a birthday feast, at which the children were allowed to assist, since it was their birthday. They were wont to go every summer to the old place at Roseland, and after dinner they hung about their grandparents and aunt, and asked all manner of questions, as if to assure themselves that everything was just as they had left it in September last.

"Just hear those children, Phippy," said Mr. Nathan Bodley to his sister. "To think that they should find so much in the poor one-acre lot about the old house, when we used to have thirty acres

to play over, to say nothing of Long's woods and May's woods, and



Climbing a Pyramid in Egypt.

all the country towards Dorchester. It makes me sigh when I go

back and see all the historic places built over: the Grove, where we played Indian; and the Gorge, and the Hollow, and Paul Bodley's Pasture, where we had our mammoth map of the United States; and P. B.'s old tomb, and all the other hallowed spots. What would I not have given last summer to have shown Samson's Nut Cracker to the children! I used to think it one of the largest known rocks."

"Yes," said his sister. "I had a secret grievance, which I believe I never told before, that it was not down in the geography as smaller than the smallest pyramid."

"That explains it," said Mr. Van Wyck. "When we were dragged up the pyramid, Phippy protested to her Arab guide that she should not need much help, as she had climbed Samson's Nut Cracker. I thought it one of her jokes at the time."

"Well," said Miss Lucy Bodley, with a little sigh, "I am glad we have got to the end of our sales. The taxes made us sell, I know; but I suppose we shall be allowed to keep the old house. When I am the last of the Bodleys, I hope to see it turned into an Old Lady's Home, and end my days in it. What a rage there is for selling! Little Tommy Tobey — You remember our neighbors the Tobeys, Nathan?"

"To be sure."

"Tommy is John Tobey's little boy, and he went to his mother the other day, and said with an injured air, 'Mother, I wish we could have a stick and a board in our garden, with Forsale or Tolet on it; all the boys have those sticks in their yards.'"

"The changes are nothing in Roxbury to what they are in New York," said Grandmother Bodley. "You know I was born here, and lived here as a child."

"And played with bits of crockery on the steps of the North Dutch Church," broke in Nathan; "that is the very earliest fragment of a story which I remember. When I came to hear about the Dutch in New York, I had a vague notion that you knew them, or remains of them."

"Oh, we 're the only genuine Dutch, Nathan, — Philip and I; we are Van Wycks. You are a New England Winthropian Puritan," said Mrs. Phippy.



Peter Stuyvesant.

"As if Blandina" — began Nathan.

"You are quarreling again!" said Sarah, who was well used to the little family tiffs on the subject of their ancestry. "Grandmother, tell them to stop. As if Uncle Nathan and Charles were Dutch!"

"We seem to have inherited the historic quarrel," said Mr. Van Wyck. "Phippy represents the English that fell into Dutch ways when New Amsterdam became New York, but Nathan and his boy remain sturdy Yankees. They never will be Knickerbockers. The children had a scandalous discussion in front of their ancestor Peter Stuyvesant's tomb the other day."

"Your ancestor, Sarah," said Charles Bodley in an undertone. "He wrote a villainous hand."

"He was a governor," said Sarah stoutly, "and could write as he chose."

"Well, was n't John Winthrop, my ancestor, a governor, too?"

"A stumpy little man," said Sarah. "I 've seen his statue in Scollay Square, in Boston."

"That is n't a good statue," said Charles, thrown on the defensive.

"Come, come," said Charles's mother. "Let your remote ancestors alone, and pay more attention to your grandfather and grandmother."

"I believe this part of New York was in Peter Stuyvesant's farm, was it not, Philip?" asked Grandfather Bodley.

"Yes; it is not many years since there stood at the corner of Thirteenth Street and Third Avenue an old pear-tree, which the governor brought over from Holland and planted on his farm. This seal which I wear is made out of a bit of the wood. When the old tree fell, a shoot was planted within the railing which had



Stuyvesant's Pear-Tree.

inclosed the old tree. Our house is on his farm, which lay between the Bowery and East River, and from about Eighth to Sixteenth streets, I think. He was buried in the church on his farm, which used to stand where St. Mark's now is; and when St. Mark's was built, the tomb was put in order and the original tablet set in the outer wall."

"But did the Governor of New Amsterdam live so far away from the town?" asked Grandfather. "I always supposed that in the Dutch times, and for a long while afterward, the town was crowded about the Battery."



"To be sure," said Grandmother. "Why, when I was a child, here, I lived in Cedar Street, and we made excursions into the country to pick wild strawberries where Union Square now is."

"It was Governor Stuyvesant's farm," explained Mr. Van Wyck, "that occupied this part, and he retired to it when he was no longer governor. The governor's house was within the quadrangular inclosure which was the fort, and stood on that part of the island which made the point where North River began. Within the fort inclosure were the house and church and a warehouse, while the settlement was at first chiefly under the walls of the fort. To be more exact, the fort, which was first called Fort Amsterdam,

and afterward by the English Fort James, was bounded by what now are Bridge, Whitehall, and State streets and the Bowling Green. I have a copy of an old map which gives a view of New Amsterdam as it was seen from the harbor by persons who came there in 1656. I'll get it."



Inside of Fort, with Governor's House and Church.

So saying, Mr. Van Wyck went through the middle door into his own house. But just as he went, the outer-door bell rang, and presently in came a gentleman, who was received with delight by the children, who called him Cousin Ned. The older people called him Ned, though Aunt Lucy sometimes dubbed him Professor. He was a professor in college, a professor of American history and literature, and was set down in the catalogue as Professor Edward G. Adams. Years before, when Mr. Bodley and Mrs. Van Wyck and Miss Lucy Bodley had been plain Nathan and Phippy and Lucy, Professor Adams had been Cousin Ned to them, and had spent his vacations at his Uncle Charles's in Roxbury, for he was then in college. He was in college still, but as professor, not as student. He was not married, and he wore spectacles. The spectacles, indeed, made nearly all the difference in his appearance between those days and these.

"You have come just in time, Ned," said Mr. Van Wyck. "You can fill out what is wanting in my historical knowledge. We have been talking of Dutch New York, — New Amsterdam that is, — and I have just brought the children the picture in the corner of Visscher's map." He spread the map open, and they looked at the picture.

"The Dutch don't seem to be giving a very cordial welcome to visitors," said Cousin Ned. "The gallows appears to stand near the landing place, and to be occupied just now. Should n't you say that was where the South Ferry now is, Philip?"

"Yes, making all allowances for changes in the water front. The building of piers and docks made it necessary to fill in the shore, and of course it is much broader now at the foot of the city than it then was."



View of New Amsterdam in 1656.

"What is that tall pole for, near the gallows?" asked Sarah.

"Why, of course, that is a beacon," said Charles. "We had one in Boston, with a tar barrel hung from it. There 's a picture of it in a book I have."

"Then we had our beacon first," said Sarah triumphantly, "for your book says they used it in Boston when they had the trouble with Andros, but this picture was made in 1656."

Charles looked a little blank, and turned to his father and to Cousin Ned.

"Well, any way" — he began.

"They put up the first beacon in Boston in 1635," said Cousin Ned.

"There, now," said Charles.

"But we don't know when the first beacon was put up in New York," said Mr. Van Wyck, coming to Sarah's rescue. "It may have been put up in 1626, when the fort began to be built, after the West India Company had bought Manhattan Island of the Indians."

"And paid the mighty sum of about twenty-four dollars," said Cousin Ned.

"Well, they bought it, at any rate," said Sarah. "They did n't steal it."

"Well said, Sarah," said her father. "Don't you mind Cousin Ned and Charles, as long as your ancestors treated the Indians fairly. But come, I want to make out the rest of the picture. I don't suppose it is necessarily exact in all its parts, but that is the fort, plainly, with the flag-staff in it, and the large buildings."

"And the windmill," added Charles.

"The windmill, I think, was outside the fort, nearer the North River, about the foot of Battery Place."

"What is that high ground to the right?" asked Charles's father.

"I think that must be what used to be known as the Verlettenberg, Nathan, — a group of low hills between Broadway and the East River. There was a marshy place below the hills."



Old House in New York, built in 1668.

"The houses don't look like the old Boston houses," said Charles.

"No; when people come to a new country, and can put up anything better than temporary booths, they are pretty sure to follow the style of the houses in their old homes. The Dutch began very soon to build houses of brick and stone, like those in Amsterdam or Haarlem, with stepped roofs, and weather-cocks at the peak, and stoops at the entrance. They were so used to Dutch ways, in fact, that they began to make canals, though the country was not flat like Holland; and they built a Town Hall, or Stadt Huys, which stood on Pearl Street, then a road running along the bank of the East River."

"It was used for an inn first, I believe," said Cousin Ned, "and stood at the corner of Pearl Street and Coenties Slip."



The Stadt Huys.

"Yes; but it was improved when it was turned into a town hall. I believe the cupola was put on then. An inn was really one of the first necessities, for there were a good many visitors to New Amsterdam, who came to see the country, and to stay or to come again if they thought they should like it. Two of these travelers, who came over in 1679 to New York, made sketches of the country, which have been preserved. They speak of visiting a farm near Wall and Pearl streets."

"Why did they call it Wall Street?" asked Sarah. "Was there a wall there?"

"Yes; for a long while the town of New Amsterdam lay below Wall Street, and there they had a palisade for protection, and that



View of New York from the North, 1679.

is the way the street got its name. By little and little, as there was less fear of the Indians, the town began to stray away from the protection of the fort and the palisades. At first the houses and farms were near Wall Street, but before the end of the century the island was dotted with houses. It is pretty hard to get rid of streets and houses now in our imagination, and to think of a deep pond where the Tombs prison stands; to remember that Maiden Lane was a valley road, and that the ground



Dutch Costumes.

covered by the City Hall and its park was a common. I do not know, though, that it is much less difficult to imagine the slow-moving old Dutchmen and Dutchwomen who built comfortable houses, and tried to live on the edge of the wilderness, as they did in the flat Holland towns. They set up weather-cocks over their houses, and planted tulips and hyacinths in their gardens, and filled their fire-places with Scripture tiles, before which the old Dutchman sat with his long clay pipe."



A Dutchman with his Pipe.

"I don't see why my ancestors are spoken of as if they were always smoking," said Sarah, with an injured air. "People talk about the Dutch as if they came over here just to smoke long pipes. I am sure old Governor Stuyvesant was a lively man."

"That he was, Sarah," said Cousin Ned. "Did you ever hear how he once tore a letter to pieces, and had to patch it together again?"

"No."

"It was at the time when New Amsterdam passed into the hands of the English, and became New York. Peter Stuyvesant was governor of the colony, and held his commission from the West India Company of Holland, who had established the post. He was a brave man and a stout Dutchman, who believed in his country, and had no mind to let the English get possession of the colony. But the English had occupied New England on the north and Virginia and Maryland on the south, and their colonies were growing more populous every year. The Connecticut people began to crowd the Dutch, and to claim Long Island as belonging to them. The West India Company, meanwhile, was growing poorer in Holland, and less able to look after their American possessions. The English

king, Charles II., made a present of the Dutch colony to his brother, the Duke of York and Albany" —

"But how could he?" interrupted Charles. "What right had he?"

"That's just what I would like to know," said Sarah. "Those English!"

"It certainly did not show much regard for Dutch rights; but I suppose that if the king of England wished to find a reason which would sound well, he could claim the coast by virtue of some discovery or exploration. There was a great deal of confusion about the title of different governments to the coast of North America. In point of fact, the people who occupied the several portions were the successful owners, provided they could have the support of their government at home; the Dutch settlers in New Netherland were not very strongly upheld by Holland, and they were looked upon, also, as members of a trading company that had not much to do with the real patriotic life of Holland. At any rate, Charles II. liked to give presents, and he gave a large piece of North America, including the land occupied by the Dutch, to his brother. The Duke fitted out an expedition under command of Colonel Richard Nicolls, and sent it to New England, with instructions to take possession of New Netherland. Stuyvesant heard that the fleet was at Boston, and he feared there was to be a movement against New Amsterdam; but just at that time letters came from the West India Company in Holland, saying that the English fleet was going over to carry out certain plans in New England, — that the Dutch had nothing to fear.

"So it happened that the fleet was on its way from Boston to New Amsterdam when Governor Stuyvesant was at Fort Orange, as Albany was then called. He was sent for in haste, and came

back at once, but only three days before the fleet was at anchor just below the Narrows on the Long Island side. He began instantly to make ready for defense; he sent for troops in every direction, set up more guns, and tried to strengthen the fort. But he was almost the only man who believed in fighting. Most of the Dutch were merchants and farmers, who were not very ardently attached to Holland. They wanted to be let alone and left to their business; and, besides, they may easily have seen that it would be no hard matter for a fleet to batter down their slight defenses. So, when a message came from Colonel Nicolls, calling on the town to surrender, and promising protection of life and property to all who submitted, Stuyvesant tried at first to keep the news from the people, for fear they would at once yield. When he finally consented to give up the dispatches, there came another letter, with still more favorable terms. Everything was to go on as before: they could trade with Holland in their own vessels; Dutchmen could come and go; the only difference would be that they would be subjects of England, instead of a colony under a trading corporation, and really most of the people would prefer that.

"The letter came to the council, and was read. Most of the council were in favor at once of giving the contents to the people. Stuyvesant was furious, and at length, as they fell to quarreling over the matter, he took the letter and tore it in pieces before the angry council. But the letter had been read, and he could not tear up people's memories. Everybody turned upon him. The few who had worked on the fortifications left them, and a mob crowded about the Stadt Huys. They called for the governor. They declared it was madness to resist the English; they would see the letter; and at length they made such a pother that the governor's

secretary was obliged to pick up the pieces and patch them together, and give the letter over to the councilors."



Stuyvesant and the English Letter.

"And did they surrender?"

"Yes. I was going to say all but Stuyvesant and his wooden leg. The governor wrote a long and urgent answer to the letter. He showed that the English had no right to the country; but that

made little difference to the Duke's officer, who had a fleet of vessels, and could capture the town without the least difficulty. Finally, Governor Stuyvesant stood on the walls of the fort, ready to fire at the vessels which were sailing up the harbor. He did not give the order to fire. He was a brave man, and was ready to die, if need be, in defense of the town, but scarcely another soul was with him, and all the leading men, including the ministers, begged him not to throw away life; for if he had once fired, the ships would have returned the fire, and then they would have had to surrender after all. He tried to gain time; he held out to the very last; but it really seemed as if he were the only man in the whole town who had resolution and bravery. If the town had been full of Stuyvesants, the end might have been different."

"Hurra for my great ancestor!" said Sarah.

"Well, he was mine, too," said Charles. "I 've no objection to hurrahing for a brave ancestor, if he was a Dutchman."

"And so the English took New Netherland," said Mr. Bodley.

"And New Amsterdam became New York," said Mr. Van Wyck. "Fort Orange became Albany, and though the Dutch nine years afterward recovered possession, it was only for a short time. The English remained in power, but the old Dutch names and customs and habits remained fixed. We have not got over our Dutch ways yet."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Nathan Bodley. "Why, we have something of the Dutch language left, even. I have heard market women, who came from the Dutch farms about Tappan-see, talking Dutch with each other as they traveled to town; and the story goes that old Madam Blandina Dudley, who founded the Dudley Observatory, had a long conversation in Dutch with a savant from

Holland, who said it was excellent Dutch, but not such as he had heard in Holland since the seventeenth century, when Madam Blandina's ancestors came over."

"What I should like to know," said Sarah, "is, why the Dutch ever gave up to the English."

"You never would have, if you had been there," said Charles.

"It would take a whole history of Holland to tell you," said Cousin Ned.

"She would n't be persuaded then that it was right," persisted Charles.

"Well, if you were Dutch instead of English" — Sarah began again.

"Just hear those children," said Grandmother Bodley. "Phippy, Blandina, have you taken pains to make separate nations of Sarah and Charles?"

"They 're good Americans at bottom, mother," said Nathan Bodley; "but I think that some of the history which was worked into us when we were young must be coming out of them. Why, mother, have you forgotten how we used to be Puritans and Pilgrims, and get up tableaux of colonial scenes?"

"Or, best of all," said Mrs. Phippy Van Wyck, "what lovely little journeys we took in search of the historically picturesque! I often amuse Sarah, and Charles too, by telling them of the drive we took along the Essex shore to Aunt Lucy's, at Newburyport."

"We call the journey the Bodleys on Wheels," said Charles. "Cousin Ned went on horseback; but he was an Adams. He ought to have gone on a bicycle, and then he would have been on wheels, too."

"That was before the days of bicycles," said Cousin Ned. "It

was thirty years ago, or more. But your father and I once took a walk, on foot, from Roxbury to New Haven."

"Oh, I know all about that. Father has told me. We call that the Bodleys Afoot. You had to come home because grandfather was going abroad. Father, I wish we could go abroad, and pick up history as we travel."

"You may go up-stairs instead," said Charles's mother, "and travel to the land of Nod. That is the best country I know of for young people at eight o'clock in the evening."

"Yes; I remember one of your old sayings, Lucy," said Nathan Bodley, — "that you thought every hour wasted that was not spent in sleep."

"I 've not quite got over my love of sleep yet, Nathan," said Aunt Lucy, as the children, who had said good-night all round, were going out of the room.

"Stop!" said Cousin Ned, suddenly. "Make your manners, children." And Charles and Sarah, facing the company, gravely saluted them from the doorway: Charles with a low bow, and Sarah with a ducking courtesy.

"How that brings back old times!" said Mrs. Bodley, with a half sigh. "You children used to make your manners when you were little."

"I taught these chicks," said Cousin Ned, proudly. "Nathan and Phippy had forgotten; but when I was a student, and visited your house in vacations, Aunt Sarah, I used to see the children go through this little form; and as it is about the earliest piece of manners and customs I remember, I am trying to make a tradition of it."

Meanwhile Charles and Sarah were parting at the middle door.

"Charles," said Sarah, "sure 's you 're alive, we 're going. Did you see the look my mother gave your father when you said that about going abroad?"

"Yes, I did," said he, "and that 's the reason I hurried off. I should have burst if I could n't have come out here to let it off. I said that squarely, so as to see how father would take it. I just know we 're going." They heard the door shut carefully behind them.

"Father," said Nathan Bodley, "that little rascal has been overhearing something, I suspect. The fact is, we 've decided to go abroad this coming summer, — all six of us. The children are old enough to learn a good deal, and what they see now I think they will remember. I am sure I got my first ideas of American history from what you used to show us in our walks and drives. We have done something with our children in New York and Boston, but we fancy we could do more still on a trip in Europe."

"Do you mean, Nathan," said Madam Bodley, "that you will teach them European history by showing them European countries, just as you have taught them American history by traveling with them here to historic sites?"

"Not exactly, mother. Philip and Phippy, and Blandina and I, have often talked it over, and see it in this way. The children are American children, and their first interest is in this country. But they never can be the best Americans until they know something about Europe, especially about those countries in Europe which have had so much to do with American history. They have read and studied the history of the United States so much that I am very sure if we were traveling in Spain, or Holland, or England, they would be all the while noticing places which were connected with the early discoverers or with the colonists."

"That is to say," said Ned, taking up the parable, "for American children, Europe has its chief interest as the country from which their ancestors came, and they would like to trace back the footsteps of those ancestors."

"Exactly," said Nathan Bodley. "America is no longer a colony of Europe, and for America the centre of things is in America. It used to be a grievance of mine, when I was a boy, to find longitude marked as east and west from Greenwich instead of Washington. You made good Americans of us, father, and we want to help the children along on the same line. There are a great many more books written for young people in America, by Americans, than when I was a boy, and I am glad of it. Americans have a different way of thinking from what the English have, and it is right that we should have American books about England, and American histories of what took place in Europe before our ancestors came here. We cannot help seeing things abroad with different eyes from what the people themselves do, because we carry different notions with us."

"Nathan read aloud, one winter, a book about Greater Britain," said Mrs. Bodley, "and that was about English speaking and thinking people everywhere. I suppose it is something like that when we travel in Europe to find the beginnings of America."

"Blandina," said Cousin Ned, "you would make a reputation suggesting good things to other people. When I get time, I mean to write a book about Earlier America; and I shall not find it in Indian mounds, but in German village communities, and English families, and such like places."

"We have not told the children yet," said Mr. Van Wyck, "but it will be queer if they don't suspect what we are intending, after the severe course in Motley, and Philip Van Artevelde, and so forth, that we are giving them."

"Then you are going to Holland first?"

"We are going to make a little more than a year of it. Probably we shall go to Switzerland for the earlier part of the summer, and end with Holland for a special business, returning to England in the fall."

"I wish we could all go," said Grandfather, "but we can't. Some of us must stay at home to hear about it."

CHAPTER II.

THE DISCOVERY OF EUROPE.

It was not until the 10th of June that the plans of the Bodley and Van Wyck families began to be carried out. On that day, Professor Edward G. Adams stood on the pier on North River from which the steamship sailed which was to bear across the Atlantic the little party of American travelers. He was not going with them himself, though he hoped to join them later. To tell the truth, Professor Ned could have gone this day as well as not, and he was secretly sorry he had not chosen to go then; but he was one of those people who dislike to be bound by plans, especially other people's plans, and no one ever could find out when he was going or where he was going. He was, in fact, an old bachelor, and after that, what can one say? For old bachelors always have their own ways, and their ways are very apt to be secret ones. As the steamship was worked away from the pier, he called out,—

"Nathan, you must let me hear from you soon. I may run across in the course of the summer, and shall want to find you and Phippy without advertising for you."

To this Charles Bodley, who was standing by his father's side, answered, —

"All right, Cousin Ned. I 'll write."

"Bless my soul!" said a voice close by Charles, and the second officer of the steamship laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, turned him about, and then lifted his chin. "Look here!" said the officer. "Is your name Nathan Bodley?"

"No, sir," said Charles, taken suddenly aback, and thinking for a moment he might have broken one of the ship's rules, which required every one to answer to his own name only, "but my father's is."

At that the officer turned about, and Charles's father also turned toward him.

"Well, I never! If this is n't Nathan Bodley!"

"Hen, as I 'm alive! Phippy!" and Mrs. Van Wyck turned also, and was equally astonished.

"How in the world did you come here, Hen? Philip!"

Then Mr. Van Wyck came forward.

"This is my husband, Hen, — Mr. Van Wyck. Philip, this is, — Dear me!" and Mrs. Van Wyck looked in a puzzled way at her brother. "Nathan, I do verily believe that I never heard Hen's last name. Do forgive me, Mr. Officer."

"All the same," said the officer, winking at Nathan, and moving off just then to give some orders.

"Who is it, mamma?" asked Sarah Van Wyck.

"It is perfectly extraordinary," said Sarah's mother. "Ned!" she cried, catching sight of her cousin, who was still on the dock, "Did you see? Here is our old Hen, one of the officers. Just think of it!"

Ned, who had been watching the group, and trying to make out what it all meant, now threw up his hands in unfeigned astonishment, and looked eagerly about for the officer, who was not to be seen, however. The steamer was rapidly leaving the dock, and the professor could express his different emotions only by various styles of waving his handkerchief.

"But who is Hen?" persisted Sarah. "Not the Hen who used to be" —

"The very same Hen, Sarah," said her mother. "You have heard me tell stories of what your Uncle Nathan and Aunt Lucy and I used to do when we were children; of how Martin, your grandfather's man-of-all-work, helped take care of us, and had a brother named Hen, who was the most wonderful fellow, we thought, that ever lived. There was nothing he had n't seen, and no place where he had n't been, and he had always gone a little farther and seen a little more than any one else. I had completely lost sight of him. I really believe it is twenty-five years since I have heard anything about him. Martin left us, because he was to be married and to go West, and Hen has not been near us since. Just to think of his turning up here! It 's like a story-book!"

At this moment Mr. Nathan Bodley came back, bringing with him the newly discovered Hen.

"Phippy," he said, making a low bow, "permit me to introduce to you our old friend, Mr. Henry Umbelow, now second officer of the Algeria."

"Your humble servant," added Mr. Umbelow, giving a little duck forward.

"Mrs. Philip Van Wyck," continued Mr. Nathan Bodley, in explanation to Mr. Umbelow.

"And this is Phippy, is it?" asked the officer, laying his hand on Sarah's shoulder.

"Her name is Sarah," said her mother, smiling. "Named after my mother, Hen, — excuse me, Mr. Umbelow."

"And where 's Lucy?"

"Lucy 's at home in Roxbury."

"And she has n't got a little Lucy, or Julia, or what not?"

"No; she 's not married."

"'T is n't just the same thing," said Mr. Umbelow, shaking his head. "What between the little Bodleys I used to know and these here Van Wycks and things, — begging your pardon, ma'am, — I 'm getting a little confused. However, it 'll all come out right, I suppose. And you say there is n't but one Lucy?"

"That is all."

"I think if I could see Lucy, now, I 'd be clear. She has n't grown much, has she?"

"She 's rather small still."

"I thought so. Now, if I shut one eye, Mrs. —, Mrs. Van" —

"Oh, do call me Phippy, Mr. Umbelow."

"Give me your hand, Phippy," said the officer fervently. "That does me good. Now, if you 'll call me Hen again, I think I can get my bearings. And as for these young ones," and he whispered loudly, "I don't mind their calling me Mr. Umbelow when any of the men are about; but right here, why," and he raised his voice again, "call me Hen, too, my chickens." With that he darted off again on some errand he had suddenly thought of.

"How in the world our easy-going Hen rose to the place of second officer is a mystery to me," said Mr. Nathan Bodley; "and, by the way he flies off, I rather think he has to remind himself of it occasionally."

It was afternoon when the Algeria left the pier, and the water was so quiet that the whole party were bravely certain that they should have no trouble from sea-sickness.

"We 're setting out on a voyage to discover Europe," said Charles. "We 've heard of a distant continent, and we intend to take possession of a part of it in the name of the President of the United States."

"Yes," said Sarah; "and if we like it, we may decide to plant a colony there. How queer it must have seemed to our ancestors to come over here, and be all in the dark as to what they should find! Now we can read all about Holland and England, but they could not read anything about America, — I mean the first who came over."

"And to go feeling their way up Hudson River, to see if they could n't get to China!" said Charles, with some contempt in his voice.

"You must not say anything against Hendrick Hudson," retorted Sarah.

"He was Henry Hudson," said Charles. "The Dutch borrowed him of the English; for he was an Englishman, and they tried to turn him into a Dutchman by changing his name."

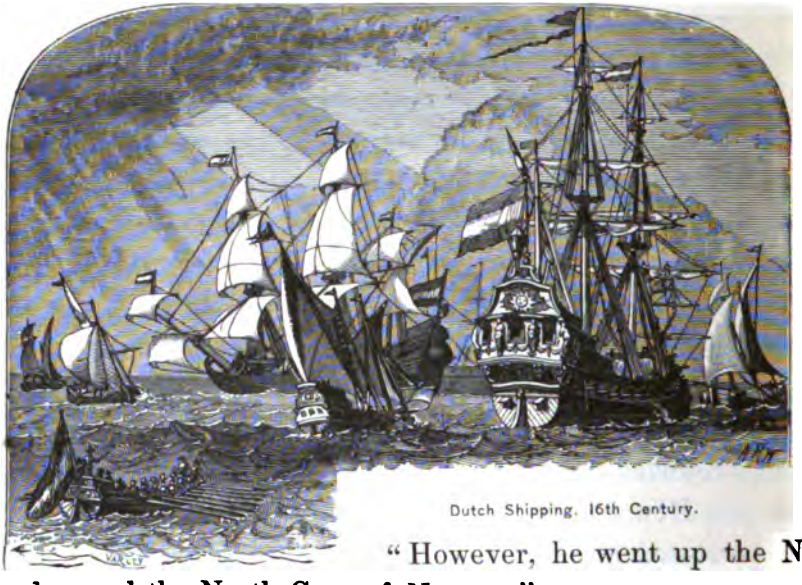


Henry Hudson.

"Was he an Englishman, father?" asked Sarah.

"Yes. The great captains of those days sailed for the governments and companies which could employ them, and they were all eager to find a passage to the East, either by going to the northeast or by going to the northwest. They were quite as daring with their small ships in trying the polar seas as we are to-day. Hudson had sailed for an English company, and had learned a good deal

about the northern seas, when he was invited by the Dutch East India Company to make a voyage for them. His instructions were to search for a passage around by the north and east sides of Nova Zembla; but it is said that he was himself pretty confident that the northeastern passage was not practicable, and that the quickest route from Holland to India was by the northwest.

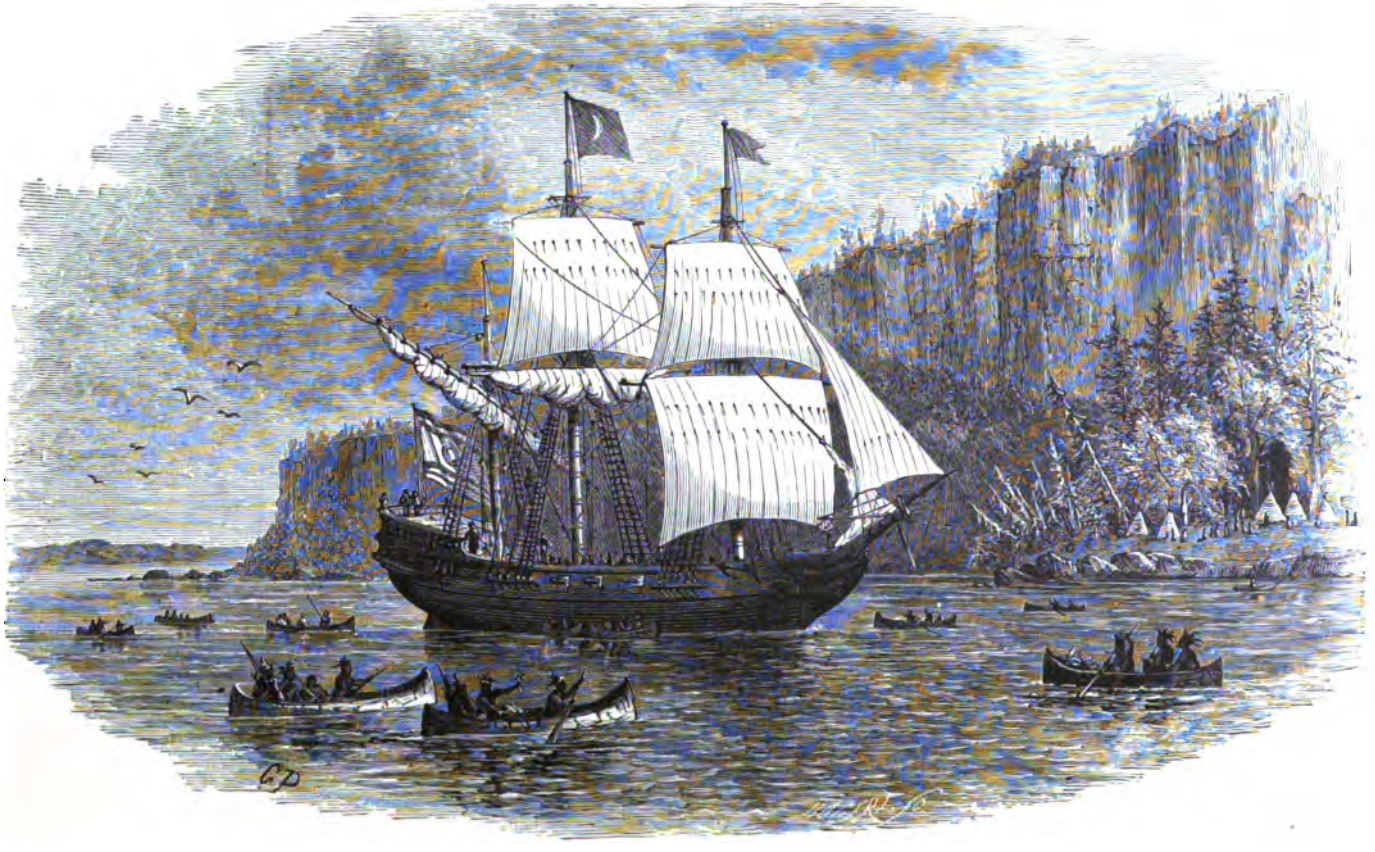


Dutch Shipping. 16th Century.

"However, he went up the North Sea and round the North Cape of Norway" —

"That 's where we are going some day," said Charles.

"Perhaps you will have to turn back, as Hudson did," said his Uncle Philip. "He found the sea so full of ice, on the way to Nova Zembla, that he could not get through, and, as his crew were very reluctant to keep on, he gave them the choice of two courses; either to turn about and try the extreme northwest passage, or to sail farther south on the coast of North America, and look for a passage which he believed to exist north of the English colonies."



HENRY HUDSON SAILING UP THE RIVER IN THE HALF-MOON.

"I don't believe the crew hesitated long," said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"Nor I. When people are nearly frozen in the ice, and their officer gives them a choice between a northern and southern voyage, they are not likely to hesitate long. At any rate, Hudson turned back, and in about six weeks came to the banks of Newfoundland. I don't quite understand his plans in cruising along the coast; he went as far south as the Chesapeake, and then turned north again; and on the 3d of September, 1609, anchored in this broad bay in which we are."

"And then he saw the Hudson River," said Charles.

"Yes; they could make out the river in the distance, just as we can now; but instead of those towers and spires and masts and multitudes of houses"—

"And the Brooklyn Bridge," put in Sarah.

"And the Brooklyn Bridge, they saw wooded, wild, and rocky shores, and got into trouble with the Indians; for the sailors on Hudson's vessel, the Half-Moon, were a rough set, and were constantly provoking the natives."

"Dutch people are provoking," said Charles slyly.

"They sailed up the river as far as they could go, and then sent out boats to explore, which went as far as where the village of Half-Moon now is, and reported that the river was growing shallow and narrow; and so Hudson turned back, sailed down the river, and shortly after recrossed the Atlantic to England."

"Did he not go back to Holland?" asked Sarah.

"No. The English would not let him go. They thought he was too valuable a man, and kept him to sail for English companies. But he sent his report to Amsterdam, and the news of this great river of the mountains, as it was at first called, set people agog, and very

soon Dutch vessels were sailing up the river, and opening a trade in fur with the Indians."

"Philip," asked his wife, "was it this same Hudson from whom Hudson's Bay was named?"

"The very same. He sailed the next year into the northwest, discovered the great bay which bears his name, and died there."

"How glad they must have been to get into quiet water!" said Charles, with great gravity, and with a steady look toward the ocean they were sailing into.

"Don't you like this pitch and toss?" asked his Uncle Philip, with a laugh. "Come, take a walk with me. We 'll go and find your father, who is talking with the old Hen."

"I think I 'd rather go down-stairs," said Charles, faintly.

"Go below, Charles; not down-stairs. You must learn to talk in sailor fashion."

"And the landsmen are lying down below, below, below,"

sang Sarah encouragingly. Charles smiled, but it was a difficult smile.

"You 'll find your mother getting your berth ready, Charles," his uncle called out, as the boy staggered toward the companion-way. "Come, Phippy, come, Sarah, just take my arms, one apiece, and we 'll have a walk before supper. Here we go, up hill," and they marched up the rising deck. The wind was blowing freshly, and the sea came in great rolls, which made the Algeria rise and fall, as it steamed along.

"What! are you going below, too?" asked Uncle Philip, after a few turns. Yes; Sarah and her mother were both in a hurry to go below, and so it happened that Mr. Nathan Bodley and Mr. Philip Van Wyck were the only ones of the party who stayed above until supper-time, and who came on deck after supper.

But after two or three days both Charles and Sarah and their mothers were very well, and in excellent spirits, and the children made the most of the novelties of the voyage. Charles, to be sure, was a little bit concerned now and then about their safety. Some Mother Carey chickens were flying about the steamer's course, and Hen showed them to him.

"But, Mr. Umbelow," said he, "does n't that mean that there is a storm brewing?"

"Well, Charles," said the officer, planting himself, and looking wisely all about the horizon, "if it comes, there 'll be room enough for us. I don't see any land to knock against."

"But, Hen," added Charles, in a lower tone, "don't you think the ship tips a good deal, now the sails are set? Is n't there danger lest the wind should suddenly rise, and blow great guns, and blow the ship over? That happens to small boats sometimes."

"That 's so, Charles, and that 's why I walk up and down here, and keep cocking my eye up at the yards. I don't mean to have you blown over. I 've known your papa too long. Why, I knew him when he was no taller than you are. He and I built a railroad once."

"A railroad!"

"To be sure. Let me see; it was the Roseland and Santa Fé Railroad, and ran all the way across your grandfather's barn floor and under the haymow."

"Oh, that kind!"

"Have you seen our cattle, Charles?"

"I 've smelt them," said the boy.

"To be sure. They do have a sort of land breeze. We 've got a hundred and eighteen head of cattle on board, that we 're taking

to London. I 'll show them to you some day." And one day the party did all go into the hold, under Hen's lead, and took a peep at some of the bulls and steers that were going over to England to be slaughtered.

There were bright days, when the water danced in the light as if it were on a mad frolic, and dull days, when under a leaden sky the ocean looked as thick, and seemed to move as sluggishly, as lava. There were foggy days, and once the fog lifted, and they saw a brig in full sail, dipping away from them, a beautiful object; then she entered the mist again, and faded into a phantom, and was lost to view.

"It is the Flying Dutchman," said Mrs. Bodley. "Don't you remember Scott's lines? —

> "'That Phantom Ship, whose form
> Shoots like a meteor through the storm;
> When the dark scud comes driving hard,
> And lower'd is every topsail yard,
> And canvas wove in earthly looms
> No more to brave the storm presumes!
> Then, 'mid the war of sea and sky
> Top and top-gallant hoisted high,
> Full spread and crowded every sail,
> The Demon Frigate braves the gale;
> And well the doom'd spectators know
> The harbinger of wreck and woe.'"

"You 've seen the Flying Dutchman, have n't you, Hen?" asked Mrs. Van Wyck.

"You want the children now should have a good eye-witness, don't you, Phippy?"

"Oh, certainly."

"All right. Well, now, Charles and Sarah, if you 'd been with

me on a voyage I was making, — let me see, it was February 29, 1846, — you 'd have seen the Flying Dutchman."

"But what is it, any way?" asked Charles. "Dutchmen don't generally fly."

"This one did. She 's only seen round the Cape of Good Hope; so your mother must be mistaken about this one. She is n't often mistaken, Charles," and Hen made a little duck to Mrs. Bodley. "Beg your pardon, ma'am; I always maintain family discipline. Well, the Flying Dutchman, they do say, was a vessel once, built shortly after the year one, or thereabout, that was laden with gold and fancy goods, when the crew turned pirates, and murdered the captain and second officer, — just like me, you know; and then they all broke out with the plague, and they were so frightened that they tried to enter a port, and offered all the gold they had to be allowed to go ashore. But nobody would have them, and so they go, shoving about from one port to another, trying to land."

"Why, that 's not the way I heard it," said Mrs. Bodley. "I used to hear that there was a Dutch captain who was bound home from the Indies, and was kept for weeks off the Cape of Good Hope by head winds and heavy weather. Finally, he got so angry that he said he would beat round the Cape of Good Hope if it took him till the day after never: and so he was taken at his word; he is always beating against head-winds; his sails are worn to shadows, and the ship is so thin that you can see through it. That is the way I heard it."

"It 's the same ship, ma'am," said Hen. "Bring up the children to that. The crew made one of their number captain, — let me see, it was the first officer, I reckon; and after they could n't get into port, they went down to the Cape to begin all over again, and

they're beating about there yet. Almost any old sailor will tell you he's seen the Flying Dutchman. To-morrow, I guess you 'll see the Scilly Isles, if you 're up early enough."

"Let 's turn right in now," said Charles. "I would n't miss seeing the Scilly Isles for anything." And as it was nearly nine o'clock, the children were ready enough to turn in.

CHAPTER III.

THE KING'S ROAD TO ENGLAND.

CHARLES BODLEY shared a state-room with his father and Uncle Philip, while Sarah Van Wyck was tucked into the state-room where her mother and Aunt Blandina were stowed. The state-rooms had a little passage between them, and it was easy to call back and forth without disturbing the other passengers. On Thursday morning, June 23d, Mr. Bodley, who occupied the upper berth, woke at four o'clock, and peeped out of his port-hole. There was nothing to see but water, and he fell back upon his pillow for another nap. He was roused by a sudden commotion in the room, and, opening his eyes, he saw Charles in great excitement tugging at a field-glass which hung in its case from a hook.

"Oh, father," he exclaimed, "you ought to get right up this minute! You can see the Scilly Islands; and Hen says we shall see the Lizards pretty soon. Hurry!"

"What time is it?"

"I don't know; somewhere about six, I guess. Sarah is up on deck, and mother and Aunt Blandina are coming. How can you sleep so! Uncle Phil! wake up!"

The two gentlemen found it was useless to try to sleep any longer, so they tumbled out of their berths and dressed, and soon the whole party were together on deck. There, before them, was the gleaming tower of Wolf light, on one of the Scilly Islands, and the land could be seen faintly looming up. Here and there were white sails, and far in the stern was the smoke of a steamer, which had been at about that distance for a week past.

"Is n't it good to see land again?" said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"Yes; and the very tip end of England, too," said Mrs. Bodley.

"Do you suppose we can see Land's End?"

"Not yet; but Hen says that we shall see it after breakfast, and come in sight of the Lizards before noon."

"I saw the sun rise this morning," said Sarah.

"Pooh, you were n't up here then," said Charles. "You did n't come up till I did."

"Oh, I saw it out of the port-hole. Mother woke me to see it, and I went to sleep again, for there was no land in sight. It was very queer, Charles. You 've no idea how it looked. The sun just stuck to the water as if it were glued, and it was stretched till it looked like a balloon; and then all of a sudden it gave a bounce and was round, and you could see the sky between it and the water."

"I don't believe your eyes were more than half open to see all that," said Charles, incredulously.

"Really and truly I did. Did n't I, mamma?"

"To be sure. You must get up early, Charles, to see such wonderful sights. That is really the way the sun sometimes looks when it rises out of the water."

The children could hardly take their eyes off the land, so eager were they to see something on that low, rocky strip before them,

and, after a hasty breakfast, they were again on deck. Land's End looked desolate enough. A dull, rocky coast, with not a tree or a building, was all that they could at first make out.

"I see a castle!" suddenly cried Sarah, and she made everybody look hard at it.

"It 's a penitentiary," said Charles. "It is n't a castle at all."

"I am half disposed to agree with Charles," said his uncle. "The neighboring country is just the place for a penitent to walk about in. At this distance it looks sufficiently joyless."

"I want to see people," said Mrs. Van Wyck; and since none could be made out at that distance, not even a Pirate of Penzance, though they looked in the direction of Penzance, she was forced to content herself with the people on deck, who were all in a most sociable mood. There was no rough water, and the very poorest sailors among the passengers were now courageously walking about, or sitting with wraps about them in steamer chairs.

The bluff where the Lizard lights stood was the first point which showed any signs of life. The lights were two towers, of very substantial appearance, in an inclosure containing other buildings, all surrounded by a white wall. Back of the lights, higher up the hill, was a little settlement, with trees, and other houses were in sheltered nooks here and there.

"We 're in the chops of the Channel now," said Mr. Nathan Bodley, with a learned air, as he approached the little group.

"Nathan, you just learned that from Hen," said his sister.

"The very best authority, Phippy," he replied. "And now you can begin to see why I insisted that we should take a steamer to London instead of to Liverpool."

"It is a very picturesque route to go to Liverpool by the north of Ireland," said his wife.

"Very true, Blandina; but this appeals a great deal more to the imagination. Look at all these sails and smoke-stacks that we can see, north, south, east, and west, and tell me if you don't begin to feel that we are on the King's Highway. The Channel is the road to England, and the Thames is the royal road to London. It is like entering England by the back door to go to Liverpool or Glasgow. To go up the Thames is to go to the front door, like kings and gentlemen."

"Yes," said Charles, walking about with his hands behind his back, "we are discovering Europe, and we don't mean to sneak up to it."

"Our ancestors did n't sail out of Liverpool, did they?" asked Sarah.

"Oh, no. Liverpool is essentially a modern city, which has grown up on the foreign trade of England, especially the trade with America. Bristol was the port out of which a good many of the early voyagers sailed. The Cabots sailed out of it at the end of the fifteenth century; but, after all, we are coming near the scene of the greatest activity in early exploration and colonization. I suppose that is the Devon coast away before us, and, if we only go near enough, we may be able to make out the Eddystone light-house, which stands before Plymouth Bay. Now, Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the greatest names among the early American explorers and settlers, were Devon gentlemen, who lived near Torquay, just round the bend of the coast from Plymouth. All along the coast here, at Plymouth, Dartmouth, Torquay, Exeter, and other ports, there was lively commercial enterprise, and little ships were sailing in and sailing out the year round. Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Sir Walter Raleigh sent out expeditions that sailed from Plymouth Bay to Virginia."

"That reminds me, father," said Charles. "Why did the Pilgrims name their settlement Plymouth? Did the Mayflower sail from this Plymouth?"

"The Mayflower and the Speedwell sailed from Southampton, behind the Isle of Wight, which I suppose we shall pass early to-morrow morning. They had brought the Pilgrims there from Holland, but they put in at Dartmouth afterward to repair damages, and then again they were obliged to make Plymouth harbor; and it was here that the Speedwell proved to be unseaworthy, and her passengers were transferred to the Mayflower. Plymouth was the last English port from which the Pilgrims sailed. One of the old writers gives that as a reason for the new Plymouth being so named. Others say that the Pilgrims had with them a map, made by Captain John Smith, who had explored the coast, and had given the name of Plymouth to this spot. The Plymouth Company was the name of one of the great English trading companies, which was concerned in the settlement of the northern coast, and thus the name Plymouth, which was so identified with colonization, would easily be a conspicuous one. As there is a little uncertainty about it all, I like best to believe that the Pilgrims named their new settlement Plymouth because Plymouth was the last English town which they had known."

The day wore away, and in the late afternoon the steamer came again near the coast, and passed not far from Start Point. There was a signal station there; one of those clean-looking, white piles of buildings, tucked in a crevice of the rocks, with brown and green hills behind, where occasional farm-houses nestled in nooks. Not a human being could they make out anywhere, but there was a lovely light upon the coast, and the sides of the hills were like patchwork.

"It is a patchwork counterpane," said Sarah.

"Yes," added her mother. "The brown plowed fields and the green grain fields are stitched together with stone walls."

On the horizon were flocks of fishing boats, hopping across the Channel, while steamers bound westward, or tawny luggers and brigantines, squaring sail for what little breeze there was, passed under their bows. As sunset came the land receded, forming the bay which extends from Brixmouth to the Bill of Portland, and disclosing the purple hills which rise behind Torquay. It was a bewitching scene: the water was as quiet as in a land-locked harbor; the golden light flooded the bay and the hills, and changed to lemon and yellow and green, followed in the western sky with a softness that turned the voyage into one of enchantment. Then the comet appeared in the sky, and they sat into the evening watching it, and yet turning their eyes quite as often to the lights on shore, toward which they drew nearer and nearer.

"Oh, must we go to bed?" exclaimed Sarah.

"If you don't go to bed, you won't have the pleasure of waking up," said her mother. And with that faint compensation the children turned in, taking a last peep at the shores of England through their port-holes.

The day had been so long and so full that all the party slept later than they intended, and were disappointed, when they came upon deck in the morning, just before breakfast, to find that they were off Brighton, but that there was so much of a haze they could see nothing of the town or the pier. By and by the haze lifted, and a warm, bright day set in.

"What good fortune this is!" said Mr. Nathan Bodley. "Now, when I teased you all to come this way, I had a horrid fear that we

might knock about the Channel in a fog for three or four days, as sometimes happens, and there would have been no fun in that."

"But what an uninhabited country this is," said his sister. "We have n't seen a soul on shore yet. There are people in these boats that pass us. Do you suppose they are all escaping from England?"

"Mamma," said Sarah, "don't you see that these are the natives, who push out to meet us, just as the Indians paddled out to meet our ancestors?"

"To be sure. They have better canoes, have n't they? Here comes one who is going to board us." It was the pilot, who came aboard shortly after they had passed Dungeness. As he came with his kit up the ladder, which hung over the side of the ship, one of the officers called out, —

"Eighteen hundred and twelve!"

"What 's that for?" asked Charles.

"Any reference to the last war with England?" asked his mother, with a laugh.

"It 's our tonnage, ma'am," said Hen, who was standing by them. The pilot went forward to the bridge and took his station, and his kit was carried to the wheel-house. The boat which brought him was towed alongside for a while, until his sail boat was near, when the rope was cast off. Pretty soon there was a bustle, and over went the gang-ladder again, and up came another pilot, with his kit.

"What an extraordinarily dangerous journey this must be!" said Mrs. Van Wyck. "Two pilots! But there goes the other!" and, sure enough, over the side went the first comer, with his kit after him.

"Number one had no business here," said Hen, who had walked

forward, and now was back again. "He was a fourteen-foot pilot, and is n't allowed to take us in."

"I should n't have said he was quite so tall," said Mrs. Van Wyck, demurely. Hen stared at her a moment, and then a broad grin spread over his face.

"You have n't changed a bit, Phippy, if you have grown up," said he, with admiration. "I 'll explain to the children here. You see, Charles and Sarah, that first pilot's commission only gives him the right to take in vessels that draw fourteen feet, or less. He ought to have known better than to come aboard."

"But why did n't we take in one of those pilots that we saw before we came to Dungeness?" asked Charles.

"Oh, those were Dutch fellows; looking out for a chance to take Dutch ships to Rotterdam, may be."

"Do they come as far as this?"

"Oh, yes. I 've met 'em off the Isle of Wight."

"You see they 're not so slow," said Sarah.

"Slow!" said Hen. "'T an't many can get ahead of a Dutchman. He 's always there," and he walked off.

"Where is he?" asked Charles, innocently. They passed under the Kentish chalk cliffs, and could look across the narrow strait, and catch a glimpse of the French coast.

"I don't see any one gathering samphire," said Mrs. Bodley, looking up at the cliff, near Dover.

"Why should you?" asked Sarah.

"Your aunt was thinking of Shakespeare's 'King Lear,'" said Sarah's father. "You have n't read the play, and so could not remember; but there is a scene where one man is leading another, who is blind, near the edge of that cliff up there. The blind man means to

leap over the edge, to rid himself of life; his guide knows it, and so, instead of taking him to the real edge, he leads him to a little jumping-off place, and pretends he is leaning forward and looking over the cliff. 'Come on, sir,' he says: —

> "'Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still. How fearful
> And dizzy 't is, to cast one's eyes so low!
> The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
> Show scarce so gross as beetles: half-way down
> Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!
> Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
> The fishermen that walk upon the beach
> Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,
> Diminished to her cock; her cock, a buoy
> Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge
> That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes
> Cannot be heard so high. I 'll look no more;
> Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
> Topple down headlong.'"

"Well, did the blind man jump off?" asked Charles.

"He jumped off the little hillock where he stood. The rest of the story you 'll have to read for yourself."

"For the remainder of this interesting story, see the next number of 'King Lear,'" said Sarah. "Any way, Dover cliff is n't as high as the Palisades, and the Hudson is a great deal more interesting than the Straits of Dover."

"Oh, but think of Shakespeare standing on that cliff, Sarah!" said Charles. "And where on the Hudson can you find Dover Castle?"

"Now, Charles, you promised me you 'd be a good American," said his cousin, with pretended emotion.

"We 're discovering Europe," said Mrs. Bodley, "and our people have partly taken it. Don't you remember Longfellow's poem, 'The Warden of the Cinque Ports?'"



WALMER CASTLE, NEAR SANDWICH.

HELD BY THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, AS WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

"To be sure," said her brother. "Why, Dover is one of the Cinque Ports, is n't it?"

"What is a cinque port?" asked Sarah. "I don't remember the poem."

"The Cinque Ports are five ancient ports of England, — Dover, Hastings, Hythe, Sandwich, and Romney, — which were under the control of an officer of the crown, whose work it was to guard against foreign invasion. Of course, in modern days there are a great many more than five ports, and no one man is charged with the duty of guarding England against invasion; but the title remains, and it was borne by one of England's great generals, the Duke of Wellington, on whom the people relied in the last great peril of England, the stormy times of war with France, which culminated in the battle of Waterloo, when the Duke defeated Napoleon Bonaparte. He was the great Field Marshal, and when a French invasion was feared he was the one who seemed to keep watch. It was of his death that Longfellow wrote. Shall I repeat it?" and Mr. Van Wyck recited

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

A mist was driving down the British Channel,
The day was just begun,
And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,
Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,
And the white sails of ships;
And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hythe, and Dover
Were all alert that day,

To see the French war-steamers speeding over,
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,
Their cannon, through the night,
Holding their breath, had watched, in grim defiance,
The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations
On every citadel;
Each answering each with morning salutations,
That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,
Replied the distant forts,
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,
No drum-beat from the wall,
No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure,
Awaken with its call!

No more, surveying with an eye impartial
The long line of the coast,
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field Marshal
Be seen upon his post!

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,
The rampart wall had scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
The dark and silent room,
And as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
 But smote the Warden hoar;
Ah! what a blow! that made all England tremble
 And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,
 The sun rose bright o'erhead;
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
 That a great man was dead.

Hen came up as the poem was recited, and listened to the last stanzas. "There 's another historic scene," said he, "just off here. We 're coming into the Downs. Phippy, do you remember a piece of poetry about the Downs?"

Mrs. Van Wyck searched her memory in vain.

"Want to know," said Hen, in surprise. "Did you never hear of Black-Eyed Susan and her William?" and Hen, looking about to see that none of the sailors were near, sang, in a hoarse, subdued voice: —

"'All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came on board;
 "Oh, where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
Does my sweet William sail among your crew?"'"

"Look! look!" cried Sarah, suddenly. "Just see what a pretty sight!" and all turned as she spoke. A light breeze had sprung up, and in a moment, as if by magic, the steamer was moving forward in the midst of a fleet of vessels, a hundred and more, sailing on either side down the Channel. They were mostly schooners, and with all sails set were skipping along like so many birds, fluttering,

spreading their wings upon one side and the other, and dipping gently in the water. It was a most animated scene.

All the afternoon the Algeria was steaming through the Downs, and, fetching a great circle, made for the Nore, as the mouth of the Thames River is called. The shoals extend so far that it is necessary to go almost out of sight of land. They saw the treacherous Goodwin Sands; they passed successively the Gull, the Mouse, and the Nore lights.

"Why, we are going due west!" exclaimed Charles, as he consulted the compass, when they came upon deck after dinner. To be sure, they had described a great arc, and were now pointing for the mouth of the river. They were still in the broad estuary, but the shores on either side drew nearer and nearer, and the children rushed from one side of the boat to the other as the different banks attracted them. They spied Sheerness, with its fortifications, at the mouth of the Medway, and were told that it was a great naval station, and they began to pass a vast number of small craft going with the tide up the river. At length they came to Gravesend reach, and lay to while the customs officers and a river pilot came aboard. It was nearly nine o'clock, and too late to go by rail to London from this point, as passengers usually do.

"I 'm not sorry," said Mr. Bodley. "It will be light enough this long summer night for us to see something of the river as we go up, and I should be sorry to miss it."

"What fun it is to see people moving about on shore!" said Sarah.

"Yes; these are the very first people we have seen on land," said her mother.

"Except that man we saw on the bank below, a little while since," Sarah corrected.

"To be sure, we did see one man walking his solitary way."

On they steamed again in the twilight, and the children were allowed to sit up on deck, far into the night. They did not say much, but looked intently out on the river, and on the myriad lights on shore which stretched before them toward London.

"How London reaches its arms down!" exclaimed Mr. Bodley. "Gravesend is twenty-seven miles from the city, and yet we seem already in the neighborhood of London."

"I can almost smell the city," said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"It seems as if we were going into the jaws of some vast creature," said Mrs. Bodley. The twilight added a charming mystery to all the objects that came into view. The bends in the river, both below and above Gravesend, with marshes between, made it seem, now and then, as if they were to go cruising across the flats, and each turn brought some new and odd picture. They were in the midst of a motley company. The tide was with them, and so hundreds upon hundreds of fishing boats, and hay boats, and boats laden with stone, most of them furnished with the tawny, hempen sails, which lend so much delightful color, were in the stream. As the steamer pressed on, and this multitude of boats drifted in the same direction, with little help from the wind, there was a singular effect produced, as if the boats were all dropping down the river stern foremost. They saw little groups of farm-houses and lime-kilns on the banks; they passed great hulks, old-fashioned men-of-war, very broad both stem and stern, which had found a peaceful anchorage in their old age, and were used some as hospitals, and some, which had masts and shrouds, as training-ships. The twilight deepened, and the stars came out, and the comet again showed its tail, already grown bigger; but more brilliant were the electric lights which marked the new Albert Docks.

At length the word was given that Victoria Docks had been reached. The engine stopped, the anchor rattled out, and the voyage seemed to have come to an end. But why did not the gates open, and let the steamer in? Nobody seemed to know, and Hen, on whom they relied, had suddenly disappeared. They waited in the darkness, and finally the children, tired out, were sent to their berths, and the ladies followed them. Only the gentlemen remained above to see the steamer fairly docked. Two of the passengers, who had grown impatient, managed to get a boat to take them ashore. It was a strange scene. They clambered down the side of the steamer into the boat, and rowed over the black river into the darkness.

At length a noise was heard, and shouts of "Here we are!" "Oh, are you there? We 've been waiting for you!" and from up the river came steaming down a strange craft, somewhat like a canal boat with side wheels. It puffed up to the side of the steamer; ropes were flung out, and it was made fast. It was the cattle boat which had come to take off the live freight before the steamer should go into dock. For a day or two past the men on the steamer had been making ready for the discharge of the cattle. Strong ways had been built from the lower hold in successive turns up the hatchway fore and aft, and now Mr. Bodley and Mr. Van Wyck climbed out from the upper deck to a point overlooking the hatchway, and watched the proceedings.

There were men below in the hold with sticks, with which to prod the beasts up the inclined plane, and above, about the hatch, were other men to help, and especially to turn the heads of the cattle in the right direction. The passengers had been ordered aft, and ropes had been put up for a barrier to keep the cattle in place.

Pretty soon there was an outcry, and the hoofs of a great beast were heard stamping up the plank, while shouts of encouragement sounded from below. His head came up, and new cries resounded, as the men about the hatch urged him along. When one was stubborn, or more probably frightened, one of the men would twist his tail. Up they came, pushing each other, great, hulking creatures, blundering along as well as they knew how, stumbling over the boards, and coming with a great stagger upon the deck, when they were hurried to the gangway which led to the cattle boat. It took an hour to get them off, and it seemed as if the drivers hullabalooed them into stupidity, cudgeling them with words more than with sticks.

Then the cattle boat, careening with her loose cargo, steamed off to Deptford, and the Algeria prepared to enter the docks. Lights gleamed about the gates, which were opened, and, after many manœuvres, the great steamer moved slowly through the gateway, the gates shut behind her, and she was in Victoria Docks. The gentlemen did not stay till the steamer should be brought to her jetty, but turned in, and, for the next half hour, heard the most unearthly sounds above and around.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST PEEP AT HOLLAND.

It was on Saturday morning, June 25th, that the party was fairly on shore on the Eastern continent. They woke from their broken

sleep in their state-rooms on board the Algeria, and found her made fast to a jetty in Victoria Docks, London. According to the plans which they had formed, they stayed a few days in London, and then went to Switzerland for the summer. It was the 17th of August when they reached Hamburg on their journey north, and from Hamburg they went by way of Bremen to Holland.

"How flat the country begins to look!" said Charles, as they left the station of Nieuweschans, and knew now that they were actually in Holland.

"It is n't a bit flatter than it has been for the last hour," said Sarah; "and just see how much nicer it is than it was in Germany! Why, the very ditches are cleaner."

"That is certainly so," said her father, laughing. "The German ditches had a malarious look, but these Holland ditches look as if they were kept in order, and really served to water the gardens. And what a general air of thrift there is!" As far as they could see, the country stretched away in a flat plain, with few trees, but occasional clusters of buildings, and now and then a spire, while the train was constantly crossing canals or running by the side of them, and windmills grew more frequent. Their sails were flying round, and it seemed as if they had caught the Holland trait of industry, and notified everybody who came into the country that even the buildings were expected to work.

It was evening before the party reached its first stopping place, the town of Groningen, and they went straight to the Doelen Hotel, in the market-place. It was so late that the children did not go out after supper, but went up-stairs to their rooms, and were put to bed, when the older people took a stroll about the town.

"Phippy," said Mrs. Bodley, as they came away, "I think I have made a discovery. Did you notice what the chamber-maid said about those beds?"

"Yes: she said one was a feather-bed and the other a mattress, and we could take our choice."

"No, Phippy; she said *mattráss*, not *máttress*. I always say *mattráss*, and my mother always did."

"And so does mine," said Phippy.

"Well, that is because she was brought up in New York. Depend upon it, the Dutch have left that pronunciation with us. People are always correcting me, and telling me to say *máttress*."

"Very good, Blandina," said her husband. "You 've begun already on a rediscovery of your ancestors."

"This is all very well," said Mr. Van Wyck, "these brick houses and clean-looking streets; but I am disappointed in the shops. They show almost nothing but French goods. I don't see anything especially Dutch."

"And the children," said his wife. "Blandina, it would n't do to say it before Sarah, but I never saw such rude boys and girls in the streets, after dark, at home."

"They certainly are rude."

"Yes," said Mr. Nathan Bodley. "Groningen is not such a very provincial place. I suppose we can't expect Holland to have remained antique for our entertainment. We have a way of thinking that we shall find everything in Europe as we left it when we first came over, two hundred and fifty years ago."

The next day, however, when the whole party walked about the town, the place took on a less cosmopolitan appearance.

"What queer head-dresses the women do wear!" said Sarah. "I

don't think I ever saw anything quite so ugly. I wonder if they have all had a fever, and had their hair shorn off."



Head-Dress of Groningen Peasant.

"Every province, and almost every town, has its own costume," said her uncle. "We shall see different ones everywhere."

"They have gold on their heads and wood on their feet," said Mr. Bodley; "and how leisurely they are!" The travelers themselves seemed to have caught something of the Dutch moderation, for they sauntered through the streets, and looked deliberately at all the little novelties of Dutch life. There were women driving carts, into which single hoary goats were harnessed, the women walking by the side of the carts. Everybody seemed to be scrubbing something or other; only the children looked dirty.

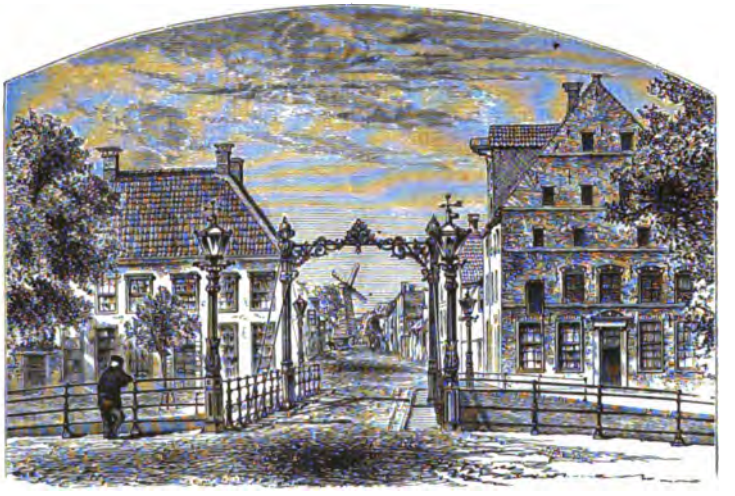
"Nathan," said Mr. Van Wyck, "here is where our ancestors got their notion of interior arrangement of houses. Do you see how all the doors lead into a narrow entry, with the rooms on one side?"

"Yes; but we never have our blacksmiths' shops in the front parlor." To be sure, that seemed to be the arrangement, and butchers' shops were in the same place. "How neat this butcher's shop looks, with its plants and its Venetian shutters!"

"No flies admitted without a ticket," said Mrs. Van Wyck, as she inspected the interior. Through the open door they could occasionally get glimpses of little gardens at the back. Their walk led them away from the market-place toward the outer edge of the town, and near the canal. A pretty wrought-iron arch

stood above a bridge, and at the end of the way they could spy a windmill.

"What in the world is this?" said Charles, who had dropped behind, and was staring up at a rude effigy of a man's head, thrust from the wall of a house near the corner of a street. "Ick kiek noch in 't," he spelled slowly from the words beneath the head.



A Street in the Edge of Groningen

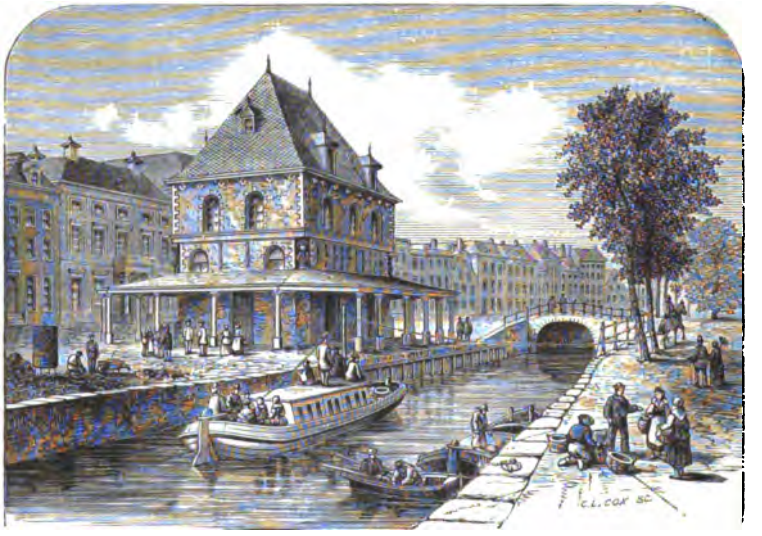
"Oh," said his uncle, "I remember about that. The man is saying, 'I still peep into it.' Long ago the electoral troops of Cologne besieged the town, but they could not prevent boats from coming up the Reiddiep, — the canal-like river which lets sea-going ships come close to the town, — and so bringing provisions; and at last the troops went away, and the towns-people put up this image, which says, 'As long as I can peep into the river we 're all right;' and this street is called the 'I still peep into it Street.'"

"How absurd!" said Charles. "Just as if New York should have a street called 'I can have all the Croton Water I want Street.'"

"Well, it would mean something," said Sarah; "and there

would be a story about it for Dutch fathers to tell their little sons, when they visited America."

They came back to the market-place and found it full of buyers and sellers, and what a queer assortment of goods was to be seen! On the pavement were spread little heaps of the most miscellaneous rubbish. It was as if all the junk-shops and second-hand stores in the country were holding a fair, — rusty iron ware, anchors, tools, rags, clothes (old and new), a row of odd little cooking-stoves, which a man was industriously blacking, forlorn-looking second-hand books, and things to eat, which looked as mouldy as the people who sold them. Mrs. Van Wyck said it was the craziest collection of a market she ever saw.



Butter Market at Leeuwarden.

"How hopelessly these people sit by their little heaps!" she said. "I can fancy their despair at having to carry everything back to their homes, at the end of the day. Do you suppose they are trying to sell out, so as to emigrate?"

"Oh, no," said her husband. "I suppose these things have been brought in canal boats, by people who live on board, and go from

town to town with their wares. I must say I rather like the looks of this market. It seems to show that nothing is wasted. How much better off our people would be, if in every little town there was a market one or two days a week, when people could exchange and sell and buy!"

At noon they took the train to the old town of Leeuwarden, in the neighborhood, and spent a few hours there, rambling about, and getting used to Dutch sights and ways. The streets and canals were crowded, and they visited the butter market, a beautiful building, and were more and more sure that Holland was the busiest and richest country they had ever been in. Throughout the town were gold and silver smiths' shops; every street seemed to have them, and the women wore gold head-dresses, though they might be carrying pails from a yoke.



Head-dress of the Island of Ameland.

"That is the reason they can wear gold," said Mr. Bodley, — "because they work so hard."

"Well," said his wife, "I should think they would have a hard time mending socks. I have been watching the people's heels, and I do believe I have not seen one whole sock or stocking. These wooden shoes must wear them out frightfully." They saw among the strange head-dresses one which they were told belonged to a woman from the island of Ameland, which lay off the coast. It had two gold flaps at the sides, and false curls, which were arranged on either side of the head.

"What very vigorous hair to grow outside of that gold!" said Mrs. Van Wyck.

That night they slept at Meppel, and the next day they were in the great city of Amsterdam.

CHAPTER V.

OLD AMSTERDAM.

"THERE is one advantage," said Mr. Bodley, as they all sat at breakfast in the Bible Hotel, on the day after their arrival,— "there is one advantage about traveling in Holland. Everything is within reach. Here we are at Amsterdam! If we wish, we can go to Haarlem this morning, or to Zaandam, or Utrecht, or the Hague, or Rotterdam, and be back here before night."

"But we don't want to go away from Amsterdam. We have only just got here," said his wife.

"No; there is plenty to see here for a good many days yet. We must get used to the city, for one thing. When I was here last, I discovered an amazing facility for getting lost. So I propose that, after breakfast, the Bodley and Van Wyck caravan begin the show by a procession through the streets and along the sides of the canals."

"Before we go into a tent and charge for admission?" asked Sarah.

"Oh, the difference between this caravan and the ordinary menagerie is that we do the staring."

"Just as if the animals in a menagerie don't stare! Why, Uncle Nathan, the last time I was at a circus, the elephant looked at me very hard."



AMSTERDAM.

"What 's the reason, father," asked Charles, "that they call this hotel where we are staying the Bible Hotel? Is it only for very good people?"

"Did n't you see the big stone Bible at the entrance?" asked his father.

"I supposed that was a sign."

"So it is; and in the office the clerk will show us an old Bible, dated 1542, with a certificate declaring that this Bible was printed in a printing-office which occupied the site of the hotel, which is itself rather an ancient inn. That is where the name came from."

"Is that the oldest printed Bible, father?"

"No; the first one printed with a date was eighty years earlier, — in 1462."

The rooms which the party occupied were high up in the house, and looked out over the Damrak, a canal which led to the harbor from the Dam, or great square; the face of the hotel was on one of the narrow streets which run between the canals, and are scarcely wide enough to permit carriages to pass. But then there were very few carriages. All the heavy trucking was done in boats



The Damrak, with the Bible Hotel and the Old Church.

on the canals, which intersected the city in every direction. A few omnibuses and horse-cars ran upon the broader ways; but everywhere people jostled each other on foot, upon the wooden pavements, or even upon brick, for in some cases, as Sarah said, the sidewalk occupied the whole street.

"It is very queer," said she, as they walked along; "it seems exactly as if we were coming to the edge of the city, every time we cross a canal."

"You must think of them as streets, Sarah," said her uncle, "for that is what they really are, though they are used for trade and



An Old-Fashioned Draw-Bridge.

merchandise rather than for travel, except for those who are going out of town."

"Some of the houses seem to have their front doors on the canal."

"It certainly does seem so, but I suppose there is a land entrance

on the other side; and see the hoists from the gables!" In many of the gables there were joists projecting, with tackle for hauling things up from the canal below. Bridges crossed the canals at frequent intervals; sometimes broad, and paved with brick for wagons, but sometimes narrow, with stiles on either side. Occasionally there were draw-bridges, which were usually swung aside by machinery. But quite in the heart of the city were some old-fashioned ones, which lifted for the convenience of boats passing through. At one draw-bridge, where they were detained, a canal boat was poling along, the boatman's wife sitting at her sewing in the stern, while her children played about her. When it went past the bridge, the bridge-keeper took a fishing-rod with a wooden shoe at the end of the line, and dropped this singular hook into the canal boat, catching a piece of money for toll, which he drew up. Some of the broad canals were lined with trees, and had handsome houses facing upon the roadway which lay along the side of the canal.



Costume of Hindeloopen.

"How many of these houses have stoops like our old Dutch houses in the country!" said Mrs. Bodley.

"Yes, Blandina," said her brother; "and there is a regular Dutch door, cut across the middle, with the upper half open."

"But those doors are in old houses on Cape Cod," said Mr. Bodley. "Very likely the Pilgrims who had lived in Holland

brought the fashion to Plymouth, just as your ancestors brought it to New Amsterdam."

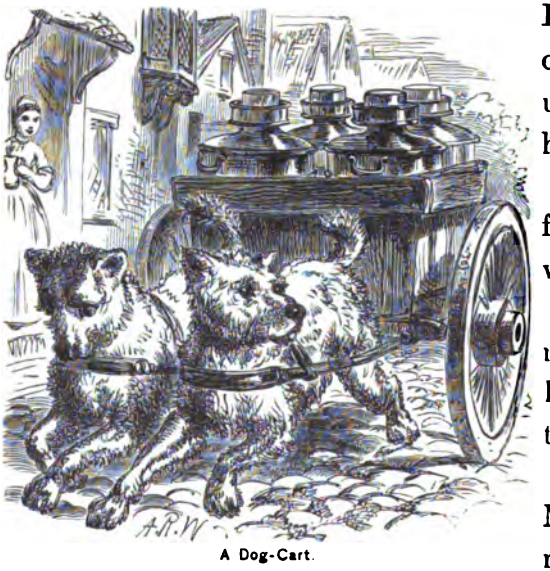
"Do look at that woman in the doorway, with her bonnet on wrong side foremost," said Sarah, as they passed an open doorway.

"Oh, that must be one of the costumes of the country," said her mother.

"I 'm going to ask," said Uncle Philip, and with a most polite bow he stepped up to the door, and accosted the woman in excellent English. "Will you be so kind, my dear madam, as to tell us from what town you come?"

"She is from Hindeloopen," said a voice behind the door.

"Bless me!" said Mr. Van Wyck, retreating. "She keeps an English-speaking friend out of sight. Oh, thank you, my unseen friend," and he ran hastily down the steps.



A Dog-Cart.

"We are not always so fortunate, Philip," said his wife.

"No; and I herewith make a solemn promise that I 'll not visit Holland again till I know the language."

"Oh, pooh, Philip," said Mr. Bodley. "Don't be so rash. Why, there is ever so much to be seen that does n't need an interpreter. Look at those dogs drawing that milk-cart, for instance. You don't need to know

Dutch to understand that. This is a country where they make everybody work, — dogs and all."

"Well, we have those in New York," said Mrs. Bodley. "But I don't believe they have come down to us from our Dutch ancestors."

"No. I think the unaided New York imagination could devise as much; but they do seem to get more work out of dogs here than we do."

Their walk led them back toward the Old Bible; but, as they came again to the Dam, they saw a party of gentlemen going into the Palace, and suddenly determined to take this opportunity to go in also. The little company thus formed was at once taken in hand by a guide in gold lace, a dignified, erect fellow, who adapted himself to the party he was conducting; and, as most of them were English-speaking, spoke in English, occasionally throwing in a Dutch translation for the benefit of the one or two Dutch members. He had one invariable formula with which he introduced all his sentences.

"Look here!" he began. "The Palace was built for a town-hall in 1648."

"That was before the Dutch gave up New Amsterdam," whispered Sarah.

"Look here!" said the guide, farther. "It stands on 13,659 piles, driven seventy feet deep into the ground. It cost eight million florins, and was presented by the town to King Louis Napoleon for a palace in 1808."

"That was when his benevolent brother, Napoleon Bonaparte, had given him the little kingdom of Holland for a kickshaw," said Mr. Van Wyck.

"It's more like a town-hall than a palace," said his wife.

"Yes, this" —

"Look here!" broke in the guide, as if he were giving an order to shoulder arms. "This was where the court of bankruptcy was held. The marble carving shows rats and mice eating boxes of papers. Symbolical of bankruptcy. Icarus falling, when trying to rise too high. Also symbolical. Mythical." At length they came to the grand reception-room.

"Look here!" said the guide. "This is the reception-room: a hundred feet high, a hundred and twenty long, and sixty broad; one of the finest in Europe. The last time it was used was when the king was married a second time, and a ball was given. You see Atlas supporting the world."



Amsterdam. The Great Hall in the Palace.

"Ah! I remember this room," said Mr. Van Wyck. "This was used as the hall of the States-General, and here came delegates from New Amsterdam, when they brought messages from Governor Stuyvesant and the Council." The guide caught a word or two of this, and looked hard at the speaker.

"Flags from every nation," he said, as he swept his hand about the walls, where hung tattered banners.

"Except the American," said Charles, proudly.

"We never had any war with America," said the guide. "But look here! From the Duke of Alva!" and he showed a case of mouldering standards.

"We must imagine a great dais here under Atlas," said Mr. Van Wyck, "and a broad table, where the President and Council sat, while our delegates came before the States-General, and reported on affairs at New Amsterdam. At one time they wanted to be rid of the West India Company, and have a government direct from the States-General. We must hunt up the West India House."

CHAPTER VI.

OLD AND NEW AMSTERDAM.

THE old city of Amsterdam had many buildings and streets in it which could scarcely have looked very differently when the Dutch left the place to come to America. So much had the piles settled that in some places the houses leaned over toward each other, and seemed almost to nod and whisper confidences.

"What fun we could have, Charles," said Sarah, "if we lived on opposite sides of one of these narrow passages, and had a string telegraph from the windows!"

"Yes; but I think it would be better fun to keep a boat, and poke along the canals; you could find ever so many little canals that are no wider than a footpath."

"I'll show you rather a famous one to-morrow," said his father. They were sitting at dusk looking out over the canal. "Now I want

Uncle Philip to settle a point which bothers me, and that is the difference between the West India Company and the East India Company. Both of them seemed to have a good deal to do with America."

"That is not strange," said Uncle Philip, "when people were in doubt if the East Indies and West Indies might not be pretty



East India Company's House

much the same place. The East India Company, however, was the earlier of the two, and was more distinctly a trading corporation. It had exclusive right to send ships to the coast of Asia. No other Dutch citizens could carry on trade there, and it was this company that sent out Henry Hudson, when he made his exploration on the coast of America. You remember he was then trying to find a route to Asia."

"I don't see why any one could n't take a ship and go to Java," said Charles.

"At first the trade between Holland and the East was open to any one. The reason why the East India Company was formed and given the sole right to the trade was because Holland saw that single vessels never could be strong enough to resist Spain and Portugal, both of which countries had possessions in the East; and it also knew that it had itself enough on its hands at home: so it turned over the important foreign trade to one great and powerful company. The company could make treaties with East Indian powers, could build forts, man fleets, raise troops, and in almost all respects act as a sovereign power, though always in the name of the States-General of the United Netherlands."

"When did all this happen?" asked Sarah.

"The charter was given in 1602, and that year a fleet of fourteen vessels sailed. The next year a second fleet of thirteen vessels sailed, and that was the beginning of a great commercial company. When the fleets reached the East Indies, they opened at once a rich trade, and captured, besides, a stronghold of the Spanish-Portuguese."

"But was there not an earlier company?" asked Mr. Bodley.

"All the trade with the East was carried on at first by trading companies. The Portuguese had an East India Company as early as 1587, and eight years afterward A Company for Remote Parts, as it was called, was formed at Amsterdam. The Dutch East India Company was created, as I said, in order to combine into one strong corporation all the trading interests. It had a charter for twenty-one years, and at the end of the time the charter was renewed for twenty-one years more; but then, that is in 1644, though it had been very wealthy, it had fallen off so that it could scarcely raise the six-

teen hundred thousand guilders which was the price required by the government for a new charter."

"And is it still a company?" asked Charles. "Do the Dutch East India colonies belong to it?"

"No; its charter was renewed from time to time, but the French Revolution put an end to it, and it went out of existence in 1795. The colonies belong to Holland, and not to any company; but a new trading company was formed in 1824, which acts as agent for the sale of the produce of the colonies in Europe."

"That is something like the history of the English East India Company," said Mr. Bodley.

"Yes; that was started almost at the same time with the Dutch company, in rivalry with the Dutch and Portuguese. It had various fortunes, but became very powerful about the time that England was losing her American colonies. The English East India Company also became extinct, and all its possessions in India and other parts of the East passed into the hands of the English government in 1858, after the terrible Sepoy rebellion."

"But it was the West India Company that really settled New Amsterdam, was it not?" asked Mrs. Bodley.



The Half-Moon.

"Yes. I was coming to that," said her brother. "Nathan asked me about the difference between the East India and the West India Company. The East India Company did some exploration under Henry Hudson in his Half-Moon, you know. The Dutch merchants began very soon to open the fur trade, and small expeditions were sent out; but the first real movement toward occupying the Hudson River and its mouth was in 1621, when the country was turned over to the West India Company.

That company had been formed very much on the same basis as the East India Company, but its chief business at first was not trade so much as what we should now call privateering. Holland's great enemy was Spain, and Spain was diligently at work getting silver from the American mines. The strength of the West India Company was in its fleet, which sometimes numbered as many as seventy vessels, and within the first ten years of the company's existence it took Bahia, in Brazil, in 1624; it captured a great silver fleet in 1628, and it took Pernambuco in 1630. For some time it looked as if the Dutch would be the masters of Brazil; and it held New Netherland, as we know. Now, all that is left to the Dutch on this side of the Atlantic is a strip of Guiana in South America, and one or two little islands in the Venezuelan group."



Flag of West India Company House.

"But what broke up the West India Company?" asked Mr. Bodley.

"It fell to pieces, chiefly because it rested its success not upon trade, but upon conquest. It was an expensive business always to be fighting, and it was only now and then that a special turn of fortune, like the capture of a silver fleet, filled their chests. It was a company carrying on a war with a nation, and the Portuguese recovered Brazil from them, the English took New Netherland, and that was the death-blow."

"It just occurs to me," said Mr. Bodley, "that the sending over of so many Walloons, in the early colonization of New Netherland, had something to do with the fact that the West India Company was specially formed to attack Spain."

"It had a good deal to do with it. Belgium, where the Walloons

lived, had been held by Spain, and more than a hundred thousand Protestant families were driven up into Holland. These people never meant to stay in Holland. They added to the strength of the United Netherlands; but they were always bent on recovering Belgium from Spain, and it was one of their number who was at the bottom of the West India Company; and so when colonists were sent out, they very naturally came from these who were already exiles."



West India Company's House.

"They were not the only exiles who left Holland for America," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "I'm not Dutch, and I don't more than half live in New York, and I cannot forget that our Pilgrim ancestors once lived in Holland."

"Don't forget it, Phippy," said her brother. "Remember it, at any rate, until to-morrow, for I mean to take you all to see the place where they lived when they were in Amsterdam."

He kept his promise, when, the next day, the little party placed itself under his lead, and he marched them down a lane called Barndesteeg.

"Steeg," said he, "means lane. Now this is a short lane; but I wish you would look closely, and see if you spy another lane running off from it to the left."

"Here is a sort of crack," said Charles, as they came to an alley between two high buildings, so narrow that two people could scarcely pass each other in it. "Is this the lane you mean?"

"Yes; this is Bruinistensteeg, or Brownists' Lane. We will walk to the end of it." It was drizzling, and each carried an umbrella, which knocked against the opposite sides of the lane as they moved along. The lane terminated at a wooden rail, which overhung a dirty little canal, eight feet wide, and the procession could scarcely form a group here.

"What in the world have we come to?" asked Sarah.

"Look at this building on your left," said Mr. Bodley; and they took their umbrellas down, so as to be able to see it. It was an old building, with its end toward the canal; a dark doorway opened upon the alley, and disclosed a forbidding-looking staircase, which led within to the upper parts. The wall of the building was pierced, on a level with the eye, by small, round, arched windows protected by iron gratings, which had a half-ecclesiastical look; while above, higher up, were racks projecting from windows, for holding clothes to dry.

"It appears to be a tenement house," said Mrs. Bodley.

"Probably it is," said her husband, "and we won't go inside. The outer walls are all, I believe, that remain of what was the meeting-house and home of the Brownists. At any rate, it occupies the site of their building, which was burned in 1662."

"And that is why they call this lane Brownists' Lane," said Charles, sagaciously. "And who are the Brownists, father, and why did they come down such a very narrow lane?"

"They had not much choice of residence," said his father, as they moved away. "Do you remember, Charles, that in Longfellow's

'Courtship of Miles Standish,' John Alden, when he enters Priscilla's house, hears her singing the hundredth Psalm ?

> " ' Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth,
> Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,
> Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,
> Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.
> Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthem.'

Well, Ainsworth was one of the advance guard of the Separatists from the English Church, who early got the name of Brownists from a conspicuous leader. Before the end of the sixteenth century, these Englishmen, who were hard pressed in England, came over to Holland, and some of them, Ainsworth among them, formed a little congregation in Amsterdam. Here they lived in poverty, but the church lived for nearly a hundred years, and was one of the little rushlights of that faith which afterward had a more considerable history in Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay. This is really one of the very few memorials in Amsterdam of the early Pilgrims."

" Did you notice that little girl," said Mrs. Bodley, " whom we met as we came out of the narrow alley ? "

" Yes ; what of her ? "

" Oh, she dropped a little curtsy, and I could not help thinking of what my mother has told me of New York, when she was a child, only a little after 1800 came in. All the boys took off their caps, and all the girls dropped curtsies when they met older people. I wonder if it is the remains of a Dutch custom."

" It would be pretty hard to carry it out on Broadway now, Aunt Blandina," said Sarah.

" Yes, or in Amsterdam ; and that is why this little girl interested me."

CHAPTER VII.

THE PRINCELY SHIP-CARPENTER.

"AMSTERDAM always was a place for exiles who could not live at home," said Mr. Van Wyck. "It was something as Geneva, in Switzerland, is to-day. The bookseller next to our hotel told me that Locke, the great philosopher, used to buy paper in his store,



Windmills near Amsterdam.

when he was living in Amsterdam, out of the way of King James the Second."

"Well, we are going this morning to see the old home of a visitor

to Amsterdam, who was a different kind of exile," said Mr. Bodley; "for I have arranged our morning trip, now that it has cleared away, to Zaandam, to see where the great Czar Peter lived and worked at ship-building."

They took a small steamer to Zaandam, which lies on an arm of the Zuider Zee, and, as they puffed along, they looked across the country and saw the windmills, as usual, making their arms fly round, and having the merry look which windmills alone of buildings have. About six miles away from the city, they spied the pretty village, with red-roofed houses, to which they were going. They left the boat, and walked down the road which led to the cabin of Peter the Great.

"We can't get anywhere without crossing a little canal," said Sarah, as they went by a foot-bridge over one, and made their way along its side to the cottage.

"So much water has something to do with their keeping so clean," said her aunt.

"But, mother," said Charles, "I don't see that the Dutch are so excessively clean. The canals, at any rate, are dirty enough."

"But they don't sweep into them," said Sarah, who was always ready to take up the cudgels for her countrymen, as she called them. "The other day I noticed a woman, who was sweeping in front of her house. She swept close up to the edge of the canal. An American — one of your Americans, Charles — would have swept everything right into the canal, but my good Dutchwoman had a dust-pan and hand-brush, and carried the dust away with her."

"Oh, she was saving it to sell," said Charles. "They 're frugal; that 's why they are so clean. Hallo! is this the cabin? Why, it 's got a house over it."

They had come to a little inclosure, holding Peter's cabin under a wooden cover, and near by a cottage, in which lived the young man who acted as showman. He was a pleasant fellow, who spoke just enough English to go round, as Charles said, and who knew, of course, what the party had come for, and proceeded to unlock the door of the cabin.

"Can we go in?" asked Mrs. Bodley, looking a little doubtfully at the extraordinarily tipsy house.

"Oh yes," said the young man, smiling.

"I don't wonder you asked, Blandina," said her husband. "I should think Peter's cabin was at sea in a northwest gale. What an air of shipwreck it preserves! I notice the young man slips off his wooden shoes. I suppose they are too heavy, and might bring the building down on our heads."



The Living-Room in Peter the Great s Cabin.

The cabin consisted of two rooms, each about ten feet by twelve. In the first which they entered was the work-bench which Peter used, and his two chairs, and a cupboard into which he crept for his bed, the doors being covered with mosquito netting. There was a corner cupboard, also, in which he kept his bread and cheese, and a fire-place, surrounded by Dutch tiles. Over the mantel-piece the late Czar had placed a tablet, with the words

PETRO MAGNO
ALEXANDER

"Translate that sentence, Charles," said his father.

"There is n't a verb," said Charles. "'Alexander to Peter the Great, gave' understood, I suppose, 'something or other.'"

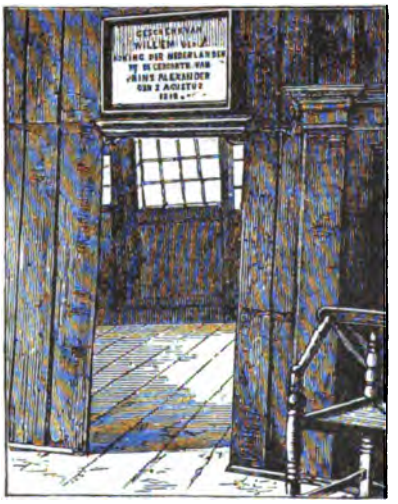
"Perhaps the marble tablet," said his father.

"His homage," suggested his uncle.

"His blessing," suggested his mother.

"In 1814," said the young man, with a wave of his hand, "Emperor Alexander here then."

"Our guide is as saving of his words as Alexander was," said Mr. Van Wyck. "But where does that ladder lead to? There 's a trap door up there."



Inner Room, Cabin of Peter the Great.

"Nowhere," said the young man, and he shook his head mysteriously. They walked into the other room. It was bare of furniture, and here, the young man explained, Peter the Great worked.

"Nothing small for a great man," said the young man again, as they went peering about the walls, reading the various inscriptions by Russian emperors and princes, Dutch potentates, kings and queens, and stray visitors without titles.

"That epigrammatic remark seems to be in all modern languages here on the walls," said Mr. Bodley. "I wonder who invented it. I say," turning to the young man, and pointing to the inscription in English, "who wrote that?"

"English," said the young man, and pointing successively at others, "French, Dutch, Russian, German."

"Oh, I know," said Mr. Bodley. "Very fine. Who?"

"You 're getting as epigrammatic as the unknown author and the young man himself," said his wife.

"Alexander," said the young man.

"Alexander presents this sentiment to Peter the Great, with his compliments," said Sarah. "That is the translation of the tablet. Let 's go outside and walk round the house." There was room to walk about it, under the wooden case which had been built over it, but there seemed to be nothing new to see. As they came out of the cabin, however, they saw a woman standing by the door with a yoke and a couple of pails. She smiled good-naturedly.



A Pail-Bearer at the Cabin Door.

"My wife," explained the young man.

"Your house?" asked Mr. Bodley, pointing to the little cottage near by.

"Yes."

"Photographs?" asked Mrs. Bodley.

"Yes." The young man and his wife led the way into the cottage, and the guests looked curiously about the neat little building, for it was the first interior of a Dutch home they had seen. There was a fire on the hearth, — a big pot with peat and wood burning in it, — while over it hung another pot, in which something was boiling. Everything was deliciously neat. They were taken into the bedroom, which had just

such a cupboard bed-cabinet as Peter's hut held, only this was draped with pretty white muslin curtains. A corner cupboard, with neat china, drew their eyes, also. They bought some photographs, and shook hands with the young man and his wife, and the ladies examined carefully the woman's head-dress, which she good-naturedly let them handle.



Head-Dress of Zaandam.

"Now, why is n't this just perfect?" said Mrs. Van Wyck. "Here is this charming couple living in a house with two rooms, and they are perfectly happy. There is n't a scrap wasted. They cook, eat, and drink in one room, and sleep in the other, and everything is as neat as wax."

"Yes, Phippy; we 'll tear down our house when we get home, and build one just like it," said her husband.

"Oh, that would n't be worth while; but I was thinking of some cabins I have seen at home, where people live who are no poorer, and yet do not live half so comfortably in three or four rooms."

"But what made Peter the Great come here, father?" asked Charles Bodley.

"He saw that Russia, although it had a great sea on the south and another on the north, was really an interior country. The Turks controlled the entrance to the Black Sea, and the Russians had no navy, and scarcely any commerce. In 1695, Azov, at the mouth of the river Don, was taken from the Tartars, and Peter was determined to have a great fleet on the Black Sea. He had to send for shipwrights from Venice and Holland and England, which were

then great ship-building countries; but he had scarcely begun the work of building a fleet, before he determined not to be dependent on foreign skill, and he sent off as many as fifty nobles to these countries to learn how to make ships and how to navigate them; and not to be behindhand, he went himself to Amsterdam, and worked as a common ship-carpenter. At that time, 1697, Zaandam was a great ship-building place, and so he came here; but I believe he only stayed a week, for people stared at him so, and showed so much curiosity, that he went back to Amsterdam, and worked in the ship-yards of the East India Company, where he would not be so much noticed."

"What a pity he had not come to Boston to learn his trade!" said Charles. "We could have shown him a thing or two."

"To be sure," said his father. "Boston was a famous ship-building place then, and had more vessels than all Scotland and Ireland."

"Do you suppose Amsterdam looked as it does now, in Peter's time?"

"The difference is by no means so great as it is between the Boston of 1697 and the Boston of 1881, and not nearly so great as between the New York of the one date and that of the other. I see a few changes myself, in customs, since I was here twenty years ago, just after I left college. Do you remember, Phil, those queer sledges we used to see by the wharves?"

"Yes, indeed. The driver squeezed an oil-rag in front of the runners to lessen the friction as they passed over the cobble-stones."

"And we used to hear the watchmen at night, with their wooden clappers. Holland is growing more like the rest of the world every year, I suppose. What shall we do this afternoon?"

"Oh, let us visit Broek!"

"Brook!" said Sarah. "More water?"

"Yes; but not a running brook; a stagnant Broek, rather. Broek is a little village near Amsterdam, spelled with an *e*, but pronounced with an *o*, which has the absurd and rather dangerous reputation of being the cleanest village in the world."



A Summer Sledge

So, after lunch, they went to Broek. They took a steamboat from the same place from which the Zaandam boat started, and went up the North Holland canal. The gates of the canal were on the other side of the harbor, and there they had to wait some time for some scows to pass through, which had the start of them. No one seemed to hurry, and they looked with admiration at the solid masonry of the lock. Having steam, they were able to pass other boats on the canal, which were sometimes trusting to their sails, sometimes drawn by a horse, which walked along the tow-path, and sometimes by two men in harness. The boys who rode the horses had their feet dangling over the side, ready to jump off, if necessary. At a little place called 't Schouw, they left the boat, which kept on up the canal to Purmerend, and, with others, got aboard a *trekschuit*, or drag-boat, which was to go up a narrower canal leading to Broek.

"Bless my heart!" cried Mrs. Van Wyck. "What do I see?" as she looked at the boat before them.

"Well, what do you see, Phippy?" asked her husband.

"Philip, I have made an archæological discovery! This canal boat is the very model of the Noah's Ark of my childhood; the house on a flat boat, with its roof."

"To be sure," said Mrs. Bodley. "There can be no doubt of it. Either this was modeled after a Noah's Ark, or a Noah's Ark was modeled after this! To think that our very toys are of Dutch origin!"

"There is no lid to the roof, where the animals can come out," objected Sarah.

"No; that was evidently an after-thought."

They got upon the boat; but, instead of entering the cabin, stayed in the little open part behind the cabin, with the steersman, who was the captain of the boat. A horse, with a boy on his back, walked along the path, and drew the craft. When the canal made a bend, there was a spindle post on the bank, and the rope, passing round this, guided the boat past the curve. There was no sound as they moved through the placid water, and they went so smoothly and silently that it was very much as if they were floating in the air. Whenever a passenger wanted to get off, the captain would steer the boat near the bank, the man would jump ashore, take off his hat and make a bow to the company, and on the boat would go, without stopping. The crew consisted of one man, who wore Turkish trousers.

Broek was not the end of the boat's journey, but most of the people left it at the landing there. Our party occupied itself with strolling about the place; an easy task, for it was a small village

only, lying on the banks of the canal, which here was widened into a basin of stagnant water.

"What an unhappy reputation it must be for a village to have!" said Mrs. Van Wyck. "I suppose all these people who see us walk about staring know that we have come to see if the place is as clean as it professes to be."



The Village of Broek

"They mean to keep up its reputation, at any rate," said Mr. Bodley. "See how much painting is going on! All of these wooden houses are painted up to their eyes in light colors, and every few yards we seem to meet a man with a paint pot touching up some wood."

"It is the dampness of the place that compels them," said Mr. Van Wyck. "They have to keep painting in order to preserve the wood."

"Well," said his wife, "I should think they would clean off the scum from the canal. It looks as if they had painted the water with a coat of green. Broek may be clean, but I don't believe it is healthy."

As they walked, they peeped furtively into the windows of some of the houses which looked upon the brick-paved street, and saw rich furniture, and placid-looking old ladies. The little streets were

paved chiefly with brick, and some of the paths were formed of brick or stone arranged in patterns. The children whom they met all bowed or curtsied to them.

"It is like a pasteboard town," said Mr. Bodley. "I feel like touching these green and white houses, to see if they have any backs to them."

"For my part," said his wife, "I feel very much like an intruder. This does not seem like a village, but like some private show, and as if we were to be the only strangers in the place."

"It is the penalty which these people have to pay for getting their absurd little village written about," said Mr. Van Wyck. "It is, however, curiously remote for a place so near Amsterdam. Let us make our way back on foot. We cannot be more than six or seven miles from the city."



A Dutch Laundry.

To this they were all agreed, and began a leisurely walk by the bank of the canal toward 't Schouw. Every little while they would come upon men or girls scrubbing clothes, or pots and pans, as they knelt over the edge of the canal; and as they came to the little farm-houses on the side of the road, they would see groups of wooden shoes standing outside of the door. Every one who entered the house left his shoes on the door-step,

and walked about in stocking feet. They looked in at one stable, and were amused to see the cows' tails hung up upon a hook in the ceiling to keep them clean.

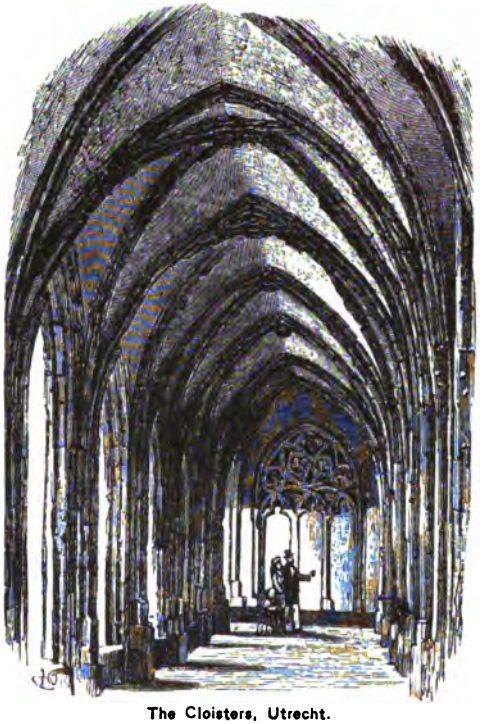
It was pretty to see how nature had adopted the canal as her own, and pushed out a little bunch of sedge here and there, and made the grass hang over the border. Man had dug a prim, straight-edged ditch, and Nature was trying hard to turn it into a careless river. It was a pleasant walk by this water-way. Boats were slowly moving up and down, but our walkers easily passed everything, no matter in which direction it was going. The road ended finally at a tea-garden, opposite the city, and near the gate of the canal. Here they found a ferry-boat, which was pulled across over a chain passing under the middle of the boat. The day had been a long one, and they were glad to get a good dinner at the Old Bible, and to go early to bed.

CHAPTER VIII.

UTRECHT AND HAARLEM.

It was a pleasant day when the party visited Utrecht. Indeed, they had waited for a pleasant day. "I want to show you all Holland in a moment of time," said Mr. Van Wyck, "and I can't do it if it is not pleasant." It was a railway journey of an hour only, and, as they were to return to Amsterdam in the afternoon, they traveled light weight, and stepped out of the station as if they had only left the Old Bible for a walk. Utrecht is a university town, and had a quiet, dignified air about it, which was in strong contrast

with Amsterdam. Pleasant, shaded streets and a little park attracted them, but their rambles seemed to bring them always to the Cathedral; so they walked into the cloisters, which separate it from the University, and then they passed out into the square, where stood the great bell-tower.



The Cloisters, Utrecht.

"How strange," said Mrs. Bodley, "that this great tower should stand so separate from the Cathedral!"

"It is something like an Italian campanile, or bell-tower," said her husband. Just then the chimes rang out from it, and they stood and listened.

"Now, let us climb to the top," said Mr. Van Wyck. A carriage-way led through the base of the tower, under a lofty vault. There was a staircase, up which they climbed, until they came to a level with the top of the Cathedral.

"Here is where the sexton lives," said Mr. Van Wyck.

"What fun to live so high!" said Charles; "but I should think it might make housekeeping troublesome." They peeped into his room, as he went off to get a key, and it seemed to be full of all manner of queer corners and lofts. When he came back, he unlocked an iron gate, which had barred their way, received their fees,

and let them go up alone. At first the stairway was broad, four steps to a turn, though the steps were short; then it became narrower, until it ended in a sort of squirrel track round and round a central pillar. The staircase was, in fact, in a little tower at the corner of the bell-tower. At length they came out at the top, three hundred and thirty-eight feet from the ground. There was a stone parapet and a lantern above, and some slaters were at work repairing the roof. A boy, who had been bringing up slates, poked his foot through the parapet, and kicked off bits of slate, to see them fall far below.

"If I were that boy's mother!" said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"Why, it 's perfectly safe, Phippy," said Mr. Bodley.

"Then, why are you leaning against the lantern and clutching it, Nathan, just like the rest of us? Sarah, don't hang on to my dress so; you make me nervous."

"But the wind blows so, mamma!"

"I know it does; and why your father brought us up to this frightful place I 'm sure I don't know."

"I brought you to see all Holland," said Mr. Van Wyck, laughing. "Is n't the view wonderful?"

It certainly was. Not the least beautiful was the view of the sky, where clouds were chasing one another, and throwing broad shadows over the fields below.

"There is Amsterdam, and there is Leyden, and there is Rotterdam," went on Mr. Van Wyck, pointing at various cities. "There is the railroad over which we came, and you can see the Zuider Zee. In fact, almost all Holland can be seen."

"How flat it is!" said Charles.

"Yes; Holland is flat. That seems to be the one fact upon

which we all are agreed. How small the houses look, down there!"

"Oh, Philip, don't look over that parapet!" said his wife. "I really cannot bear it. I 'd rather see Holland from a level. Do let 's go down again, and see how tall this tower is. That is the height of my ambition at present." So down they all went, and were mightily glad to get upon *terra firma* again.

They went into a museum in the Stadhuis, and there they saw what captivated them all, both old and young. It was the model of a Dutch house of the latter half of the seventeenth century.

"Just see this, Nathan," said his wife. "You can see how my ancestors were living at home when their cousins were in New Amsterdam."

"It is a regular baby-house," said Sarah. "I just wish I had it at home!" All the rooms were exposed to view, and the work was exquisitely done. There was a garden, and the statues in it, instead of being of marble or plaster, were diminutive copies in ivory. A wheelbarrow and a rake were there, and plants in pots, and a painted peacock on a painted fence, and a Dutch lady walking about, — or she would have walked, if her legs could have gone, — and an arbor, where a backgammon board had just slipped off the table. There was a kitchen, with all the apparatus necessary, including a silver stove, and a bath-brick board hanging from the wall, and a dresser filled with miniature Delft ware, and the cook sitting lazily before the fire, watching her waffle irons, while there was a plate of waffles on the table. There was a dining-room, and there were drawing-rooms, where people were playing cards. On the walls hung delicate oil paintings, actual copies of famous works, and the ceilings were frescoed, or hung with painted silk. There was a mouse-trap in the laun-

dry, just like the mouse-trap of 1881, and a clothes-horse, and a Pope's head. A tall Dutch clock could, I am sure, have ticked, if one of the fine ladies had wound it.

"Why, we should feel very much at home in any part of the house," said Mrs. Bodley.

"Yes," said her brother, "especially in the kitchen. I suppose the kitchen changes less with the fashion than the drawing-room. It is a little historical museum in itself."

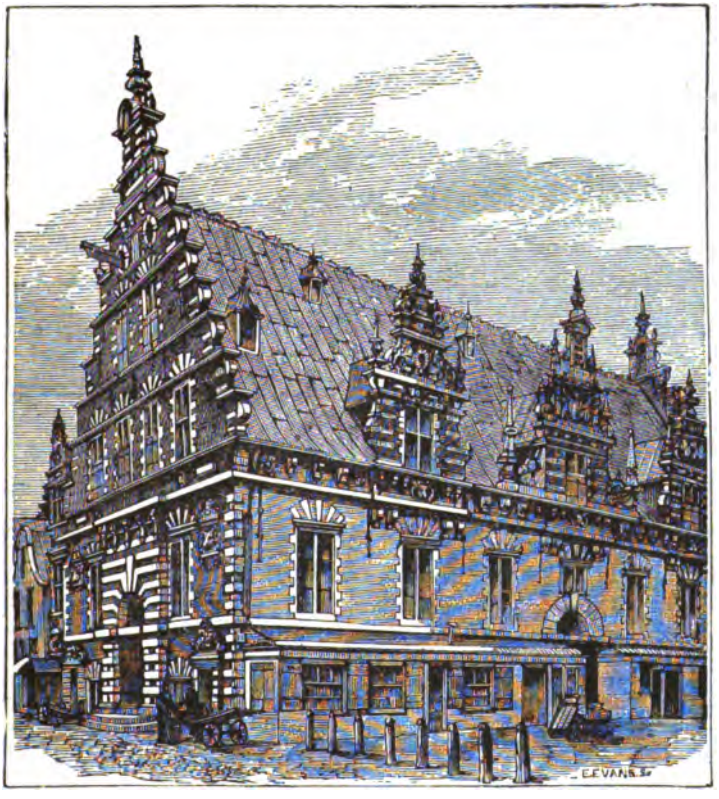
"And look at this," said Charles. "Here is the table on which the Peace of Utrecht was signed. Seems to me I remember something about that. Did n't it have to do with the United States?"

"Not with the United States, Charles," said his father, "but with the American colonies. It was in 1713, at the close of what we know as Queen Anne's war, and England came into possession of Hudson's Bay, Newfoundland, and Nova Scotia. Indeed, the English claimed a good deal more than Nova Scotia, under the name Acadia; but that was the beginning of the bitter troubles which Acadia suffered."

It was as easy to go to Haarlem as to Utrecht, and the next day they took the railroad from Amsterdam, and in forty minutes were in the old town. If Utrecht was quiet with the dignity of a scholarly town, Haarlem had the quiet and ease of a rich old town, which had no need to labor, but could sit comfortably in its quaint, ancient houses, and hear its great organ, and look at its pictures and curiosities, and think of its famous history.

"Mamma," asked Sarah, as they walked through the streets, "what are these little looking-glasses for, outside of the windows? I see them in a great many of these houses, and I noticed them in Amsterdam and at Utrecht."

"We have them here and there in America, Sarah; but they are so common here that I suppose they must have been invented in



Old House, Haarlem.

Holland. Do you not see, they serve to tell people sitting at the windows who are coming down the street. People inside of the house, instead of putting their heads out and looking back, can sit decorously within, and by watching the mirror see the reflection of persons who are coming along the sidewalk."

"And see this blacksmith's shop," said Charles. They stopped be-

fore the door. Three or four stationary frames were in front of the opening, and in one of them a horse was placed. He was strapped to the sides, and one of his legs rested upon a bar, to which it was fastened. In this way the smith did not need to hold the hoof in his lap, and the horse could not kick without barking his own shins. They stopped before another door, opening into a grocery store.

"Now I know," said Mrs. Van Wyck, "where the grocery store of my childhood came from. Here it is grown a little bigger, with its shelves and drawers and arches and cupboards, exactly like the one I used to play with. It is just as if we had been diminished, and were walking about among our old toys, or else our old toys have grown bigger."

"Here is another of my learned discoveries in language," said Mrs. Bodley. "Do you notice that all the cake shops have the word *koek* on the signs? Now, if B-r-o-e-k spells Brook, k-o-e-k must spell cook; and I should not be a bit surprised if our *cooky*, which is a New York institution, were an old Dutch word. I mean to go in here and ask for a cooky." So in went Mrs. Bodley, while the rest stood smiling about the doorway, and heard her ask, —

"Cooky?"

The saleswoman smiled, and produced a little cake, which Mrs. Bodley bought.

"It is not our genuine cooky, but it is very plain that she understood me to ask for a little cake." They walked into a pretty park, at the end of the town, and came back at length, near the hour when the organ was to play, to the church which stood in the Great Market Place. A statue to Coster, the early printer, stood in the market-place, and near by was shown the house where he was said to have been born. It was adorned by a portrait bust in a niche in

the face of it. Charles thought he had found another of his houses, in a little one which leaned against the church, and bore a sign, "Coster's Huis," until he discovered that Coster meant Sacristan, and that this was where the sexton was to be found. There was an odd collection of little houses, which had been built against the church, and clung to it, like so many barnacles to a rock. One of them, as they saw through an open doorway, had a little garden about a buttress of the church, but most of them could not possibly have had any yard. They all had tiny, ecclesiastical windows in the roof, so that they looked as if they might be nests built by church sparrows.



Great Church, Haarlem, with Coster's Statue.

They went within the big church, but it was not time for the organ to play, and they walked about in the bare, barn-like building, where other people also were walking, and looked at the monuments to Dutch admirals and other patriots.

"Look!" said Charles. "Here is a veritable ship hung up. Would n't I like to sail that fellow! But what is it here for? Here is another."

"They are models of ships," said his father, looking at the inscription, "which were put up here in 1668, to take the place of others which had fallen into decay, and were intended as memorials of a crusade under Count William of Holland."

There were monuments to great engineers and to a poet, and in one of the walls a cannon ball was imbedded, where it had struck. during the siege of Haarlem by the Spaniards, more than three hundred years before.



East Nave of Haarlem Church, with Ship.

"They must have got that idea from the old Brattle Street Church in Boston," remarked Mrs. Van Wyck, sagely. Then the organ began to sound, and they found seats under a canopy, which evidently was intended to cover, on Sunday, some important Dutchman, and listened to music from Beethoven and Mozart.

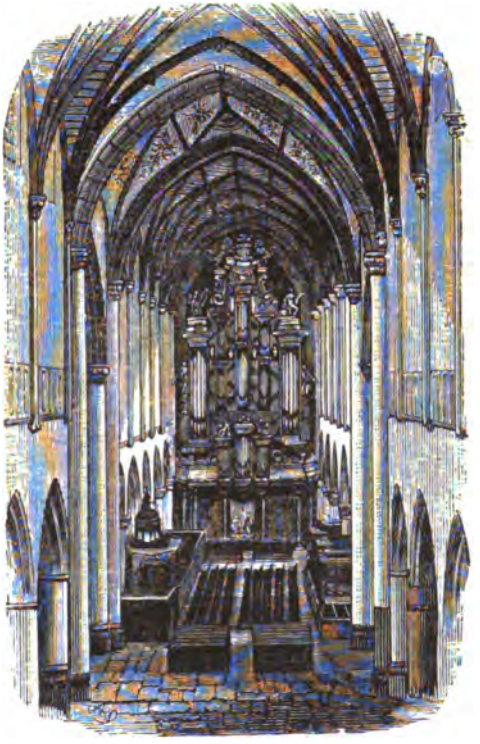
"It 's a great organ, no doubt," said Mrs. Van Wyck, when the music was over; "and when I was a child, it was one of the seven wonders of the world; but they had not built the great Boston organ then."

"Phippy," said Mrs. Bodley, "you are incorrigible. I believe you think Harlem, near New York, is a more wonderful place than this old Dutch town."

"Some very good people live in Harlem," said Mrs. Van Wyck, gravely. "I *hope* the people in this Haarlem are as good. I don't know. Nathan, how many pipes and stops does the guide-book say this organ has?"

"Five thousand pipes, and sixty-four stops."

"I told you so!" said his sister, triumphantly. "Our organ in the Boston Music Hall has five thousand four hundred and seventy-four pipes, and eighty-four stops. Come, let us hear no more about the great Haarlem organ."



The Great Organ, Haarlem

"I only wish the Boston organ were in as big and fine a hall as this church," said Charles.

"Come, come, Charles," said his aunt, "I can't have such sentiments! They are treasonable."

They had yet one place to visit, and that was the Town Hall in the market-place. The entrance hall had an old timber roof, and they lingered in it for a while, looking at some grisly old portraits and stained glass, but chiefly at a painting, occupying a large part of one end, and representing the defense of Haarlem, when the Spaniards besieged it, and finally took it, in 1573. There was a wild medley of arms and legs; but the chief fact recorded in the picture was the part borne by women. One of them was shown pouring a bucket of boiling water down the back of one of the besiegers.

"What frightful times!" said Mrs. Bodley.

"But what courageous women!" exclaimed her brother. "Don't

you remember Kenan Hasselaar, a refined and noble woman, a widow, who headed a troop of three hundred girls and women, whom she armed with sword, musket, and dagger? No wonder the Spaniards were seven months capturing Haarlem!"

In another room was the museum, and what especially interested them was the collection of curiosities relating to Coster and the discovery of printing.

"Why," said Charles, "I was not so very wrong, after all. Coster was a sexton. His name was Laurenz Janszoon, and he was a sexton of the Great Church."

"Yes," said his father. "The people of Haarlem are determined to believe in their Coster. They have his statue, and they show the house where he was born, and the wood where he cut into the bark of trees and learned how to make movable type; and here they have this museum, with all manner of curiosities. They certainly have persuaded themselves, and now they are doing their best to persuade other people."

"But don't you believe Coster did invent printing, father?"

"If he did, the Haarlem people have not proved it. Their so-called proofs are a bundle of inconsistencies. I have no doubt that in the discovery of printing, as in other inventions, a number of persons were busily experimenting at the same time, and a sexton of Haarlem may have been one of them; but these undated books and his house and statue don't prove it."

"Good-by, Coster," said Sarah, with a wave of her hand. "But I believe you did it, for you were a Dutchman."

"We missed one thing," said Mrs. Van Wyck, as they were seated in the train, on their way back to Amsterdam. "The guide-book says that Haarlem is famous for its hyacinths and tulips."

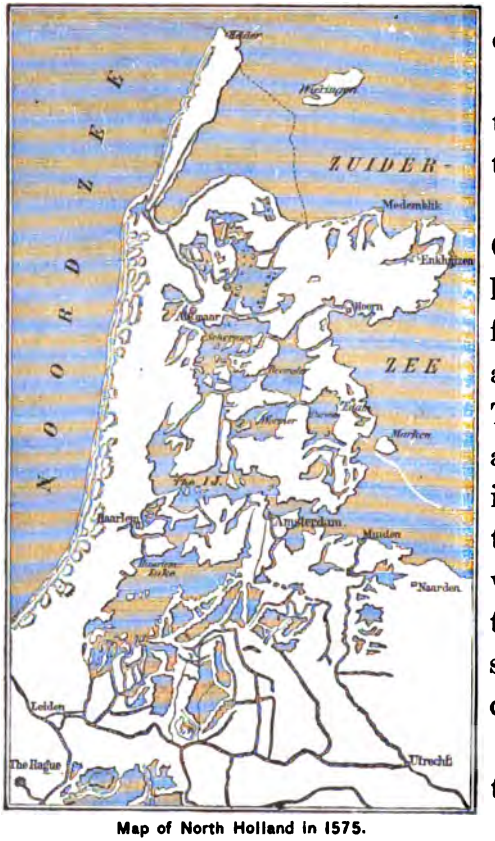
"To be sure," said her husband; "but I should n't ask to see them in August. Besides, it is the historic tulips that interest us most."

"What do you mean by historic tulips, father?" asked Sarah.

"Did you never hear how Holland once went crazy over bulbs? It was just after Winthrop and his friends came over to Boston that the tulip mania broke out in Holland. People speculated in tulips as now they speculate in railway stocks, and rare bulbs brought as high prices as rare paintings; not only so, but people bought and sold bulbs which did not exist, just as they sometimes do now with stocks. There was one famous variety called the Semper Augustus, and it is said that as much as thirteen thousand florins, or, say, over five thousand dollars, was paid for a single Semper Augustus; and the absurd thing was that when not a single Semper Augustus was to be had they kept on buying and selling it. A few became rich; the money passed rapidly from one pocket to another, and now and then stayed altogether in one man's pocket. One speculator in Amsterdam made as much as sixty-eight thousand florins in four months. At one time there were said to be just two roots of the Semper Augustus in the country,— one at Amsterdam, the other at Haarlem. For one of these were offered forty-six hundred florins, a new carriage, two gray horses, and a set of harness; while somebody else made another bid of twelve acres of land. People went on growing crazier and crazier. A cook mistook a tulip for an onion, cooked it, and ate it; and then, when he found out his mistake, he was so horrified and ashamed that he went out and killed himself. After a while, reason came back, as it usually does after a good deal of harm has been done; many suffered, a few learned a lesson, and Semper Augustus could be bought for fifty florins."

"Don't tell me that the Dutch have no imagination," said Mrs. Bodley. "I have lost some of my ancestral qualities, I am sure, for I never could imagine a tulip to be worth five thousand dollars."

"They imagined more than that, Blandina," said her husband. "They imagined this dry land over which we are traveling."



Map of North Holland in 1575.

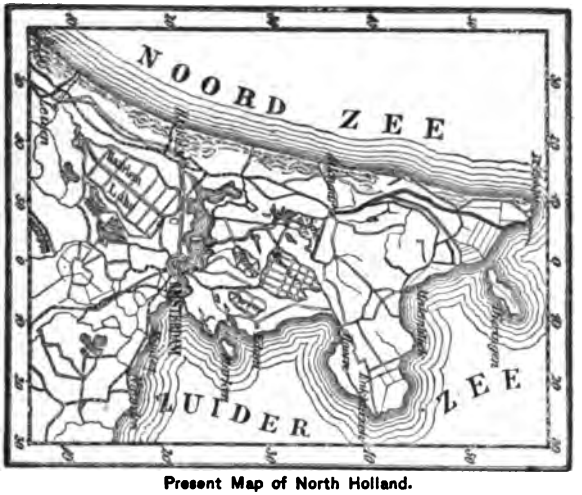
"Was this once water, father," asked Charles, "like the Back Bay in Boston?"

"A good deal more so, Charles. This was the Haarlem Lake, which was only about fourteen feet deep, but covered about seventy-two square miles. They began to drain it in 1840, and were thirteen years about it. I will show you a map of the country as it was in 1575, when we get back to our hotel, and then another one to show you how the Dutch have changed the looks of things."

"But how did the people get to Amsterdam?"

"They had a causeway at one time, but the water furnished a way, also. They crossed in boats, and in winter, when it was frozen, they skated across. Indeed, there was a battle on skates between the Dutch and the Spaniards."

In the evening, as they sat in their room overlooking the Dam-



Present Map of North Holland.

rah, Mr. Bodley read aloud to the party, out of Motley's History, the terrible story of the siege of Haarlem.

CHAPTER IX.

THE COUNT'S HEDGE.

THE Bodleys and Van Wycks had lingered at Amsterdam, not only because it gave them a good central point from which to visit Zaandam, Broek, Utrecht, and Haarlem, but because the picture galleries were full of interesting paintings. The children, even, were never tired of looking for Rembrandt's portraits and historical scenes. They thought they were able to tell his work from that of other artists, and they were shown not only his paintings, but his etchings.

"Some of his etchings you can see in America," said Mr. Bodley, "in the museums and in private collections."

"How real he makes all his people!" said his wife.

"Yes, real, because he sees the real people, and not their outside masks of faces. They are as real as Shakespeare's men and women."

"I think," ventured his sister Phippy, "that one reason of Rembrandt's greatness is that he is always looking to see where the light is, and somehow he makes the light shine from within, as well as fall upon persons and objects from without."

"That is it!" said Mr. Bodley, eagerly. "You must be thinking of his wonderful picture of The Disciples at Emmaus, where the astonished men are suddenly made aware of the Saviour, after he has left them, by the light which had shone from his person, and remained even after he had gone."

"Yes, I was thinking of that," said she.

They knew that they should find more great pictures at the Hague, so they were not wholly reluctant to leave Amsterdam; and they were, indeed, by this time, such good travelers that they were not wholly unwilling to see a new city.

"Why do people always talk about going to *the* Hague?" asked Sarah. "They don't speak of going to the Paris, or the London."

"But they speak of going to Stamboul, Sarah," said her father, "when they call Constantinople by that name, and that is a corruption of Greek words which mean 'To the Town.' The Hague is the nearest and shortest English way of saying 'S Graven Hage, the Count's Hedge, or inclosure; for the place was once a hunting seat of the Counts of Holland. It has long been the political capital of



THE DISCIPLES AT EMMAUS. By Rembrandt.

Holland, and it is still more a place in which nobles and rich people live than a place of trade."

"I shall have no objection to getting away from the dirt and business of Amsterdam," said Mrs. Bodley.

"Well, you will find the Hague a very different place," said her husband. And so she did; and the whole party rejoiced at once in the broad ways, the trees, the quiet, and the occasional absence of straight lines.

"People here," said Mr. Van Wyck, "really seem to be living in houses which they built themselves, and not in those which their ancestors built."

"Yes," said Mr. Bodley. "I have no doubt the Hollanders would vastly rather live in these stucco-front, plate-glass, trim, modern houses; but give me — to look at — the old rat-haunted houses, with their picturesqueness and irregularity. These houses are just the same as we saw at Bremen and Hamburg; and I suppose we shall find them at Paris, too, where, I believe, the fashion was set."

"It is just the same with the shops," said his wife. "There are French goods everywhere. I have scarcely been able to discover a single Dutch doll, and I must carry one home." They were on their way, after tea, as they were talking thus, to the charming Park, which lay just outside of the town. It was pleasant to get amongst old trees, and to be out of sight of canals and ditches, though even now they must needs come upon one sluggish ditch, which cut off from the road the garden which lay about the Huis ten Bosch, or House in the Wood, built in the middle of the seventeenth century by the widow of Prince Frederick Henry of Orange, in memory of her husband. It was a substantial and comfortable, but not architecturally beautiful, brick mansion, in a pleasant

garden, with huge trees about it, and inclosed by a brick wall. But there was no wall on the side of the canal, and across that could be seen the garden and the rear of the house.

"Is not this the house that the Queen of Holland lent to Motley, when he was writing 'John of Barneveld?'" asked Mr. Bodley of his brother-in-law.

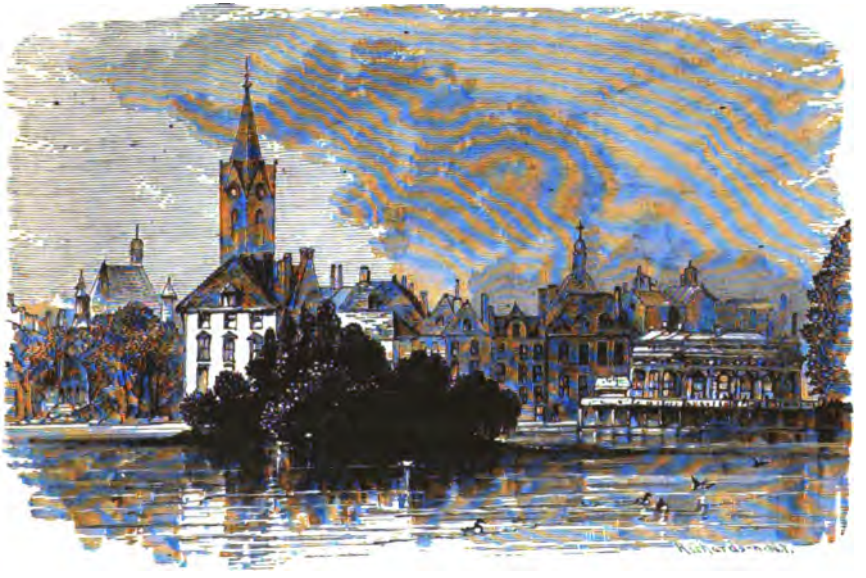
"No," replied Mr. Van Wyck. "That is the house, yonder, near to the great house; as this is a show place, and is open to visitors, it could scarcely have been a suitable home for a scholar. He must have visited the Queen here, though."

"So did John Adams, before him," said Mr. Bodley. "I remember, in his diary, that Adams speaks of going to the House in the Grove to make his court to the Prince and Princess of Orange."

They came back in the twilight through avenues in the thick wood, paved with brick and lighted by dim lanterns, hung overhead from the trees at rare intervals. They met scarcely any one walking, and but one or two carriages passed them by the way.

Their walks at the Hague took them very soon to the historic centre of the town, to the Vijverberg; that is, the square about the Vijver (pronounced Vīver) or Fish-Pond, a sheet of water, upon the southeast side of which stands an irregular pile of buildings, called the Binnenhof. The Fish-Pond has its water pumped into it, which is then allowed to drain away, so that it is kept fresh and clean. There is an island in it, and the children liked to watch the swans that paddled about in the water. They saw one upon the grass, which was moving awkwardly about. It walked as if it had corns on its feet, and could scarcely bear to step upon the ground. But when it had once reached the water, and stepped in, its whole bear-

ing changed. It was now a proud, graceful bird, sailing, floating, upon the water with a beautiful dignity.



The Vijver.

It was a contrast to pass from these pretty scenes, and, going through the archway under a tower called the Gevangenpoort, to enter the Binnenhof, and stand in the midst of buildings famous in the history of the Dutch Republic. The Gevangenpoort itself was visited, for the building which was once used as a prison is now thrown open as a historical museum.

"How strange it seems!" said Mr. Van Wyck. "We go in and out here at pleasure, and see the building just as it was formerly; but two hundred years ago, one might be excused for shrinking from these rude instruments." He had his hand, as he spoke, on a rack upon which prisoners once were stretched. A man came forward at this moment and lay down upon the rack, to show how it

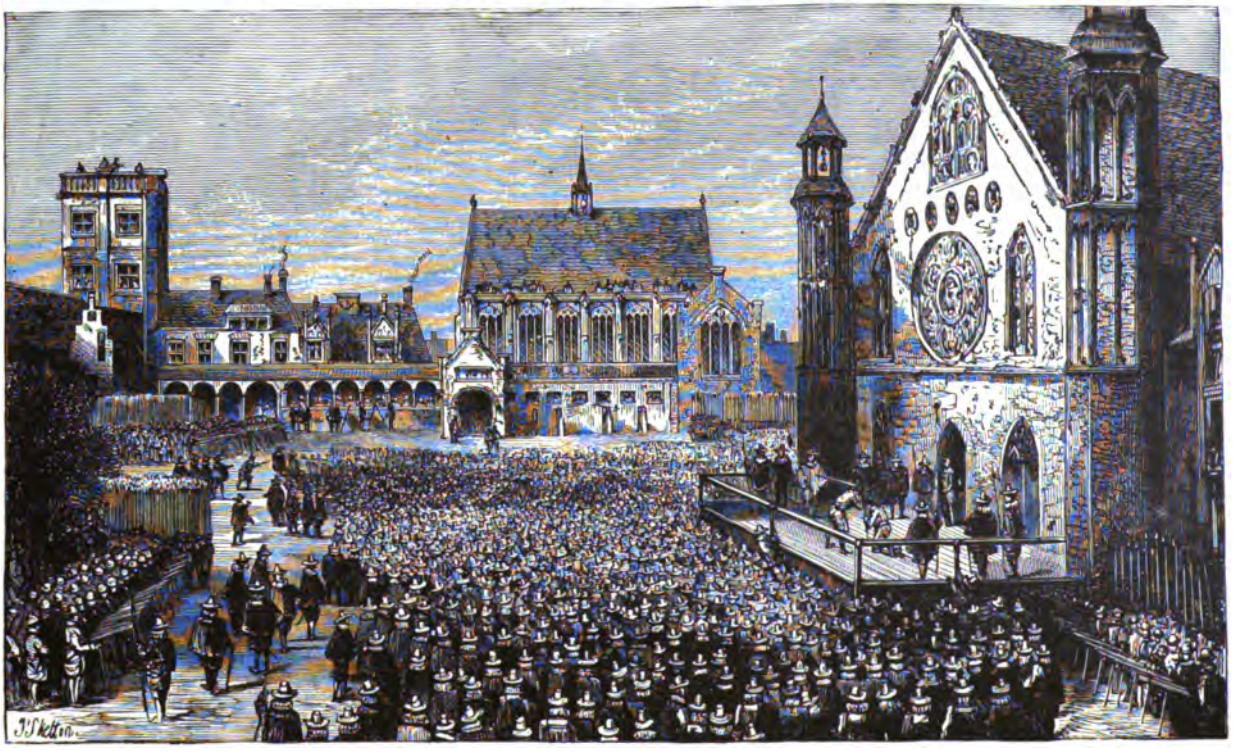
worked. It was horrible. There were grim harrows and blocks and chains, all of which had a story of torture about them. The chambers were marked according to their former use. One was the Chamber of the Protestant Priests, another the Chamber of Cornelis and Jan de Witt. In this there was a door leading into a dark, mysterious recess. Charles pushed it open, and groped his way along, until his feet sank in some soft stuff, which appeared to be a pile of venerable dust.

"It made me feel creepy," said he, "as if I might stumble on some bones, and so I backed out."

They wandered about the mouldering old prison alone, coming occasionally upon a Dutch party, to whom a Dutch showman was expounding the place. They entered the infirmary, where was another instrument of torture, as if the sick had been helped to recovery by the promise of what might be theirs when they were well enough to bear it. At length they could stand it no longer, and came out into the clear air and sunshine, and the nineteenth century.

"Papa," asked Sarah, "who were the De Witts?"

"They were brothers, — Dutch statesmen. John de Witt was really at the head of affairs when the independence of the United Netherlands was formally acknowledged, and it was he who brought about the triple alliance between Holland, England, and Sweden against Louis XIV. of France. But when the alliance was dissolved, and Louis came near getting possession of Holland, the people were in a terrible rage, and declared that they owed all their woes to the government. They accused Cornelis de Witt falsely of being in a conspiracy against William, the Prince of Orange, and shut him up in the Gevangenpoort. His brother John voluntarily



THE EXECUTION OF JOHN OF BARNEVELD.

FROM MOTLEY'S "THE LIFE OF JOHN OF BARNEVELD"

joined him there, and at length a mob broke into the prison, and, in a fit of fury, killed both brothers."

"You would n't think these stolid Dutchmen would ever get mad," said Charles.

"Why do you go on calling them stolid?" asked his uncle. "When you think of all the magnificent courage which went to found the Dutch Republic, and all the terrible scenes which have taken place about this very spot where we are, stolid is the last word you should use. Think of what has taken place here, for instance, before the great Binnenhof building, the old Hall of the Knights. It was here that John of Barneveld was beheaded. A mob killed the De Witts, but Prince Maurice of Nassau was the man who caused Barneveld to be executed. What terribly earnest people they must have been, when, year after year, they waged such bitter war with each other in politics and religion, and put to death their foremost citizen!"

"Yet," said Mr. Bodley, "I never read this history of John of Barneveld without being reminded of our early New England colonists, and how they quarreled in their religious discussions. If they had been in the midst of an old country, with enemies of the republic on either side, they might have come to as terrible a conclusion."

"The Dutch had wit as well as fury," said Mrs. Bodley. "Don't you remember how the great philosopher, Hugo de Groot, John of Barneveld's friend, escaped from the prison he was shut up in?"

"Yes, indeed," said her husband. "Let us read it aloud this evening." So in the quiet evening he took out Motley's "John of Barneveld." "Hugo Grotius, as he was called, after the fashion of latinizing names, or De Groot, in Dutch, belonged to the same party

with Barneveld. I won't undertake to define the two parties of the day; but that to which these men belonged thought of public affairs and of liberty very much more as we in America do to-day than did those to whom they were opposed. The other party was, however, stronger, and when Barneveld was beheaded Grotius was condemned to imprisonment for life. He was shut up in the castle of Loevestein, which is on the river Waal, to the southeast of Rotterdam. Grotius was an author and a scholar, rather than a statesman, but he wrote about state affairs. Because he disagreed with the government, and saw things in a larger way, he was accused of being no patriot, and of conspiring against the government. De Groot's wife — I think I 'll give him his Dutch name — had permission to live in the prison, and to have some care of her husband. Now let us see the portrait which Motley draws of him at this time, when he was thirty-six years of age": —

"Possessed of singular personal beauty, tall, brown-haired, straight-featured, with a delicate aquiline nose and piercing dark blue eyes, he was also athletic of frame and a proficient in manly exercises. This was the statesman and the scholar, of whom it is difficult to speak but in terms of affectionate but not exaggerated eulogy, and for whom the Republic of the Netherlands could now find no better use than to shut him up in the grim fortress of Loevestein for the remainder of his days. A commonwealth must have deemed itself rich in men, which, after cutting off the head of Barneveld, could afford to bury alive Hugo Grotius. His deportment in prison was a magnificent moral lesson. Shut up in a kind of cage, consisting of a bedroom and a study, he was debarred from physical exercise, so necessary for his mental and bodily health. Not choosing, for the gratification of Lieutenant Deventer," — that

was the name of his jailer, — "to indulge in weak complaints, he procured a huge top, which he employed himself in whipping several times a day; while for intellectual employment he plunged once more into those classical, juridical, and theological studies which had always employed his leisure hours from childhood upwards."

"But how did he get his books," asked Charles, "and his pens and ink? I thought people in prison had to make pens out of tooth-picks, and prick themselves to get blood for ink."

"Grotius was not so badly off as that. In fact, it was through the sending back and forth of books that he finally escaped. But listen, and you shall hear": —

"His friends had not forgotten him, as he lay there, living, in his tomb. Especially the learned Scriverius Vossius and other professors were permitted to correspond with him at intervals on literary subjects, the letters being subjected to preliminary inspection. Scriverius sent him many books from his well-stocked library, — De Groot's own books and papers having been confiscated by the government. At a somewhat later period, the celebrated Orientalist, Erpenius, sent him, from time to time, a large chest of books, the precious freight being occasionally renewed, and the chest passing to and from Loevestein by way of Gorcum. At this town lived a sister of Erpenius, married to one Daatselaer, a considerable dealer in thread and ribbons, which he exported to England. The house of Daatselaer became a place of constant resort for Madame de Groot, as well as the wife of Hoogerbeets, both dames" —

"Who was Hoogerbeets?" asked Sarah. "We have n't heard of him."

"He was a fellow-prisoner of De Groot's," — "both dames going every few days from the castle across the Waal to Gorcum, to make

their various purchases for the use of their forlorn little households in the prison. Madame Daatselaer, therefore, received and forwarded into Loevestein, or into Holland, many parcels and boxes, besides attending to the periodical transmission of the mighty chest of books."

"Depend upon it," said Sarah, "that 's the way De Groot is going to escape."

"Sh! Sarah," said her uncle. "You must not let the cat out of the bag."

"Or De Groot out of the box," said she, saucily. "But go on, Uncle Nathan."

"And thus," went on Mr. Bodley, reading, "nearly two years wore away. Spinning his great top for exercise; soothing his active and prolific brain with Greek tragedy, with Flemish verse, with jurisprudence, history, theology; creating, expounding, adorning, by the warmth of his vivid intellect; moving the world, and doing good to his race from the depths of his stony sepulchre, Hugo Grotius rose superior to his doom, and took captivity captive. The man is not to be envied who is not moved by so noble an example of great calamity manfully endured."

"There 's an example for you, Charles," said his father.

"Well, if I am ever shut up in Fort Lafayette, don't fail to send me,—let me see, my 'Young Folks Cyclopædia of Common Things;' perhaps that will be the most useful book. But do come to the escape, papa. Did Madame Grotius smuggle a rope-ladder in?"

"That is what the government heard, and they sent post-haste to Loevestein; but the rumor had no truth, and they were sure one could as easily fly out of the fortress with wings as escape by a rope-ladder. Let us go on."

"A few months later, Madame de Groot happened to be in the house of Daatselaer, on one of her periodical visits to Gorcum. Conversation turning on these rumors of attempts at escape, she asked Madame Daatselaer if she would not be much embarrassed should Grotius suddenly make his appearance there. 'Oh, no,' said the good woman, with a laugh: 'only let him come. We will take excellent care of him.' At another visit, one Saturday, 20th March, Madame de Groot asked her friend why all the bells of Gorcum were ringing. 'Because to-morrow begins our yearly fair,' replied Dame Daatselaer. 'Well, I suppose that all exiles and outlaws may come to Gorcum on this occasion,' said Madame de Groot. 'Such is the law, they say,' answered her friend. 'And my husband might come, too?' 'No doubt,' said Madame Daatselaer, with a merry laugh, rejoiced at finding the wife of Grotius able to speak so cheerfully of her husband in his perpetual and hopeless captivity. 'Send him hither. He shall have a warm welcome.' 'What a good woman you are!' said Madame de Groot, with a sigh, as she rose to take leave. 'But you know very well that if he were a bird he could never get out of the castle, so closely is he caged there.' Next morning a wild equinoctial storm was howling around the battlements of the castle. Of a sudden, Cornelia, daughter of the De Groots, nine years of age, said to her mother, without any reason whatever, —

"'To-morrow, papa must be off to Gorcum, whatever the weather may be.'

"De Groot, as well as his wife, was aghast at the child's remark, and took it as a direct indication from Heaven. For while Madame Daatselaer had considered the recent observations of her visitor from Loevestein as idle jests, and perhaps wondered that Madame

de Groot could be frivolous and apparently light-hearted on so dismal a topic, there had been really a hidden meaning in her words. For several weeks past the prisoner had been brooding over a means of escape. His wife, whose every thought was devoted to him, had often cast her eyes on the great chest, or trunk, in which the books of Erpenius had been conveyed between Loevestein and Gorcum for the use of the prisoner. At first the trunk had been carefully opened, and its contents examined, every time it entered or left the castle. As nothing had ever been found in it, save Hebrew, Greek, and Latin folios, uninviting enough to the commandant, that warrior had gradually ceased to inspect the chest very closely, and had at last discontinued the practice altogether.

"It had been kept for some weeks past in the prisoner's study. His wife thought — although it was two finger-breadths less than four feet in length, and not very broad or deep in proportion — that it might be possible for him to get into it."

"I told you so," said Sarah, triumphantly.

"He was considerably above middle height," her Uncle Nathan went on, "but found that by curling himself up very closely he could just manage to lie in it with the cover closed. Very secretly they had many times rehearsed the scheme which had now taken possession of their minds, but had not breathed a word of it to any one. He had lain in the chest, with the lid fastened, and with his wife sitting upon the top of it, two hours at a time by the hour-glass. They had decided at last that the plan, though fraught with danger, was not absolutely impossible, and they were only waiting now for a favorable opportunity. The chance remark of the child Cornelia settled the time for hazarding the adventure. By a strange coincidence, too, the commandant of the fortress, Lieutenant Deventer,

had just been promoted to a captaincy, and was to go to Heusden to receive his company. He left the castle for a brief absence that very Sunday evening. As a precautionary measure, the trunk, filled with books, had been sent to Gorcum, and returned after the usual interval, only a few days before. The maid-servant of the De Groots, a young girl of twenty, Elsje van Houwening by name, quick, intelligent, devoted, and courageous, was now taken into their confidence. The scheme was explained to her, and she was asked if she were willing to take the chest under her charge with her master in it, instead of the usual freight of books, and accompany it to Gorcum. She naturally asked what punishment could be inflicted upon her in case the plot were discovered.

"'None legally,' answered her master; 'but I, too, am innocent of any crime, and you see to what sufferings I have been condemned.'

"'Whatever come of it,' said Elsje, stoutly, 'I will take the risk and accompany my master.' Every detail was then secretly arranged, and it was provided beforehand, as well as possible, what should be said or done in the many contingencies that might arise. On Sunday evening, Madame de Groot then went to the wife of the commandant, with whom she had always been on more friendly terms than with her malicious husband. She had also recently propitiated her affections by means of venison and other dainties brought from Gorcum. She expressed the hope that, notwithstanding the absence of Captain Deventer, she might be permitted to send the trunk full of books next day from the castle. 'My husband is wearing himself out,' she said, 'with his perpetual studies. I shall be glad for a little time to be rid of some of these folios.' The commandant's wife made no objection to this slight request.

"On Monday morning the gale continued to beat with unabated violence on the turrets. The turbid Waal, swollen by the tempest, rolled darkly and dangerously along the castle walls. But the die was cast. Grotius rose betimes, fell on his knees, and prayed fervently an hour long. Dressed only in linen underclothes, with a pair of silk stockings, he got into the chest, with the help of his wife. The big Testament of Erpenius, with some bunches of thread placed upon it, served him as a pillow. A few books and papers were placed in the interstices left by the curves of the body, and as much pains as possible taken to prevent his being seriously injured or incommoded during the hazardous journey he was contemplating. His wife then took solemn farewell of him, fastened the lock, which she kissed, and gave the key to Elsje. The usual garments worn by the prisoner were thrown on a chair by the bedside, and his slippers placed before it. Madame de Groot then returned to her bed, drew the curtains close, and rang the bell.

"It was answered by the servant who usually waited on the prisoner, and who was now informed by the lady that it had been her intention to go herself to Gorcum, taking charge of the books, which were valuable. As the weather was so tempestuous, however, and as she was somewhat indisposed, it had been decided that Elsje should accompany the trunk. She requested that some soldiers might be sent, as usual, to take it down to the vessel. Two or three of the garrison came, accordingly, and seeing the clothes and slippers of Grotius lying about, and the bed-curtains closed, felt no suspicion. On lifting the chest, however, one of them said, half in jest, —

"'The Arminian must be in it himself, it seems so heavy.'

"'Not the Arminian,' replied Madame de Groot, in a careless

voice from the bed, 'only heavy Arminian books.' Partly lifting, partly dragging, the ponderous box, the soldiers managed to get it down the stairs, and through the thirteen barred and bolted doors. Four several times one or other of the soldiers expressed the opinion that Grotius himself must be locked within it; but they never spoke quite seriously, and Elsje was ever ready to turn aside the remark with a jest. A soldier's wife, just as the box was approaching the wharf, told a story of a malefactor who had once been carried out of the castle in a chest. 'And if a malefactor, why not a lawyer?' she added. A soldier said he would get a gimlet and bore a hole into the Arminian. 'Then you must get a gimlet that will reach to the top of the castle, where the Arminian lies abed and asleep,' said Elsje.

"Not much heed was given to this careless talk, the soldiers, before leaving the chamber of Grotius, having satisfied themselves that there were no apertures in the chest save the keyhole, and that it would be impossible by that means alone for sufficient air to penetrate to keep a man inclosed in it from smothering. Madame Deventer was asked if she chose to inspect the contents of the trunk, and she inquired whether the commandant had been wont so to do. When told that such search had been for a long time discontinued, as nothing had ever been found there but books, she observed that there was no reason why she should be more strict than her husband, and ordered the soldiers to take their heavy load to the vessel.

"Elsje insisted that the boatmen should place a doubly thick plank for sliding the box on board, as it seemed probable, she said, that the usual one would break in two, and then the valuable books borrowed of Professor Erpenius would be damaged or destroyed.

The request caused much further grumbling, but was complied with at last, and the chest deposited on the deck. The wind still continued to blow with great fury, and as soon as the sails were set the vessel keeled over so much that Elsje implored the skipper to cause the box to be securely lashed, as it seemed in imminent danger, at the first lurch of the vessel, of sliding into the sea. This done, Elsje sat herself down, and threw her white handkerchief over her head, letting it flutter in the wind. One of the crew asked her why she did so, and she replied that the servant in the castle had been tormenting her, saying that she would never dare to sail to Gorcum in such tempestuous weather, and she was now signaling him that she had been as good as her word. Thereupon she continued to wave the handkerchief. In reality the signal was for her mistress, who was now straining her eyes from the barred window which looked out upon the Waal, and with whom the maid had agreed that if all went prosperously she would give this token of success. Otherwise, she would sit with her head in her hands. During the voyage, an officer of the garrison, who happened to be on board, threw himself upon the chest as a convenient seat, and began drumming and pounding with his heels upon it. The ever-watchful Elsje, feeling the dreadful inconvenience to the prisoner of these proceedings, who, perhaps, was already smothering, and would struggle for air if not relieved, politely addressed the gentleman, and induced him to remove to another seat, by telling him that, besides the books, there was some valuable porcelain in the chest, which might easily be broken.

"No further incident occurred. The wind, although violent, was favorable, and Gorcum in due time was reached. Elsje insisted upon having her own precious freight carried first into the town, although

the skipper for some time was obstinately bent on leaving it to the very last, while all the other merchandise in the vessel should be previously unshipped. At last, on promise of payment of ten stuivers, which was considered an exorbitant sum, the skipper and son agreed to transport the chest between them on a hand-barrow. While they were trudging with it to the town, the son remarked to his father that there was some living thing in the box. For the prisoner, in the anguish of his confinement, had not been able to restrain a slight movement.

"'Do you hear what my son says?' cried the skipper to Elsje. 'He says you have got something alive in your trunk.'

"'Yes, yes,' replied the cheerful maid-servant; 'Arminian books are always alive, always full of motion and spirit.' They arrived at Daatselaer's house, moving with difficulty through the crowd, which, notwithstanding the boisterous weather, had been collected by the annual fair. Many people were assembled in front of the building, which was a warehouse of great resort, while next door was a book-seller's shop, thronged with professors, clergymen, and other literary persons. The carriers accordingly entered by the back way, and Elsje, deliberately paying them their ten stuivers, and seeing them depart, left the box lying in a room at the rear, and hastened to the shop in front. Here she found the thread and ribbon dealer and his wife, busy with their customers, unpacking and exhibiting their wares. She instantly whispered in Madame Daatselaer's ear, 'I have got my master here in your back parlor.' The dame turned white as a sheet, and was near fainting on the spot. It was the first imprudence Elsje had committed. The good woman recovered somewhat of her composure, by a strong effort, however, and instantly went with Elsje to the rear of the house.

"'Master! master!' cried Elsje, rapping on the chest. There was no answer.

"'My God! my God!' shrieked the poor maid-servant. 'My poor master is dead!'

"'Ah!' said Madame Daatselaer, 'your mistress has made a bad business of it. Yesterday she had a living husband. Now she has a dead one.' But soon there was a vigorous rap on the inside of the lid, and a cry from the prisoner: 'Open the chest! I am not dead, but did not at first recognize your voice.' The lock was instantly unfastened, the lid thrown open, and Grotius arose in his linen clothing like a dead man from his coffin. The dame instantly accompanied the two through a trap-door into an upper room. Grotius asked her if she was always so deadly pale.

"'No,' she replied, 'but I am frightened to see you here. My lord is no common person. The whole world is talking of you. I fear this will cause the loss of all my property, and perhaps bring my husband into prison in your place.'

"Grotius rejoined, 'I made my prayers to God before as much as this had been gained, and I have just been uttering fervent thanks to Him for my deliverance so far as it has been effected. But if the consequences are to be as you fear, I am ready at once to get into the chest again, and be carried back to prison.'

"But she answered, 'No; whatever comes of it, we have you here, and will do all that we can to help you on.' Grotius being faint from his sufferings, the lady brought him a glass of Spanish wine, but was too much flustered to find even a cloak or shawl to throw over him. Leaving him sitting there in his very thin attire, just as he had got out of the chest, she went to the front warehouse to call her husband. But he prudently declined to go to his unex-

pected guest. It would be better in the examination sure to follow, he said, for him to say with truth that he had not seen him, and knew nothing of the escape from first to last.

"Grotius entirely approved of the answer when told to him. Meantime, Madame Daatselaer had gone to her brother-in-law, Van der Veen, a clothier by trade, whom she found in his shop, talking with an officer of the Loevestein garrison. She whispered in the clothier's ear, and he, making an excuse to the officer, followed her home at once. They found Grotius sitting where he had been left. Van der Veen gave him his hand, saying, —

"'Sir, you are the man of whom the whole country is talking?'

"'Yes, here I am,' was the reply, 'and I put myself in your hands.'

"'There is n't a moment to lose,' replied the clothier. 'We must help you away at once.' He went immediately in search of one John Lambertsen, a man in whom he knew he could confide; a Lutheran in religion, a master-mason by occupation. He found him on a scaffold against the gable end of a house, working at his trade. He told him that there was a good deed to be done, that his conscience would never reproach him for it, and that he would, at the same time, earn no trifling reward. He begged the mason to procure a complete dress as for a journeyman, and to follow him to the house of his brother-in-law, Daatselaer. Lambertsen soon made his appearance with the doublet, trunk-hose, and shoes of a bricklayer, together with trowel and measuring-rod. He was informed who his new journeyman was to be, and Grotius at once put on the disguise.

"The doublet did not reach to the waistband of the trunk-hose, while those nether garments stopped short of his knees; the whole attire belonging to a smaller man than the unfortunate statesman.

His delicate white hands, much exposed by the shortness of the sleeves, looked very unlike those of a day-laborer, and altogether the new mason presented a somewhat incongruous and woe-begone aspect. Grotius was fearful, too, lest some of the preachers and professors frequenting the book-shop next door would recognize him through his disguise. Madame Daatselaer smeared his face and hands with chalk and plaster, however, and whispered encouragement; and so, with a felt hat slouched over his forehead and a yard-stick in his hand, he walked calmly forth into the thronged market-place and through the town to the ferry, accompanied by the friendly Lambertsen. It had been agreed that Van der Veen should leave the house in another direction, and meet them at the landing-place.

"When they got to the ferry they found the weather as boisterous as ever. The boatmen absolutely refused to make the dangerous crossing of the Merwede, over which their course lay to the land of Altona, and so into the Spanish Netherlands, for two such insignificant personages as this mason and his scarecrow journeyman. Lambertsen assured them that it was of the utmost importance that he should cross the water at once. He had a large contract for purchasing stone at Altona for a public building, on which he was engaged. Van der Veen, coming up, added his entreaties, protesting that he, too, was interested in this great stone purchase; and so by means of offering a larger price than they at first dared to propose, they were able to effect their passage.

"After landing, Lambertsen and Grotius walked to Waalwyk, Van der Veen returning the same evening to Gorcum. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when they reached Waalwyk, where a carriage was hired to convey the fugitive to Antwerp. The friendly

mason here took leave of his illustrious journeyman, having first told the driver that his companion was a disguised bankrupt, fleeing from Holland into foreign territory to avoid pursuit by his creditors. This would explain his slightly concealing his face in passing through a crowd in any village. Grotius proved so ignorant of the value of different coins, in making small payments on the road, that the honest wagoner, on being occasionally asked who the odd-looking stranger was, answered that he was a bankrupt; and no wonder, for he did not know one piece of money from another. For his part, he thought him little better than a fool. Such was the depreciatory opinion formed by the Waalwyk coachman as to the 'rising light of the world, and the miracle of Holland.' They traveled all night, and, arriving on the morning of the 21st within a few leagues of Antwerp, met a patrol of soldiers, who asked Grotius for his passport. He inquired in whose service they were, and was told in that of 'Red Rod,' as the chief bailiff of Antwerp was called. That functionary happened to be near, and the traveler, approaching him, said that his passport was on his feet, and forthwith told him his name and story."

"And they did n't catch him?" asked Charles.

"No. He was safe in the enemy's country. Holland would not allow him to come back; but he never turned traitor, and he won a great name, which helps now to make Holland famous."

"What became of his wife and Elsje?" asked Sarah. "I should think Lieutenant Deventer might have been in a rage."

"So he was. 'He flew to Gorcum,' Motley says, 'to browbeat the Daatselaers, and to search the famous trunk. He found in it the big New Testament and some skeins of thread, together with an octavo or two of theology and of Greek tragedies; but the Arminian

was not in it, and was gone from the custody of the valiant Deventer forever.' It was of no use to detain Madame Grotius, and, after some delay, she was released, and joined her husband. Elsje afterward married the servant of Grotius, perhaps the one whom she pretended to be waving her handkerchief to. Grotius had taught him while in prison, and he rose to be a respectable lawyer."

"Just when did all this happen?" asked Mrs. Bodley.

"It was in 1621; only a year after the Pilgrims had left Holland."

"Then they were there when Barneveld was executed?"

"Yes; and I think it very likely that the bitter dissensions in Holland had a good deal to do with determining them to leave the country. We shall know more about this when we come to visit Leyden."

CHAPTER X.

ON THE EDGE OF THE NORTH SEA.

THE hot August days recalled the delights of the sea which the children had in their American home, as when, for instance, they went to Prout's Neck and plunged into the surf, or watched the spouting-horn from the cool shelter of the rocks. So, like all the rest of the people at the Hague, they made a little excursion to the fishing village of Scheveningen, three miles away. There was more than one way of going. They might have gone by canal; or they could have taken the agile, quiet train of cars, with its dummy engine, which turned corners suddenly, and shot over the ground noiselessly; or they could have climbed to the top of the street-car which went from the Vijverberg, but they chose to walk leisurely.

They went more than once. The first time was at the close of the day, after dinner, and the air tempted them to walk. They went past the palaces, through Wilhelm's Park, and so entered the deep shade which extends on either side of the long avenue. The avenue was paved with brick, like so many Dutch roads, for heavy teams which might crush the bricks are almost unknown. It was lined with trees, and on either side of the broad roadway were two narrow ones, one of which was used by the horse-cars, while at a higher level a pleasant footpath extended almost the whole distance.



The Road from the Hague to Scheveningen.

The village lies along a trim street, with its end toward the sea, but there is no view of the ocean from it. Between the village and the beach is a great hill, or sand-dune, as it is called, formed of the drifted sand. This sand-dune had the sturdy, sharp beach-grass growing in tufts upon it; but instead of being left to take care of itself, and be a nuisance when not picturesque, it had been taken in hand by the diligent Dutchmen, and reduced to some sort of order. The slope lying toward the sea was paved with blocks of stone; a broad brick esplanade had been laid along the summit of the dune, and another at the foot of the stone bank;

then back of the esplanade, at the top, had been built on this bed of sand a row of brick cottages and large hotels.

"I think that must be Sisyphus before us," said Mrs. Van Wyck, as they came upon a man who was patiently sweeping the sand which had blown up on the brick walk, making little piles of it, and shoveling it into a barrow.

"I'd wait, at least, till the wind went down," said Sarah; "but what a comfort this brick walk is! I am afraid it will be a long while before we get a brick walk through the deep sand down to the beach at Prout's."

"But what are those droll-looking little huts?" exclaimed Charles.

"Oh, those are beach chairs," said his father. "We shall see how jolly they are when we get nearer to them."

It was low tide, and a broad, hard floor extended for a mile or two. Great clumsy Dutch fishing boats were strewn at intervals along the beach, waiting, apparently, for the tide to come in and float them off. By their sides were carts, loaded with fishing nets, which men were hauling aboard. Each boat seemed to have its own little family life about it, small Dutchwomen being busy gathering drift-wood, or otherwise at work.

"It 's lucky these boats have rudders at one end," said Charles, scornfully. "One is able to tell the bow from the stern without asking. But I don't see how in the world they are ever going to sea. They sink in the sand as if they would rot here."

"The men put them on rollers, Charles," said his uncle, "and get them down in that way, and the tide does the rest. But how the wind does blow!" The wind did indeed blow. It was from the south, and swept across the great sand-dune, bringing the light, dry

sand down upon the beach. The sand did not rise much above the surface of the hard, dark floor of the solid beach, but eddied about and skimmed over it, looking like vapor just about to rise from the surface, or giving the dark sand the appearance of being watered, like a piece of *moire antique* silk. The scene was a picture, delicate, changing, and full of a subtle beauty. Nevertheless, it was uncomfortable to walk against the fine sand. Almost every one, except the few fishermen, had left the beach, and so Mr. Bodley and his party took shelter in one of the great hotels, where they ate ices, and listened to music, and looked off upon the gray sea. Then they took the horse-car back to the Hague.

On the way back, Mr. Van Wyck told them the story of Willem Beukels.

"You remember the statue," he said, "of William of Orange, which we passed as we came out here. He was the great leader of the Dutch against the Spanish under Philip II., but it is not at all certain that the Dutch would have thrown off the Spanish rule if it had not been for a little fish and for Willem Beukels. Think how the world gets turned about, sometimes! Charles the Fifth, the great Emperor and father of Philip II., paid a visit to the tomb of Beukels, in the church at Biervliet, and ate a herring and drank a glass of wine in his honor. Philip II. lost the Holland dominion, partly because it had grown rich and independent by means of Willem Beukels. He was a poor fisherman, who lived before the year 1400, on the banks of the Sluys, which empties into the North Sea near Flushing. Like his father and grandfather before him, he earned his living by catching herrings, which he salted in heaps. But of course they could only be used in the neighborhood, and it was not worth while to catch many. It seems a simple thing to

think of, but Beukels had the brilliant idea that he would salt and pack his herrings in little kegs, where they would keep, and in which they could be sent to a distance. From that little beginning came the great Dutch herring fishery, which did more than any other thing to make Holland rich in those early days. No wonder they raised a monument to Beukels in the church at Biervliet."

The next day they went to Scheveningen at noon for a bath. Again they took the lovely shaded road, and passed Scheveningen fish-wives with baskets of fish on their heads, and little Dutch maidens knitting industriously, and promising in their expansive hoops and white caps to keep for another generation at least the quaint costume of the district. The tide was higher, but the beach was still strewn with pinkers, as the fisher-boats are called. Charles counted sixty, and was sure there were more. When they came to the Grand Hotel, the ladies, who did not bathe, remained on the veranda, while the others went down the slope to a ticket office above the beach; they paid each about fifteen cents, and received a ticket, a brass check with a number, two towels, and a bathing garment. Further down the beach was a row of bathing-houses on wheels, and a man in attendance took their tickets and checks, and showed them each into a separate house.



A Scheveningen Fish-Wife.

Charles was delighted with his. It had two windows, one on either side, a looking-glass, a bench to sit on, a footstool, and a cork floater. He began to undress, when the cart gave a lurch. He sat down suddenly, and found he was being hauled somewhere. When he opened the door to step down the two or three steps which he had climbed in entering, he found his cart was in eighteen inches of water, but the horse had been taken out. His father and his uncle were just dismounting from their carts, and they all began wading out over the furrowed bottom, which fell and rose; and at last they reached the surf, which was not very strong, — a comb of water, merely, tumbling lazily upon the shoal water. Charles, who was a good swimmer, plunged in and struck out to get a good lift upon the breakers, when he heard a great shouting behind him, and turning back, saw a man in an oil-skin suit, who was wading in water up to his knees and brandishing a stick.



A Dutch Bathing-Machine.

"Come back!" he seemed to cry. Charles could not understand Dutch, but he could make out the sign language, and he made his way back.

"That man evidently thinks you are a very rash boy," said his father, who was swimming back and forth. "I am afraid we don't appreciate the great care which the Hague takes of bathers. The city sends that man out to see that we don't get drowned."

"Just as I was beginning to have some fun!" said Charles.

"Nathan," said Mr. Van Wyck, who came puffing up, "this is

very decorous business; no squealing, no flapping up and down, no sputtering, no wild alarm."

"No ladies," said Mr. Bodley; "that makes the difference. They all bathe by themselves at the other end of the beach."

When they had toiled back to their little houses and were nearly dressed, horses were again harnessed to the shafts and they were dragged back to dry sand. Some of the machines had great canvas hoods, and very particular people bathed under the shelter of these.

They rejoined the ladies, and then walked along the beach, amusing themselves with watching the groups, and especially entertained by the great wicker chairs which were scattered about, with their backs to the sun and wind. They had a most friendly and sociable look sometimes, when they were turned toward each other in company. The chair was shaped like a bath-tub set on end; each was furnished with an elbow rest and a little stool for the feet, while the more stylish were lined with chintz, and had cushions and side windows. They had handles, and could be lifted about. Fruit merchants and cake peddlers were winding about the impromptu lanes, and bare-legged children were digging in the sand, and nurses and babies were lolling about as on any beach at home. Mrs. Van Wyck bought a pair of little wooden shoes for a souvenir, and they turned



On the Beach at Scheveningen.

away, refreshed by their little excursion. They climbed up to the top of the sand-dune, and looked back upon the beach.

"After all, give me Prout's," said Charles.

"Hoh, you 're getting homesick," said his cousin, with some disdain in her voice.

CHAPTER XI.

LEYDEN.

As Amsterdam had been a convenient place from which to make excursions, so the Hague was another centre, and one day our little party took the railway-train to Leyden, only ten miles away.

"Now surely," said Charles, "we shall find some signs of the Pilgrim Fathers, for I have always read that they lived at Leyden. I never thought of them as having much to do with Amsterdam."

"They came to Leyden from Amsterdam," said his father, "and it was here that they were living when they pulled up their tent stakes and made ready to cross to America."

"And it was here," added Mrs. Van Wyck, "that they left behind their pastor, the great John Robinson."

"And his name is about all that remains in the way of memorials to the Fathers in Leyden," said her brother. "We shall discover it before we get through our walk."

"What makes the houses tip so?" asked Sarah. "Nothing seems to be perpendicular."

"I think Leyden is worse than other Holland towns in this," said her uncle. "Like the other cities, it is built on piles, and the settling of the foundations has thrown the buildings over in this alarm-

ing fashion. How quiet the town is! Yet once it had a hundred thousand inhabitants."

"There are three queer-looking ones now," said his wife. "What are they doing?"

"A most appropriate thing for Leyden. They are out giving notices of a funeral. Those black-edged circulars announce the death of some one. People in Holland send round these melancholy-looking fellows with invitations to a funeral just as we would send out cards to a wedding. But let us hunt up John Robinson and the University, for they are close together."



Deliverer of Invitations to a Funeral.

They found the University buildings, but it was vacation, and no students were about. All the easier was it to ramble about the halls, and look leisurely at the few curiosities which were to be seen. The principal building was occupied by washwomen and workmen, and the Bodleys walked up the staircase and peeped into the various rooms, which had over the doorways the names Facultas Medica, Facultas Theologica, and so forth. They came upon an ancient-looking chapel, which had the usual look of college chapels, as being much sat in by uneasy men. The walls of the staircase and corridors were curiously adorned with drawings in charcoal on the white plaster, done by students.

"Well," said Charles, "I wonder what Cousin Ned would think of this! I don't believe they let the students draw on the walls of his college."

"No," laughed his father; "and yet they seem to be rather proud of these here. Some of them are quite well done." In one place a father and mother were weeping over the return home of their son, with umbrella and portmanteau. He had evidently failed to get admitted. There was another group representing a father, mother, and sister coming to visit a student, the father exclaiming, "Tu Marcellus eris!"

"Translate that, Charles," said his father.

"Thou shalt be Marcellus."

"Yes, or 'You shall be Marcellus.' Latin is n't necessarily on stilts. You have n't read Virgil, so you can't tell us about the young Marcellus. However, he was to be a prodigy of learning and goodness." Over the door of the examination room was written the only line in Dante which everybody knows: "Abandon hope, all ye that enter here." On one side of the open door was seen the bewildered and distracted young man who had failed; on the other, the smiling one who had succeeded.

"Was it because of the University that the Pilgrims came here?" asked Mrs. Van Wyck, as they sauntered away from the building.

"Probably it had something to do with it," said her brother. "At any rate, we may guess that John Robinson was better pleased to be here amongst scholars than in the more commercial city of Amsterdam. The University was not a venerable institution then. It was but thirty or forty years old. It is n't the age of a university, but only the learned men who compose it, that determines how important it is."

"What always surprised me," said Mrs. Bodley, "was that the University should have been founded just after the terrible siege."

"It is strange," said her husband, "if we think only of the fear-

ful scenes of that siege; but it is not strange, if we think that Leyden showed, by its courage and endurance, how capable it was of great things. Great things in art and literature and science are more possible to a people who could bear such a siege than to those who only want peace and comfort. The University came, you know, as a reward to the people of Leyden. The Prince of Orange granted to the city a ten days' annual fair, without tolls or taxes, and also established this University. Do you remember the festivities with which they opened it?"

"No, though I think Motley describes it."

"Yes; we have to go to Motley for everything of the kind, and to-night we 'll read about it. I won't spoil it by my half-remembrance." Thus, when they were back at the Hague in the evening, they read Motley's account, which I will give here, that we may not wait till the end of the Leyden day: —

"On the 5th of February, 1575, the city of Leyden, so lately the victim of famine and pestilence, had crowned itself with flowers. At seven in the morning, after a solemn religious celebration in the Church of St. Peter, a grand procession was formed. It was preceded by a military escort, consisting of the burgher militia and the five companies of infantry stationed in the city. Then came, drawn by four horses, a splendid triumphal chariot, on which sat a female figure, arrayed in snow-white garments. This was the Holy Gospel. She was attended by the Four Evangelists, who walked on foot at each side of her chariot. Next followed Justice, with sword and scales, mounted, blindfold, upon a unicorn, while those learned doctors, Julian, Papinian, Ulpian, and Tribonian, rode on either side, attended by two lackeys and four men-at-arms. After these came Medicine, on horseback, holding in one hand a treatise of the heal-

ing art, in the other a garland of drugs. The curative goddess rode between the four eminent physicians, Hippocrates, Galen, Dioscorides, and Theophrastus, and was attended by two footmen and four pike-bearers. Last of the allegorical personages came Minerva, prancing in complete steel, with lance in rest, and bearing her Medusa shield. Aristotle and Plato, Cicero and Virgil, all on horseback, with attendants in antique armor at their back, surrounded the daughter of Jupiter, while the city band, discoursing eloquent music from hautboy and viol, came upon the heels of the allegory. Then followed the mace-bearers and other officials, escorting the orator of the day; the newly appointed professors and doctors, the magistrates and dignitaries, and the body of the citizens generally, completing the procession. Marshaled in this order, through triumphal arches and over a pavement strewed with flowers, the procession moved slowly up and down the different streets and along the quiet canals of the city. As it reached the Nun's Bridge, a barge of triumph, gorgeously decorated, came floating slowly down the sluggish Rhine. Upon its deck, under a canopy, enwreathed with laurels *and oranges*, and adorned with tapestry, sat Apollo, attended by the Nine Muses, all in classical costume; at the helm stood Neptune, with his trident. The Muses executed some beautiful concerted pieces; Apollo twanged his lute. Having reached the landing-place, this deputation from Parnassus stepped on shore, and stood awaiting the arrival of the procession. Each professor, as he advanced, was gravely embraced and kissed by Apollo and all the Nine Muses in turn, who greeted their arrival, besides, with the recitation of an elegant Latin poem. This classical ceremony terminated, the whole procession marched together to the cloister of St. Barbara, the place prepared for the new university, where they lis-

tened to an eloquent oration by the Reverend Caspar Kolhas, after which they partook of a magnificent banquet. With this memorable feast, in the place where famine had so lately reigned, the ceremonies were concluded." [1]

Not far from the University, in the street called Kloksteeg, and opposite the Church of St. Peter, in the face of a wall which shuts in a garden, is a tablet with the words: —

"ON THIS SPOT LIVED
TAUGHT AND DIED
JOHN ROBINSON
1611–1625"

The party stood before this stone, and then, finding a gate open, stepped within, and looked into the garden.

"This is probably the same garden," said Mr. Bodley, "which was occupied by Robinson, when, with some others, he bought a house, not now standing, which faced on the Kloksteeg. One of those who bought with him was William Jepson, a carpenter, who built twenty-one little houses at the back of the garden, for the use of the members of the little church; but they must have gone long since, like Robinson's house. This appears now to be an almshouse and its grounds. I am glad that such a descent has occurred. Robinson was a most charitable man, and I hope the people who administer the almshouse have at least as much charity for the bodies as Robinson had for the souls of men."

"But I don't think I know who John Robinson was," said Sarah, humbly. "I 've said Jack Robinson quickly; but I don't suppose he was the same man."

[1] *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, ii., 581, 582.

"He was the pastor of the church at Leyden, which numbered about three hundred souls. When it was proposed to try the American shores, less than half the number went, for it was not certain how the venture would turn out, and, besides that, some did not wish to go; it was well to keep a place of refuge for the others, should they think best to abandon the enterprise. Now, since the lesser half sailed to America, the elder of the church, who was subordinate to the pastor, went with them, while the pastor remained at Leyden. The elder was Elder Brewster, whose name is so sweet in our early records; the pastor was John Robinson, and he lived here for five years more, when he died, and was buried in St. Peter's, opposite. He is chiefly remembered by a Farewell Address which he gave to those who left, and which breathes a delightful spirit. It was kept in memory by Edward Winslow, one of the Pilgrims, who wrote it down from recollection, and so it has been preserved. In it are words which have become famous: 'If God should reveal anything to us,' Winslow reports Robinson as saying, 'by any other instrument of his, be as ready to receive it as ever we were to receive any truth by his ministry:' for he was very confident the Lord had more truth and light yet to break forth out of his holy Word."

"Oh," said Mrs. Van Wyck, "now I remember the lines which Dr. Holmes wrote. I knew I had somewhere in my head something about John Robinson. Listen, children; I will recite, right here, in the most appropriate place in the world," —

ROBINSON AT LEYDEN.

He sleeps not here.

"But he does sleep here," objected Sarah. "Uncle Nathan just said he was buried in the church opposite."

"Dr. Holmes was not at Leyden when he wrote the poem, Sarah. He was at Plymouth, or pretended to be there. Now don't interrupt me again."

He sleeps not here; in hope and prayer
His wandering flock had gone before,
But he, the shepherd, might not share
Their sorrows on the wintry shore.

Before the Speedwell's anchor swung,
Ere yet the Mayflower's sail was spread,
While round his feet the Pilgrims clung,
The pastor spake, and thus he said:

"Men, brethren, sisters, children dear!
God calls you hence from over sea;
Ye may not build by Haarlem Meer,
Nor yet along the Zuyder-Zee.

"Ye go to bear the saving word
To tribes unnamed and shore untrod:
Heed well the lessons ye have heard
From those old teachers taught of God.

"Yet think not unto them was lent
All light for all the coming days,
And Heaven's eternal wisdom spent
In making straight the ancient ways:

"The living fountain overflows
For every flock, for every lamb,
Nor heeds, though angry creeds oppose
With Luther's dike or Calvin's dam."

He spake: with lingering, long embrace,
With tears of love and partings fond,
They floated down the creeping Maas,
Along the isle of Ysselmond.

They passed the frowning towers of Briel,
 The "Hook of Holland's" shelf of sand,
And grated soon with lifting keel
 The sullen shores of fatherland.

No home for these! too well they knew
 The mitred king behind the throne;
The sails were set, the pennons flew,
 And westward ho! for worlds unknown.

And these were they who gave us birth,
 The Pilgrims of the sunset wave,
Who won for us this virgin earth,
 And freedom with the soil they gave.

The pastor slumbers by the Rhine, —
 In alien earth the exiles lie, —
Their nameless graves our holiest shrine,
 His words our noblest battle-cry!

Still cry them, and the world shall hear,
 Ye dwellers by the storm-swept sea!
Ye have not built by Haarlem Meer,
 Nor on the land-locked Zuyder-Zee!

When Mrs. Van Wyck had ended her little recitation, at which a Dutch boy looked on with stolid countenance, they made their way across the street to St. Peter's Church. It was a large, bare, well-proportioned building, with monuments in it. But their talk about Robinson was nearest to their minds.

"I wonder," said Mr. Van Wyck, "if the poor Pilgrims, who worshiped in their wooden shed in Plymouth, did not now and then think of this great church, and remember how they had trod its pavement."

"They probably thought of it in cold weather," said his wife.

"Look! here in the corner are some of the very same foot-stoves that our grandparents used to take to the meeting-house in the winter." To be sure, there was a little pile of these quaint stoves, not a whit different from what they had often seen in America.

"The Dutch must have brought these to New Amsterdam," said Mrs. Bodley.

"I don't know if they are English, also," said her husband; "but our New England ancestors certainly had them. It is possible that they brought them from Holland."



Town Hall, Leyden.

Their walk along the principal thoroughfare of Leyden showed them the ancient Town Hall, with its curious inscription.

"What does the Dutch mean, father?" asked Charles. "You have the guide-book."

"It means, 'When the black famine had brought to the death nearly six thousand persons, then God the Lord repented of it, and gave us bread again, as much as we could wish,' and the letters of the inscription tell the year of the siege and how long it lasted."

"Why, how can they?"

"The capitals tell the date. You are to count the W's as two

V's; the M, of course, is a thousand; the C's are a hundred each; the L's are fifty; the V's are five; and the I's one. You have to add them all together, to make 1574. Then the letters, small and large, count one each, and make 131 in all, the number of days that the siege lasted."

"I mean to try it now," said Charles, planting himself resolutely on the opposite side of the street, and beginning to count.

"Oh, come, you 'll never satisfy yourself," said his father. "You can't make out the inscription in the stone. But we have it in the guide-book, and you can count it there." So the procession moved on, and came to a halt, finally, at a big mound near the middle of the town, called the Burg, and attached to a hotel where they were to lunch.

"This is a place of unknown antiquity," said Mr. Van Wyck. "Nobody seems to know much about it. This circular wall of stone is most of it very modern, but it is claimed that something remains from the tenth century."

"It seems to be a vast round tower," said his wife, "without any roof to it; or, perhaps, an old circus."

"It is sufficiently uninteresting," said Mr. Bodley; "but it is shady, and I 'd like to sit down a while."

"And I want to count those letters," said Charles. So he and Sarah took the book between them, and, after making various calculations and disputing sturdily, they made the letters tell the story which they professed to tell. Here is the Dutch inscription, the English translation of which Mr. Bodley had read, and an ingenious enigma it is.

"nae sWarte hVngernoot gebraCht had tot de doot bInaest zes d VIzent MensChen, a Ls't god den heer Verdroot gaf hI Vns Weder broot, zo VeeL WI CVnsten WensChen."

"The Town Hall must have been built after the siege," said Charles.

"Why?"

"Because the inscription could n't have been made before the siege."

"No; but it might have been set in the wall of a building which was standing at the time of the siege. As a matter of fact," said his father, "I believe the Town Hall was standing at the time, having been recently built, and that the inscription was added as a memorial of the siege. This Burg where we are was one of the places to which the people came, during that terrible siege of Leyden, to look off for help toward the ocean. The tower of St. Pancras, yonder, was another lookout."

"What a siege it was," said Mr. Van Wyck, "when the inhabitants ate dogs and cats, chopped and boiled the hides of animals, and stripped the trees of their leaves; and what a sense it gives us of their terror of the Spaniard, when they endured all the torture of famine rather than expose themselves to his tender mercy!"

"It was more than terror of the Spaniard, Philip," said Mr Bodley; "it was an undying love of their country and their faith. I don't think there is a sublimer picture of heroism than in the double scenes within and without the city, when the inhabitants were starving, and when the Prince of Orange and the States-General determined to cut the dikes, drown out the country between Leyden and the sea, and thus make a way for the fleet to come to the city. What a night that last night of the siege was, when the burgomaster stood where we are, with a few of the famished men of Leyden, looked toward the fort of Lammen, over yonder, knew that the fleet lay behind the fort, and made a desperate resolve to rush out at

dawn and surprise the fort; and then, after the pitchy dark night, to find that the Spaniards had actually fled from the fort, and there was nothing to hinder the fleet, which sailed up to the quays."

"I wish we could see the place where the boats came in," said Charles.

"You shall," said his father; and before they left the city they visited the lock of the canal through which the relieving fleet had passed, though the place had of course been modernized. And in their hotel, in the evening, besides reading of the queer pageant by which the ceremony of founding the University was endowed, they read the touching words of Motley which describe the scene after the relief of the city: —

"The quays were lined with the famishing population, as the fleet rowed through the canals, every human being who could stand coming forth to greet the preservers of the city. Bread was thrown from every vessel among the crowd. The poor creatures, who for two months had tasted no wholesome human food, and who had literally been living within the jaws of death, snatched eagerly the blessed gift, at last too liberally bestowed. Many choked themselves to death in the greediness with which they devoured their bread; others became ill with the effects of plenty thus suddenly succeeding starvation; but these were isolated cases, a repetition of which was prevented. The admiral, stepping ashore, was welcomed by the magistracy, and a solemn procession was immediately formed. Magistrates and citizens, wild Zealanders, emaciated burgher guards, sailors, soldiers, women, children, — nearly every living person within the walls, — all repaired without delay to the great church, stout Admiral Boisot leading the way. The starving and heroic city, which had been so firm in its resistance to an earthly king,

now bent itself in humble gratitude before the King of kings. After prayers, the whole vast congregation joined in the thanksgiving hymn. Thousands of voices raised the song, but few were able to carry it to its conclusion, for the universal emotion, deepened by the music, became too full for utterance. The hymn was abruptly suspended, while the multitude wept like children."



A Canal and Roadway in Leyden.

CHAPTER XII.

A VISIT TO DELFT.

"NATHAN," said his wife one day, "I really think our china-closet needs replenishing, and since we are so near Delft, why not go there and buy a few cups and saucers?"

"We should have gone last century, Blandina, if we wanted the

genuine Delft ware. There is only one manufactory now in the place, and the old ware is as dear in Delft as anywhere."

"Don't disturb my illusions, Nathan. Have n't I read about Delft and its pottery? Don't tell me there is no pottery and no Delft. It 's a very little while since Mr. Longfellow wrote Keramos. Don't you remember?"



Delft in the Distance

"What land is this? Yon pretty town
Is Delft, with all its wares displayed;
The pride, the market-place, the crown
And centre of the Potter's trade.
See! every house and room is bright
With glimmers of reflected light
From plates that on the dresser shine;
Flagons to foam with Flemish beer,
Or sparkle with the Rhenish wine,
And pilgrim flasks with fleurs-de-lis

And ships upon a rolling sea,
And tankards pewter-topped, and queer
With comic mask and musketeer!
Each hospitable chimney smiles
A welcome from its painted tiles;
The parlor walls, the chamber floors,
The stairways and the corridors,
The borders of the garden walks,
Are beautiful with fadeless flowers
That never droop in winds or showers,
And never wither on their stalks."

"One need not go out of America to see much of that," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "I fancy we have quite as much of the old Delft ware as Holland has. I am sure I have seen nearly all that catalogue at home, including the tiles."

"How fond Mr. Longfellow is of tiles!" said her husband. "Don't you remember how charmingly he points out the tiles in the fire-place in his poem 'To a Child'?"

"Yes," said she; "and I remember especially well when I first heard the lines. You were not there, Phil, but Nathan was, and so was Lucy. We children were taking an excursion with father and mother and Ned, and spent a day or two at Aunt Lucy Sewall's in Newburyport. She had a wonderful Dutch fire-place, which her father had brought from Holland, and had built into the house. I remember as well as if it were yesterday how amazed we all were with it; and then Aunt Lucy took Lucy into her lap, and repeated the lines to her."

"Don't I wish Aunt Lucy were here now, — my Aunt Lucy!" said Sarah.

"So do we all of us," said her mother; "and I really think we ought to go to Delft, if for no other reason than to get a plate to carry back to Aunt Lucy."

"Aunt Lucy Bodley?"

"Oh dear, yes. Aunt Lucy Sewall has been dead many a year."

So to Delft they went, and as it was only five miles from the Hague, and the canal was beautifully overhung with trees, they took that way of going, getting aboard a trekschuit, and so being towed at a little faster pace than a walk to the old town. They passed, half way, Rijswijk, where the treaty of peace between England, France, Holland, Germany, and Spain was concluded in 1697.



On the way to Delft

"That was the triumphant close of William's statesmanship," said Mr. Bodley. "He had sealed the great English constitutional revolution, had established the Protestant succession in England, and laid the foundations of the British empire. It was at his palace, as Prince of Orange, here in Rijswijk, that the treaty was signed; but as the palace has gone, and only a stone pillar left to mark the spot, we won't stop to look at it."

"I am a little confused about these Williams and Oranges," said Sarah. "There was William, Prince of Orange, and William the Silent, and King William of England, and William of Nassau, and

there were Princes of Orange, and there was the Orange party of Ireland, and what does it all have to do with oranges, any way?"

"I see I shall have to give you a little historical lecture on our way to Delft," said her uncle, laughing; "and it will be well to do so before we get there, for Delft is a place very closely connected with the house of Orange. Orange itself is a little town near the south of France, which formerly gave the name to a principality, and this principality was held by the family of Nassau; the family of Nassau was divided into two branches, and it was from one of these families, that of the Netherlands, that William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, was descended."

"But, uncle," interrupted Sarah, "don't get away from oranges. I want to know what our oranges have to do with the family."

"Nothing whatever, unless we go back to the Latin word which lies behind each. Orange in the south of France is Aurantia, in Latin,—the golden town, though why I do not know; and an orange is also aurantia in Latin, a golden apple; but the orange is an oriental fruit, which has a Persian and Arabic name very like aurantia. When the western people heard its name, it sounded so like aurantia that they found it easy to call it so, since it was golden. But let us come back to William of Nassau, Prince of Orange. When the Emperor Charles V. left his throne, and gave up the kingdom of Spain and the Netherlands to his son Philip, William of Nassau was his most trusted servant in the Netherlands, and Philip, upon coming into power, turned to William, as his father had done before him. At that time,—it was the middle of the sixteenth century,—all Europe was in a ferment. The Reformation was one of the signs of a breaking up of the old order of things and the awakening of liberty; it was the commencement of the modern world, in which

the worth of every person was beginning to be recognized. But the powers which had been heretofore uppermost, the church and the ruling families, were putting forth their strength to maintain supremacy. The church held a great council, the Council of Trent, in which it put forth a solemn declaration of what men were to believe, and the kings of Spain and of France, who had been at war with each other, made peace in order to combine against the growing spirit of liberty in the smaller states and amongst the towns in their own kingdoms.

"Now, William of Nassau was the ambassador of Philip of Spain when this peace was concluded with the king of France; and in the days of the negotiation, the French king, assuming that William, as the servant of Philip, was in hearty sympathy with him, disclosed the secret intentions which he and Philip had formed of a bitter and relentless persecution of all who had set themselves against the church. In the Netherlands, where people had for years been learning to govern themselves and to think for themselves, there were a great many of these heretics, as they were called, and William listened as the king declared that the Spanish army in the Netherlands was to crush them out. He was a young man, but he had great self-control, and his name of the Silent was gained partly because, when he listened, he betrayed no feeling, although, in his heart, he was struck with horror at what was planning for his countrymen."

"Then this William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, was William the Silent," said Sarah, telling off his titles on her fingers.

"Yes. He earned his title by saying nothing when the imprudent Henry told him of his scheme, and he kept it by using a like discretion all his life. In point of fact, he was not a morose man,

nor very quiet, but it was as a leader of men that he knew the virtues of keeping his own counsel. He was silent as Washington was silent, and as Grant was silent."

"Lincoln was not silent," said Charles. "He told stories."

"Very true; but Lincoln was a man of another nature. He was a patient listener to the voice of the people, and it is, after all, great generals, with important combinations to make, who find silence most essential. William had all his life the great business of combining into a mighty whole the scattered forces of freedom, which would have been incapable, singly, of withstanding such a power as Spain and France. He combined the forces of freedom and Protestantism, as the religious opposition to the mediæval church came to be called, and he divided, when he could, the forces of his antagonists. He made up his mind, when he heard Henry's disclosures, to thwart the purposes of the kings, and he began from that hour to range himself with the people of the Netherlands. He was a great soldier and a far-sighted statesman, and the knowledge which he had of the Spanish and French power was of immense value to him. With him, when he was concluding the peace, was a Spanish soldier, the Duke of Alva, and these men were to be pitted against each other in the great struggle which ensued. The history of the rise of the Dutch Republic is the history of a people who had courage and resolution, led by a man whose ideas of state and freedom grew, as theirs grew, with the hard struggle for rights. When William of Orange revolted at the disclosures of King Henry, he was not a Protestant prince, and it was only a portion of his people who were Protestants. He was a generous, humane ruler, who was indignant at a wholesale scheme of murder. The champions of religious liberty and the champions of political liberty only gradually became

the same; but when the Netherlands were finally independent of Spain, it was a Protestant country, and it was a country which held the power largely in its own hands, and did not surrender it to a ruling family."

"That was one William, and the great William, I suppose," said Sarah, who insisted on keeping to the point. "Now please tell us about the other, who was king of England finally."

"When the Netherlands became a great commonwealth, the house of Nassau was the most important family, and very naturally, since William the Silent had been the great deliverer of the country. His son Maurice succeeded him as head of the house, and Maurice's son, who followed him, was another William; and this William had a son William, the great-grandson of William the Silent, Prince of Orange, and he was the one who became king of England. When William the Silent was combining all the forces which he could bring to bear against Spain, he labored most constantly to secure the good-will and assistance of England. Queen Elizabeth and her counselors knew that the cause of the Netherlands was the cause of England also; that English freemen and Protestants had common ground with Dutchmen: and so, though help was sometimes niggardly given, England and the Netherlands were on the same side in the eighty years' war, and fought for the same end. The consequence was that the two countries became very closely allied, and it was to Holland, you know, that Englishmen turned, when they began to fear that there was a backward current in England, and that the victories gained for freedom and religion were to be lost again. So it happened that in the English revolution, which brought about the overthrow of the Stuart house in the person of the wrong-headed James II., the great English leaders, who wanted a strong

king to represent them, asked William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, to come over and take the throne. He was the champion of liberty and Protestantism then, as his great-grandfather had been before him in his day. Moreover, the families of the house of Orange and of the English kings had been intermarrying, and that seemed to make the Nassaus almost Englishmen. William II., Prince of Orange and grandson of William the Silent, married Mary, daughter of Charles I. of England, and so his son, who was William III., and became king of England, had an English princess for his mother, and himself married Mary, daughter of the very James II. whom he displaced; so that he was the son of an English princess, and his wife the daughter of an English king, and as they ruled together as William and Mary they did not seem very un-English to most Englishmen."

"Now there is only one thing more, Uncle Nathan," said Sarah, "and that is what this all has to do with the Orange party in Ireland."

"That is easily explained when you remember that the Prince of Orange was the representative of the Protestant cause, and as such was summoned to England; but the Jacobites, or adherents of James, continued to show fight, and the war was transferred to Ireland. The battle of the Boyne, which resulted in the triumph of William, and the siege of Limerick afterward, were the last important conflicts between the two parties, and after that William and Mary held undisturbed possession of the throne. But the Irish people were divided into two great camps, the Protestant and the Romish; the fighting widened the breach between them, and the Orange colors and name have remained ever since as symbols of the extreme Protestant faction. But here we are at Delft. How fortunate that my lecture is over just in time! I wonder why the flags are flying. What is the 25th of August?"

"It is the birthday of the Prince of Orange, sir," said a good-natured Dutchman, who was standing by the side of the canal, and understood the English-speaking gentleman who landed just then from the boat, with his little party.



Delft

"Oh, thank you," said Mr. Bodley. "How very fortunate! And will you direct us to the Oude Kerk?" They were quickly put on their way to it, and, finding the sexton's wife, were admitted, — the sole visitors at that hour. The interior was vast and white and cold.

"Why did you bring us here, Nathan?" asked his wife.

"To see the tomb of William the Silent."

"But the guide-book says it is at the New Church."

"So it does. Well, what tomb is there here? There must be some one of consequence buried here. Ha! here is the tomb of that gay old admiral, Van Tromp, who thrashed the English, and then went sailing through the British Channel, with a broom at his mast-head."

"Bravo for Van Tromp!" said Sarah.

"But what was the broom for?" asked Charles. "To sweep the cobweb from the skies?"

"What a stupid boy you are, Charles!" said his cousin. "The broom was to show that he had swept the enemy out of the way."

"Charles is always stupid when the English are beaten by the Dutch," said his mother. "When did the mighty Van Tromp perform the feat, Nathan?"

"It was in the days of the Commonwealth, in 1652. Cromwell required ships of all other countries to salute the English flag in the Channel, and that was the sign of the supremacy of England. He claimed the right of search, also, and in fact treated Holland very much as England afterward treated us."

"And got whipped in the same way," said Sarah.

"Yes, at first. But history compels us to admit that the English admiral, Blake, afterward won a series of naval victories, and the power of Holland was broken."

Coming out from the Old Church, they saw across the canal a dull-looking building, which they soon found to be the old Prinsenhof, or palace, now used as a barracks. There was a gateway, with an inscription over it, "Gymnasium Publikum," and near by was a group of soldiers. One of them jumped up at once, and spoke to Mr. Bodley, in Dutch. His words were not intelligible, but it was very evident that he was offering to escort them within; and, putting themselves under his lead, they passed through the gateway into an open court, crossed it, and came to a door, directly beyond which was the foot of a staircase. The floor where they stood, at the motion of the guide, was greatly worn. He pointed to the wall, and said a few words in Dutch, and they knew their meaning,

for there, upon the wall, was a square of white, surrounded by black, and in the square were two indentures. They were made by the bullets which were among the shots which had killed on this spot the great William of Orange. The soldier took a position just behind the foot of the staircase. "Here," he said by his gestures, "stood the murderer, and there came William down the staircase." A brief inscription told the same story.

"Almost three hundred years ago!" said Mr. Van Wyck. "The crime was committed July 10, 1584. Do you not remember William's words? 'O, my God, have mercy upon my soul! O, my God, have mercy upon this poor people!'"

"Three hundred years ago," repeated Mr. Bodley, "and William was only a little over fifty, and his assassin expected to achieve greatness by putting the head of the government out of the way. How history repeats itself!"

"And yet," said Mr. Van Wyck, "neither William's death nor Garfield's could arrest the movement of a people."

"Oh, do not speak as if the President were dead!" exclaimed his wife, with tears in her eyes. "I will not believe it. He must live!"

During all the summer, these Americans traveling in Europe had carried anxious minds as they looked for daily news of President Garfield. His assassination had been almost the first piece of American news which they had received after their arrival, and they seized upon every scrap which they could pick out of the foreign papers. Their letters from home were full of it, and in the fluctuations of hope and despair it often happened that one of Aunt Lucy's letters would be cheerful, with trembling expectation of recovery, while the telegraph was bringing a fortnight's later news of

fresh grounds for dismay. The visit to the Prinsenhof brought the sad matter vividly before them.

"There is something more than an artificial parallel between William and Garfield," said Mr. Bodley. "Our history runs back very closely into that of Holland; for while there was not a very direct connection between Holland and the United States, and that connection was mainly in trade, in point of fact our independence and our maintenance of right, when we broke away from England, was a great step in the history of liberty, of which the two important preceding ones were the Dutch and English movement under William III., and the Dutch revolt under William the Silent. Our final establishment of the United States, by the war for the Union, upon the basis of personal freedom was the legitimate result, after more than three centuries, of the stand taken by this little country against Spain. It is just three hundred years since the Union of Utrecht, which is the date of the Dutch Republic's distinct establishment. That was in 1581."

After leaving the Prinsenhof, they made their way into the market-place, and there found the Nieuwe Kerk, or New Church, though it is new only in comparison with the other, for it was begun in 1412. It was a great hulk of a church, which had been added to and buttressed until it was almost shapeless. The great buttresses which were stacked about its east end were pierced by arches at the base, making an odd little passage close by the walls of the church.

"What capital times the children must have, playing hide and seek here!" said Sarah.

Within the church they found the great monument in marble and bronze, to the memory of William of Orange. The effigy of the

prince in marble lay on a black marble sarcophagus beneath a canopy held up by pillars; all, roof and pillars, of finely cut marble. In the niches of the pillars were allegorical figures of Liberty, Justice, Prudence, and Religion. At the head of the recumbent figure was a smaller statue in bronze, representing the prince in full military dress, while at the feet was another bronze statue of Fame. The feet of the effigy were placed against a dog, as was the wont of earlier monumental effigies, but there was a special reason in this case, since this dog was in memory of one that saved the prince's life when an earlier attempt was made upon it by two Spanish assassins.

"How hard the Holland people tried to put all their grief into stone!" said Mr. Van Wyck. "These very elaborate monuments affect one like a rhetorical panegyric, in which the orator is not only thinking of the dead, but of his own fine speech."

"Yes," said Mr. Bodley; "and look at this simple monument to our old friend, Hugo Grotius. Well, both of these men left their monuments in a changed world."

In the market-place of Delft they found a shop where the Delft ware of the day was sold, but they were more interested in two or three shops where old Delft ware was to be seen. After much search and a great deal of haggling over prices, they bought a platter for Aunt Lucy. The shopman, who had a smattering of English, represented it as of fabulous antiquity.

"It is dusty enough, at any rate," said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"And it cost enough," said her husband.

"Yes; it is the first price of the dish with compound interest, probably," said Mr. Bodley; but he took out his purse and paid for it, and they all carried the platter in turn, no one being quite easy

as long as any one else held it. They went back to the Hague by the horse-car, which was drawn by a single horse along the brick-paved road which ran by the side of the canal. They changed the horse half-way, by exchanging with a car coming from the opposite direction.

"Poor horses!" said Charles. "One of them never gets to Delft, and the other never gets to the Hague!"

CHAPTER XIII.

AN AMERICAN IN HOLLAND.

"FATHER," said Nathan that evening, as they sat in the park after dinner, "was n't Holland of any consequence during our war for independence? I should think she would have taken sides with us, for she was United States, and we were trying to be."

"She did, finally, and got into war with England, though perhaps it would be as correct to say that the two events helped each other. Holland was the first state in Europe to recognize our existence as a sovereign nation, and it was owing chiefly to the labors of one American, — John Adams."

"The President?"

"Yes. He had been sent by Congress to Paris, to act with Dr. Franklin in the negotiations which were going on with the French court in 1780. The French diplomats had one uppermost purpose, to weaken the power of Great Britain, and for this they used our conflict with England. They befriended us, but were constantly holding off from final treaties, according as these would affect their

own relations with England. Adams became very impatient of the vexatious delays, and in July, 1780, set out for Holland, where he meant to see if he could not accomplish something away from the subtle management of the French ministers. Especially he wanted to borrow money for America. We were greatly in need of money to carry on the war, and we had obtained some from France; but Holland was a rich country, and in its great cities were rich bankers, whose business it was to lend money. They wanted good security, however. The Amsterdam bankers would not lend money to the American government unless they could be very sure that America was going to succeed in the war with England. Then, of course, as a sovereign nation, she could raise money by taxes, and pay her debts; but if she should be beaten by England, the last thing that England would do would be to pay back money which had been lent to beat Englishmen.

"So John Adams had two errands in Holland. He wanted to find out who would lend his country money, and he wanted to persuade them to lend it. While he was busy about this, he received commissions from Congress, as Minister Plenipotentiary to the United Provinces, and authority to sign the Armed Neutrality, as it was called, a treaty by which the various European governments were to be united against any encroachments on the part of England. So he was doubly armed. He began at once to give the merchants and bankers and principal people of Holland an American's account of affairs in America. Hitherto they had got their information chiefly through England, and of course that information was not very favorable to the colonies. He sought the acquaintance of men of letters, and tried to get the writers on his side. He was dining, one day, at Amsterdam, with a distinguished

lawyer named Calkoen, who asked him a great many questions about his country. Adams did not speak French very fluently, and knew no Dutch at all, I believe; so, though he made out to answer as well as he could, he was not satisfied, and asked the lawyer to put his questions into writing. Then he took these, and made them the text for a series of letters, which were published under the title of 'Twenty-Six Letters upon interesting subjects respecting the Revolution of America.'



John Adams

"He did not content himself with this social and individual method. As soon as he received his commission, he drew up a memorial to their High Mightinesses, the States-General, which he presented April 19, 1781. This paper has an interesting preamble, in which he recites the reasons why Holland should be especially friendly to the American Republic. They are just the reasons which interest us so much in our visit to Holland. 'If there was ever among nations,' he says, 'a national alliance, one may be formed between the two republics. The first planters of the four Northern States found in this country an asylum from persecution, and resided here from the year 1608 to the year 1620, twelve years preceding

their migration. They ever entertained, and have transmitted to posterity, a grateful remembrance of that protection and hospitality, and especially of that religious liberty they found here, having sought them in vain in England. The first inhabitants of two other States, New York and New Jersey, were emigrants from this nation, and have transmitted their religion, language, customs, manners, and characters.' After this graceful introduction, he urged the States-General to recognize him as Minister Plenipotentiary of an independent sovereignty.

"There is no saying how he would have succeeded if Great Britain, who seemed at that time always to be ready to do the unwisest thing, had not declared war upon Holland. For more than a century Holland had been growing more and more dependent upon England, and therefore hostile to France. The Stadtholder, the representative of the house of Orange, had none of the sterling virtues of his ancestors, and sided with the English interest; but there had been forming a sturdier party, especially in the cities among the commercial people, who resented the interference of the English with the Dutch commerce, and thus, when England declared war, the country took spirit, and listened to Mr. Adams more closely than they might have done.

"At any rate, he now went to work, and began a series of formal visits, in person, to the chief officers and the members of the States-General, reminding them that he had as yet received no answer to his memorial, and asking for a distinct answer, no or yes, to the question whether the United States would be recognized. His visits, and his letters and pamphlets, and the petitions which were gotten up by persons interested in the movement, began to tell. The government of Holland was a complicated affair. In a general

way the separate states and the States-General corresponded to our States and Congress; but, in point of fact, the power of deciding lay in both bodies, and Mr. Adams had to convince the separate states, and persuade them to instruct their delegates. Success came at last, and exactly a year from the day when he made his first memorial the States-General formally received him, and thereby acknowledged the sovereignty of the United States of America."

"That was a famous date," said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"What date?"

"Why, the date when Holland acknowledged our sovereignty, — the 19th of April."

"So it was. How many things have happened on the 19th of April!" said Mr. Bodley.

"There was the battle of Lexington," said Charles, promptly, who took his father's exclamation for a question.

"Yes, but there was an earlier event on that day. On April 19, 1689, the people of Boston rose in rebellion, and put Joseph Dudley, the deputy of England, into prison."

"And there was a later," said Mr. Van Wyck. "On the 19th of April, 1861, the first blood was shed in the streets of Baltimore, when the troops were marching to the defense of Washington, at the call of the President."

"Long live April 19!" shouted Sarah.

"And long live John Adams," said her uncle. "He gained the formal recognition of Holland, and thought it the greatest success of his life; and now that he had carried his point, he found it comparatively easy to persuade the Amsterdam bankers to lend money, and from that time Holland was of the greatest assistance to the United States. What is especially pleasant to know is that

we paid our debts promptly, as soon as we had fairly established our own national government."

"So Holland," said Mrs. Bodley, "really has been of great help to America. She took care of the poor Pilgrims until they were ready to come over to Plymouth, she laid the foundations of New York, and she lent us money in the Revolution."

"Oh, that's not all," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "She gave me a husband, and Nathan a wife."

"And, as father says," said Charles, who took things somewhat gravely, "the beginning of the great battle of freedom was fought in Holland, and ended in America."

"Oh, no, Charles, not quite ended," said his father. "There is much to be done before America is free."

CHAPTER XIV.

ROTTERDAM.

AMSTERDAM, the Hague, Rotterdam, — these were the three centres from which the Bodleys made their survey of Holland. They left the beautiful Hague with reluctance, and took the little railway journey to Rotterdam.

"We might have seen Rotterdam from the Hague," said Sarah. "I did n't know it was so near."

"Well," said Charles, "we have learned two things about Holland, at any rate. It is flat, and it is small."

"Nothing small to a great man," said Sarah, sententiously, quoting the Zaandam oracle.

"That will do to carry off, as Holland in a small parcel," said her father, laughing; "and we might add, 'Nothing flat to a sharp man.'" They had established themselves at their hotel, and were walking through the streets. "I want to show you first the most interesting thing in Rotterdam, in my opinion, and that is the statue of Erasmus, in the market-place."

They easily made their way to the market-place, where fruit and vegetables and wares of various sorts were spread about, and people were chaffering over the buying and selling. There were no carts, but the place was filled with stalls and temporary counters. Across one side of the market-place ran the viaduct upon which the railway was carried, and every now and then to the busy hum of the small trade below was added the rush of a train of cars. With this viaduct for an ungainly background, the statue of the famous scholar stood in a little inclosure. It was of bronze, raised just above the level of the crowd, so that it seemed to be scarcely removed from the busy throng.

"How absorbed he is!" said Mrs. Bodley. "He pays no attention to us and all these people in the market-place."

"He is reading his book," said Charles.

"And yet he seems to be walking," said Sarah. Yes; the attitude was that of a man who was on his way through the crowd, turning the leaves of his book as he walked. It was not a large statue, but it was full of animation and of nervous force.

"What a contrast there is," said Mr. Van Wyck, "between this scholar and the place where he stands! It was a fine thing for Rotterdam to place him here, — her greatest scholar in her busiest place. The contrast makes the statue all the more effective."

"And yet one would look for a scholar in some academic hall,"

said Mr. Bodley, thinking a moment. "Fitness seems to require that."

"I like it," insisted Mr. Van Wyck. "Contrast sometimes brings out the expression more effectively, and the view of Erasmus here reminds one that his studies had a tolerably near effect upon the life of the people who came to the market-place."

"Well," continued Mr. Bodley, "suppose Holland were to erect a statue to Motley: and she might well do so: I think it would be more in place in one of the halls or churches than in a busy street."

"Perhaps so, because Motley was not himself a part of her life. They should have a statue of John of Barneveld in the Binnenhof, near where he was executed, and one to Motley, within the hall of the States-General."



The House of a Thousand Fears

"What does this mean?" said Charles, who, with Sarah, had wandered off a little, and stood before a quaint house near by. "There is a date of 1594, and 'In Duizend Vreezen.' 'Duizend,' I guess, is 'thousand.' In a thousand shivers?"

"Not so far wrong, Charles," said his uncle. "That is the 'House

of a Thousand Fears.' The story goes that when the Spaniards sacked Rotterdam in 1572, after getting admission by treachery, not a man, woman, or child who could be found was spared. The people in this house took a cat, — one version says a kid, — and, killing it, smeared the blood all over the passage and doorway, and threw the furniture all about, giving the place the appearance of the greatest disorder and confusion. Then they left the front door open, and hid themselves in the cellar. The soldiers who came by, seeing the blood and dirt and general appearance of things, supposed some of their comrades had been there before them, and so passed by without doing any mischief. The wretched people lay shivering in the cellar, and only came out when the danger was fairly over. So they gave the name to the house. But I don't understand the date."

"Perhaps the date was put up when the house was repaired," said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"Very likely. At any rate, we won't ask too many questions. If we do, it may turn out that there was no cat and no kid."

They found other houses that had histories, which they were called upon to believe. There was the house in which Erasmus was born, with a small statue of the scholar high up on the face of the building, but it was impossible to make out whether or no it was a copy of the great statue. An inscription upon a tablet recited: "Hæc est parva domus, magnus qua natus Erasmus."

"Translate it, Charles," said his father. "You are our Latin scholar."

"'This is the little house where the big Erasmus was born.'"

"'Nothing small for a great man,'" said Sarah. "That's the Holland motto."

Then, not far away, they saw two old houses standing next each other, and from the tops of two windows were two stone heads turned toward each other, and talking as only stone heads can talk. The legend runs that once there was a frightful plague in Rotterdam, from which people were dying in uncounted numbers. In the street in which these two houses stand all the people had died excepting two men, who lived in these two houses, and did not dare to venture out. But they agreed that every morning, at a certain hour, each, if he were alive, would look out of the window toward his neighbor's window. Day after day, at the appointed hour, each looked out, fearful lest no answering face should be seen at the other window. When the peril was past, the neighbors commemorated their solemn good-mornings by having these heads carved; and there



Saturday Morning in Rotterdam.

they remain, looking at each other, long after the originals have mouldered in the dust.

It was Saturday morning, and in Rotterdam, as throughout Hol-

land, people were everywhere washing the world for its Sunday holiday. Men and maids were busy on door-steps and by the sides of canals, vigorously shooting water at windows and doors, and scrubbing and mopping what seemed already as clean as any reasonable person could ask. They used little pumps, also, to reach spots which were beyond the limits of the long brushes.

"I don't suppose it was necessary to inherit this particular virtue," said Mrs. Bodley, "but it certainly is an old New York custom to wash the stoops and sidewalks Saturday morning."

"It is a Philadelphia custom, too," said her brother. "Let us believe that cleanliness is a part of the civilized man, and not a national characteristic. However, I suppose the dampness of Holland has something to do with it. The wood has to be painted to keep it from rotting, and it is necessary to clean the paint. Water is handy, also. But we won't rob our dear Dutch of one of their virtues."

CHAPTER XV.

ON THE TRACK OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

"It does n't seem to me that there is much to see in Rotterdam that we have n't seen elsewhere in Holland," said Sarah, as they sat at lunch that day.

"There is not," said her father; "and all we want now of Rotterdam, besides buying some Dutch linen, is to visit Delfshaven, and to set sail for London."

"I should think we ought to have gone to Delfshaven from Delft," said Charles. "Is n't it the harbor of that town?"

"It was in former days, before railways had been built, and before commercial cities had changed the course of trade. On the map you can trace the waterway from Leyden to Delft, and by Delfshaven on the Maese to the sea; but people would be about as likely to go from Leyden to America in that way as to go from Springfield to New York by boat by way of the Connecticut River and Long Island Sound."

"I suppose, at last, we are to see the place where the Pilgrims actually set sail," said Charles.

"You must give up any idea of discovering the wharf," said his father, smiling. "When your Uncle Philip and I were here before, we discovered that Delfshaven was not such a historic place to the Dutch as to us. Murray's hand-book, for instance, does n't even mention it."

It was an easy afternoon excursion to the famous place. A dummy engine drew a street-car over the causeway which connected Delfshaven with Rotterdam, and crossed a wide marsh. It was only a couple of miles away; but the little town, though rather squalid and mean-looking, had a certain picturesqueness of its own. It appeared to be given up chiefly to breweries and distilleries, while the river, and the canal opening into it, had arms into the town, which were bordered by piers and warehouses. There were a few buildings with dates near the end of the sixteenth century, and, as others were of the same pattern, it was easy to believe that, in external appearance, the little port was not essentially different from the Delfshaven from which the Pilgrims set sail.

"I don't see anything of the Speedwell," said Charles.

"No; it has not come back yet from its last voyage," said his father.

"But where do you suppose was the spot where the Pilgrims embarked? We must celebrate some place."

"It is impossible to tell. Our only safe way is to march along the water-side the whole length of the town;" and so they did. They threaded the canal and docks, and got into places where they had to turn back; but they had the satisfaction of overlooking every foot of the river, and thus of knowing that they had seen the spot where the Pilgrims embarked.

"They must have come along here," said Charles, sweeping his arm comprehensively. "Father, how long a journey was it from Leyden? It was at Leyden, was n't it, that they were living when they set out for America?"

"Yes. You remember we saw the tablet to Robinson there, and that Robinson remained behind with the bulk of the colony, while Elder Brewster brought the Pilgrims away. It is about fourteen miles to Leyden by canal, and Robinson and many of their friends came with them to take a last leave."

"I should think," said Sarah, "that they would have gone to New Amsterdam, and settled among the Dutch, after living with them so long here."

"Perhaps that is just the reason they did n't," said Charles, slyly.

"The Dutch gave them the opportunity, Sarah," said her uncle, "and urged them very strongly to go out as a Dutch colony; but I suppose they were anxious to be by themselves, and then the leaders probably did not altogether like Dutch management or Dutch society. In fact, Bradford distinctly tells us that they planned to leave Holland, because the longer they lived there the more they saw that they could not keep their young people English. They were drifting into Holland life and ways, and the Pilgrims, though

they were not permitted to live in England, were very sturdy Englishmen. But come, to make the thing real, listen to what I am going to read to you. It is a scrap out of Bradford's 'History of Plymouth Plantation;' and Mr. Bodley, taking a sheet of paper from his wallet, read as follows: —

"'At length, after much travail and these debates,'— that is, after they had discussed the whole affair, and turned it over and looked at it in all lights, — 'all things were got ready and provided. A small ship was bought and fitted in Holland,' — that was the Speedwell, of about sixty tons burden, — 'which was intended as to serve to help to transport them, so to stay in the country and attend upon fishing and such other affairs as might be for the good and benefit of the colony when they came there. Another was hired at London,' — that was the Mayflower, — 'of burden about nine score; and all other things got in readiness. So, being ready to depart, they had a day of solemn humiliation,' — a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, as our Fast Day proclamations read; 'then the pastor, taking his text from Ezrà viii. 21, *And there at the river, by Ahava, I proclaimed a fast, that we might humble ourselves before God, and seek of Him a right way for us and for our children and for all our substance.* Upon which he spent a good part of the day very profitably, and suitable to their present occasion. The rest of the time was spent in pouring out prayers to the Lord with great fervency, mixed with abundance of tears. And the time being come that they must depart, they were accompanied, with most of their brethren, out of the city, unto a town sundry miles off, called Delfshaven, where the ship lay ready to receive them. So they left the goodly and pleasant city, which had been their resting-place near twelve years; but they knew they were pilgrims, and looked

not much on those things, but lift up their eyes to the heavens, their dearest country, and quieted their spirits. When they came to the place, they found the ship and all things ready; and such of their friends as could not come with them followed after them; and sundry also came from Amsterdam to see them shipped, and to take their leave of them. That night was spent with little sleep by the most, but with friendly entertainment and Christian discourse, and other real expressions of true Christian love. The next day, the wind being fair, they went aboard, and their friends with them, where truly doleful was the sight of that sad and mournful parting; to see what sighs, and sobs, and prayers did sound amongst them, what tears did gush from every eye, and pithy speeches pierced each heart; that sundry of the Dutch strangers that stood on the quay as spectators, could not refrain from tears. Yet comfortable and sweet it was to see such lively and true expressions of dear and unfeigned love. But the tide (which stays for no man) calling them away that were thus loath to depart, their revered pastor, falling down on his knees (and they all with him), with watery cheeks, commended them, with most fervent prayers, to the Lord and his blessing. And then, with mutual embraces and many tears, they took their leaves one of another, which proved to be the last leave to many of them.'"

"How vividly Bradford must have remembered that!" said Mrs. Van Wyck. "And was it then that John Robinson made his famous farewell address?"

"We do not know. There was time enough, certainly, since Robinson spent a good part of the day upon the text which Bradford gives. But they had already had a similar occasion at Leyden. I think, however, from Winslow's account, that the tenor of the

address agrees best with this farewell scene, and it would seem as if these last words would linger longest in his mind."

"Uncle Nathan," said Sarah, "how in the world did you happen to have just that part of Bradford's 'History' in your pocket?"

"It was a piece of good luck, was n't it, that I had a copy of that page rather than the next?"

"Poh, Sarah!" said Charles. "Of course he copied it, knowing we were going to stand just here. But I wish we knew exactly where the Speedwell lay when the Pilgrims went aboard."



A Row of Giants.

What a pity it was they did not any of them know that they actually were standing on the very spot whence the embarking took place! Yet they were. But they had all the necessary feelings at the right time, and that was the main thing. They did not return by the same way as that which they had taken in coming to Delfshaven. They walked back by the dike, which led them around the

other side of the marsh and nearer the river, and so into the city of Rotterdam again.

On the way, they saw in the twilight a row of windmills stretching along the water-side.

"They look like giants," said Sarah.

"Yes," said her mother; "just such as the famous Don Quixote tilted against. You know the knight was so full of more than common sense that, where other people saw only a windmill, he saw an armed man standing in the road, and thrashing about with his arms. So he ran against the sails with his spear, and fought very hard, but came off second best. Now, when any one gets furious at imaginary evils, people say that, like Don Quixote, he is running a-tilt against a windmill."

"I wish," said Charles, "we could go into a windmill and climb up by the sails. I don't feel as if I really knew the creature, which I have seen everywhere in Holland."

"You certainly shall make the acquaintance of one," said his father; and before they left Rotterdam, while the ladies, under the care of Mr. Van Wyck, were busy with their shopping, Mr. Bodley took the two children out into the country a little way, until they came to a hospitable-looking mill. It had a name in large letters upon it, Fortuna; others have like names, as Hope, Friendship, The King. The miller was standing by the door, and smiled at them as they stood near.

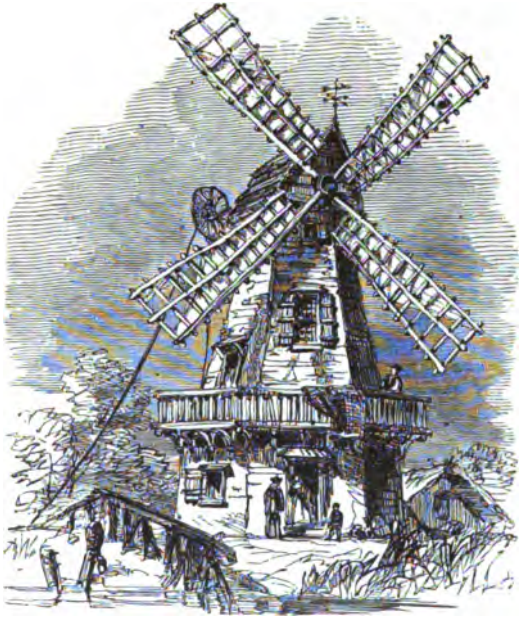
"Will you come in?" he asked.

"Oh, thank you," said Mr. Bodley, delighted to find a miller who spoke English. "These children wish very much to see the inside of a Holland mill."

"Come in! come in!" said the miller; and in they went. The

interior had bags of flour, and was very mealy; but they did not linger on the first floor. They climbed a ladder to the second, and so came upon the gallery, which extended about the whole of the second story.

"Here we manage the sails," said the miller; and he showed them how he started them, and how, by means of a wooden slide running the length of the arms, the pressure of the wind could be increased or diminished. They climbed higher still into the loft, and the children put their heads, by turns, out of a shuttered hole, just where the beam to which the arms were attached ran out.



Fortuna

"Does your wheel ever wear out?" asked Mr. Bodley.

"The tire is of willow," said the miller, "and very hard wood is used throughout. The most durable part of the wooden machinery lasts about twenty-five years."

"But the wind does not always blow," said Charles.

"No. It does not always blow. You see that row of trees? The farmer over there set out that row to keep the wind from his garden, and sometimes it does keep it from my mill, too. They begin to use steam, now, in Holland."

"Steam!" said Mr. Bodley. "That accounts for the chimneys I have sometimes seen against windmills."

"Just so. When the wind does not blow, they use steam, and sometimes they use the steam and wind."

"That 's the way it is at sea," said Charles, philosophically. "Steam is driving out wind power, and they are talking of building steam-ships without any masts or sails."

"You say so?" said the miller. "We must have the sails and the wind at our windmills."

"Yes, indeed," said Sarah. "Don't give them up. What would Holland be without windmills?"

"It would be a very stupid Holland," said Charles. "When I see the sails go round and round, I think the country is dancing a jig."

CHAPTER XVI.

GOOD-BY TO HOLLAND.

THE Bodleys and the Van Wycks were comfortably established on the steamboat which was taking them from Rotterdam to Harwich, for by this way they were going to England.

"Only think," said Charles, "this is the very same river by which the Pilgrims sailed away from Delft."

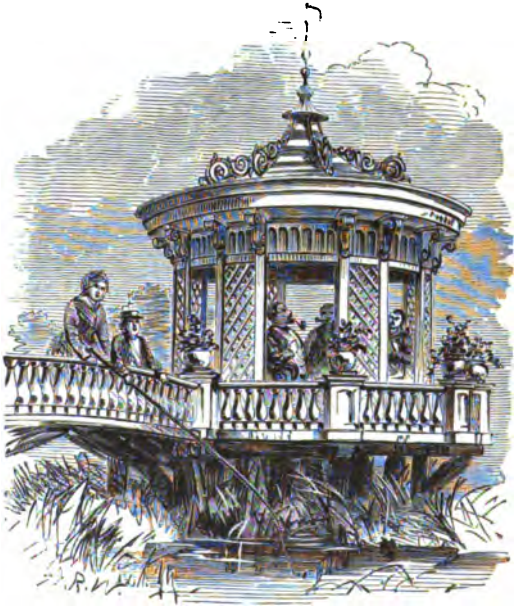
"But this is better than the Speedwell," said Sarah. "Father, don't you suppose the Dutch houses and places must have looked very pleasant to the poor Pilgrims as they sailed by?"

"No doubt of it, Sarah. Just see those red-tiled houses; how cosy they look! They could hardly have been there in 1620, but

some like them could have been, and places on land always look comfortable when you are on the water."

"Just as ships always look graceful and clean from shore," said Sarah, sagely. "But we know better. Look at that summer-house in among the trees."

"What queer people the Dutch are, any way!" said Charles. "When they have so much water in the canals and rivers, to go to work and dig a pond in their gardens."



A Dutch Summer-House.

"Just so," said his father; "and a Dutch gentleman assured me that he had noticed that Swiss gentlemen, when they wanted to improve their grounds, usually raised little mounds in them, to remind them of mountains."

"I can't help thinking," said Mrs. Bodley, "that all Holland seems to have retired into a sort of summer-house and garden, to dream over its old days of war and adventure."

"Like Simon Danz," said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"Simon Danz? Who was he?"

"He was a Dutch sea-captain. I 'm sure I don't know whether he really lived or not, but I remember Mr. Longfellow's poem about him; and as he lived in one of the houses on the river bank somewhere about here, I 'm sure there 's no better place for reciting the verses." So Mrs. Van Wyck recited Longfellow's poem.

A DUTCH PICTURE.

Simon Danz has come home again,
From cruising about with his buccaneers;
He has singed the beard of the King of Spain
And carried away the Dean of Jaen
And sold him in Algiers.

In his house by the Maese, with its roof of tiles,
And weathercocks flying aloft in air,
There are silver tankards of antique styles,
Plunder of convent and castle, and piles
Of carpets rich and rare.

In his tulip-garden there by the town,
Overlooking the sluggish stream,
With his Moorish cap and dressing-gown
The old sea-captain, hale and brown,
Walks in a waking dream.

A smile in his gray mustachio lurks
Whenever he thinks of the King of Spain,
And the listed tulips look like Turks,
And the silent gardener as he works
Is changed to the Dean of Jaen.

The windmills on the outermost
Verge of the landscape in the haze,
To him are towers on the Spanish coast,
With whiskered sentinels at their post,
Though this is the river Maese.

But when the winter rains begin,
He sits and smokes by the blazing brands,
And old sea-faring men come in,
Goat-bearded, gray, and with double chin,
And rings upon their hands.



ON THE RIVER MAESE.

They sit there in the shadow and shine
 Of the flickering fire of the winter night;
Figures in color and design
Like those by Rembrandt of the Rhine,
 Half darkness and half light.

And they talk of their ventures lost or won,
 And their talk is ever and ever the same,
While they drink the red wine of Tarragon,
From the cellars of some Spanish Don
 Or convent set on flame.

Restless at times with heavy strides
 He paces his parlor to and fro;
He is like a ship that at anchor rides,
And swings with the rising and falling tides,
 And tugs at her anchor-tow.

Voices mysterious far and near,
 Sound of the wind and sound of the sea,
Are calling and whispering in his ear,
"Simon Danz! Why stayest thou here?
 Come forth and follow me!"

So he thinks he shall take to the sea again
 For one more cruise with his buccaneers,
To singe the beard of the King of Spain,
And capture another Dean of Jaen
 And sell him in Algiers.

"Well," said Mr. Bodley, "that sounds as if Holland might wake again some day, and be as bold and adventurous as she was in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries."

"I don't know," said Mr. Van Wyck. "Just at present Holland is a rich country and an industrious country, and fairly contented, but it looks as if its great days had gone by."

"Suppose it should be attacked?"

"There might be an uprising. Certainly the leaders believe in the possibility of greatness. The government is building large fortifications on the side of Germany, and it has devised a system by which the group of cities could be protected by the series of forts and by inundation on the land side. Yes, they are ready to cut the dikes again, and overflow the country, and they think that by this means they could hold their own long enough for some first-class power, like England, to come to their help."

"They still look to England, then?"

"Yes; they have more in common with England than with any other country, and their constitutional monarchy follows pretty closely on the English model. The house of Orange is, however, dying out. The present prince is unmarried, and, in case of his death, the crown will fall to one of the collateral branches; but even that has only one or two members. The late queen was very popular; the present king, who has married a young girl, is not especially popular, and his son is so quiet that he is scarcely known at all."

The steamer sped swiftly on. It is only fourteen miles, or so, to the mouth of the Maese from Rotterdam, and it was not long before they had left the low, sandy shores of Holland behind them, and were plowing the North Sea. Night came on, and lights could be seen on the low shore far astern.

"Good-by, Holland!" said Charles, waving his hand. "We 're not quite ready to sail for Plymouth Rock, yet. But we bid you an affectionate farewell."

"Good-by, Holland!" echoed Sarah. "Good-by, my dear old grandfather land!"

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